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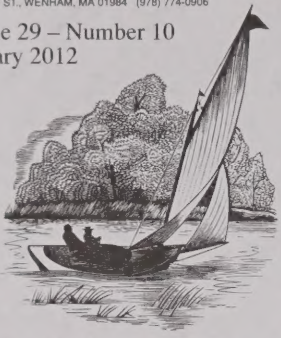

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Commentary...

Bob Hicks, Editor

Amongst my reading in December (usually not maritime related, I look at that subject daily in my work here) was a book with a unique viewpoint, *Shop Class as Soul Craft, an Inquiry into the Value of Work. The Wall Street Journal* stated in a review that it presented "A powerful case for the special value of skilled work that requires the use of one's hands." While the author's choice for performing manual work was working on old motorcycles (an interest which I share with him) the obvious relevance to our interest in building and/or restoring wooden boats is inescapable.

It was loaned to me by one of my motorcycling friends, a birthday (61st) gift from his adult son because on its cover was pictured an older BMW motorcycle (the brand we both ride). The author "is a philosopher and mechanic. He has a PhD in political philosophy, is currently a fellow at the institute for Advanced Studies in Culture at the University of Virginia and owns and operates an independent motorcycle repair shop near Richmond."

His message is that using our hands has been a vital part of our mental development over the thousands of years of human evolution and that we are now abandoning much of this in favor of purely mental work aided and abetted by electronics which do not require any manual competence. This message really got my attention for I have lived a life full of manual labor (which still goes on here).

I am old enough to have grown up at the end of the Great Depression and into WWII doing a lot of manual work, on local farms as a teenager and in a machine shop during and immediately following college (engineering school). I have a whole bunch of manual skills acquired during those years and ever since, none of which directly apply to the magazine editing and publishing I have done for a living since 1959 (for which I have no formal training whatever).

While I no longer have reason to exercise it I know how to farm with horses (plowing, harrowing, planting, cultivating, haying, etc) from a summer doing that at age 14, my first paying job ($1 a day). I still utilize my eight years (18-25) of machine shop experience in my own barn shop fabricating stuff for my pedal cycling, kayaking and motorcycling as well as repairing my 11-year-old Nissan pickup truck (aside from major internal stuff requiring special tools and computers), our various property management equipment (mowers, snowblowers, trimmers, leaf blowers, chainsaws, etc) and household appliances. I have always done all my own household carpentry/remodeling, electrical wiring and plumbing over 50 years in this house and everything still works all right with no traumatic moments from poor workmanship. I do not like to go to the "man" to get things fixed as I work a lot cheaper than he does.

So when I got interested in boats, initially traditional small boats, I felt up to doing what was needed when I acquired the first fixer-uppers, lots of restoration work before undertaking to build on a small scale (10' kayaks). Acquired manual skills translated easily into learning to use new tools and materials (woodworking instead of metalworking).

My experience confirms to me the author's contention that manual work trains the mind, not just in rote movements to perform specific tasks, but in looking at the latest challenge and figuring out how best to deal with it utilizing whatever skills/techniques will best serve the purpose. And it continues, even after so many years, to result in feeling good about my ability to once again successfully complete the task at hand without resorting to calling on "the man" to do it for me.

The author contends that not everyone should feel impelled to go to college to get the necessary piece of paper that gives entry into what are perceived today as the desirable higher income careers. Manual work comes more naturally to many and offers good future prospects performing the tasks the higher educated, manually inept, need to have done. Plumbers, electricians, carpenters and builders, heavy equipment operators (my son in his 50s is one and does much better than I do financially) are always in demand.

But what about boat builders? A number of maritime museums and "schools" offer those so inclined a chance to learn boat building and it can be a very rewarding form of manual work. Better for those who are attracted to it to satisfy themselves at the amateur level building the boats of their dreams. If you followed last years' ongoing coverage on our pages of Harold Burnham building his 58' pinky schooner you may have noted that ALL of his help was volunteer labor and that those who worked so long and hard on that vessel were rewarded with wonderful feelings of achievement, doing work with their hands that resulted in the creation of an object of beauty and great utility.

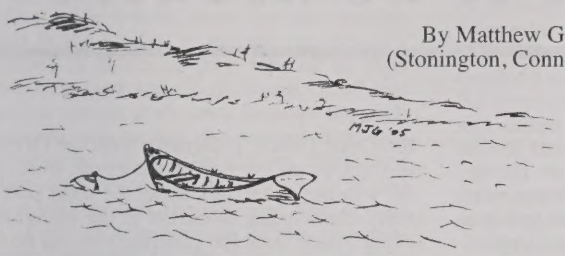
Shop Class as Soulcraft, by Matthew B. Crawford, 2009, ISBN 978-0-14-311746-9 (pbk.)

On the Cover...

The launching of the gundalow *Piscataqua* at Portsmouth, New Hampshire, in December was the culmination of a lengthy concerted effort by the Gundalow Company to enhance their ongoing efforts at protecting their unique Piscataqua region and preserving its history. We were there, an inspirational moment. Full story is featured in this issue.

From the Journals of Constant Waterman

By Matthew Goldman
(Stonington, Connecticut)



Well, we're nearly done moving to our new location. The old shop stands gutted and empty, the floor heaped with discarded plywood patterns, remnants of wood and plastic and metal, litters of dried-up paint cans, frozen through-hull fittings, scattered fasteners, shivered tillers, bits of frayed line, broken bilge pumps, and windrows of historical dust: the detritus of a century of building and fixing boats.

Our new shop, just across the road, is 40'x100'. Already, it begins to bulge from our influx. Not only have we moved in, but we've stored small boats and furniture, garden tractors and cabinets: anything to help with the cost of leasing. All that remains to move of consequence is the hot air furnace. After that, a couple of pickup loads of patterns and mouldings and hoses and stuff from the loft will see us done.

Then we can take down the various signs from the outside walls and the calendars, light fixtures, first aid kit and pencil sharpener inside. The most classic memorabilia is outside. Ten feet up, to the right of the door, a Whitehall pulling boat is thrust through the corner of the building at forty-five degrees. A couple of feet of the bow and stern protrude from the weathered clapboards. These two contrived bits will be taken down and mounted on our new shop. But first we must take some pictures. In another week, our dear old shop will be bulldozed and taken away.

I'd like to be sailing this afternoon, it's Saturday. It's also blowing thirty knots. Last night, it blew over forty. Yesterday, at nightfall, I checked on *MoonWind* after knocking off. The wind was already making noise and, even behind the breakwater, the harbor began to dance. The water in the channel had roughened a bit; the outermost finger piers were just awash. *MoonWind* resides in the first dock, secured to the second finger. She's on the inboard side of the walkway and relatively sheltered. I doubled up a couple of her dock lines and battened her forward hatch.

As I returned to the shop at the head of the pier, I encountered a fellow securing his Grover 28: a lapstrake fiberglass skiff whose lines resemble the little lobster boats all over New England. He had doubled up her lines and had reached a long spring line from her outboard quarter all the way to the walkway to keep her off the finger. It seemed a good idea. He accompanied me to *MoonWind* and I tossed him a line across the dock beside me, empty save for my Whitehall. He secured it to the hefty cleat on the outboard finger. The Whitehall I'd tethered diagonally across the front of the dock.

We walked up the pier together and checked the two dozen boats. Although there is fender guard on all the fingers, we lengthened some fender pendants; the fenders had been squirted onto the pier. On two we added spring lines. One sailboater can never be bothered to lead his bow line through the chock. It slides up and down his metal toe rail; now it was chafed more than halfway through. We doubled it up and ran a second bow line back to the walkway. I cleated the coiled painter of an inflatable dinghy overturned on the pier. I moved a fiberglass dinghy, also overturned on the pier, away from the plunging prow of her owner's boat.

Don't be surprised if your lines don't look the same some morning after a gale goes by. You may find a length of chafing gear, or a fender you never owned, adorning your unmarred boat. Just give thanks to the Nereids who care for negligent sailors, and keep your weather eye open to help a neighbor.

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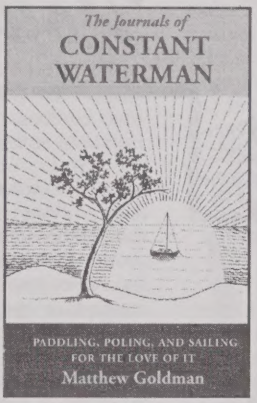

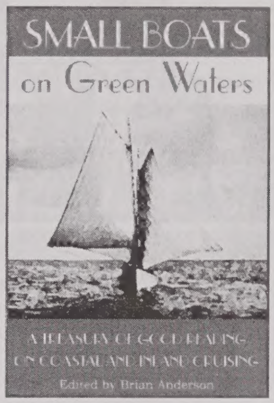
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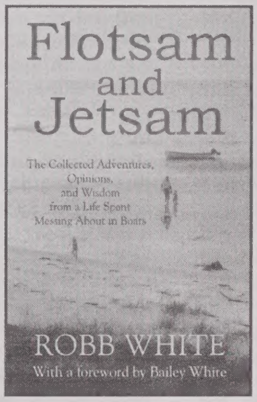
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The Collected Adventures, Opinions, and Wisdom from a Life Spent Messing About in Boats
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With a foreword by Bailey White

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You write to us about...

Safety at the Snow Row

MAIB published a quite scathing Letter to the Editor in the August 2011 issue criticizing the Hull Lifesaving Museum's management of our annual Snow Row. The author's critique was focused on a racing shell that swamped during the race. The author was neither present at the race nor does he seem to be a member of the open water rowing community that has proliferated along the coast of New England and New York during the past three decades. Rather, he read an article by a crew who participated in the race and who assisted the swamped vessel (one of five to do so), and based his unfounded and inaccurate comments on that one account. While we have been tempted to ignore Mr Jessup as a gadfly with time on his hands, neither he nor the *MAIB* editor contacted us to fact-check prior to the publication of the letter. So, on the eve of the 2012 Snow Row, it seems important to set the record straight about the 2011 race, including the swamping of the four-oared coxed shell.

The Snow Row is arguably the premiere winter rowing event in the Northeast, and one that has been the unofficial start to each year's competitive season for 32 years. Like HLM's other races, it is run in the wonderful and often challenging waters that surround the peninsular town of Hull that makes up the southern periphery of Boston Harbor. HLM's races treat the skills and character traits of the region's world famous 19th century lifesavers as artifacts as valid as any boat or medal or building. We design races that enhance the skills of the participating rowers, while protecting them as they venture out into whatever the day offers. The Museum rarely sponsors races in the balmy days of July and August, a time when the lifesavers themselves were not on duty, but rather in the seasons when the northeast storms rolled up the coast, causing havoc to mariners.

The Snow Row, one of the oldest races on the open water circuit, has traditionally taken place in late February or early March, a time of year with some rather zany weather variations. We've raced into snow squalls, February fog and days so warm competitors stripped down to their skin. More often, blustery winds provide the challenge for the scores of traditional boats, dories, peapods, currachs, Whitehalls, gigs and whaleboats that populate the traditional boat world of New England. From the beginning we have also included a race category for Alden Ocean Shells in recognition of Arthur Martin's pioneering work leading the way out onto open water in his revolutionary ocean shells.

Arthur knew that to use sliding seat technology on the open water there needed to be specialized equipment that reflected the conditions on which he cut his teeth, the wild stretch where the Piscataqua River roars out of Portsmouth Harbor on its way to the Isles of Shoals off the coast of New Hampshire and Maine. Arthur's original boats were shorter than river shells, with flatter bottoms and sealed cockpits with watertight compartments fore and aft. His design assured rowers that not only could they stay afloat in the event of a swamping, but they could continue to row, albeit slowly, to get themselves to safety. I know this works as I once saw two friends blithely rowing across Hull Gut despite the fact that their boat was underwater and only their bodies from the waist up were visible.

Arthur's genius allowed two generations of rowers to draw upon the speed and strength of sliding seat boats in conditions that would have been impossible for river boats. The sacrifice was hull speed. Ocean shells were markedly slower than river shells, but still quite a bit faster than traditional fixed seat boats. In the early years of the Hull Lifesaving Museum's races we had a separate prize category for Aldens, delineating only single and doubles.

In the past decade or so an entirely new wave of boats has appeared that markedly resemble river boats, both in length and breadth, so much so that the lines between the two are not so obvious to the casual observer. As race organizers, we now need to distinguish between the old Aldens, which could safely manage most of the same waters as traditional boats, and the new generation's smaller safety envelope. This leads to some difficult and quick decisions on race day and brings us back to Snow Row 2011.

There are a few givens for every race that the Museum runs. I have given the pre-race directions, called the Coxswain's and Navigator's Meeting, for every race over the past 33 years, totaling well over 100 races. Each and every time I begin my exhortation with the quote, "There is only one issue here today, safety, safety and finally safety. If someone gets hurt, then the rest of this is meaningless. That being the case, if you see another competitor in distress, stop what you are doing and go to their aid. This is the credo of the lifesavers. It is the one immutable law of the sea. The next time it could be you." I continue with how to recognize a mariner in distress, how to signal if you are in distress and, to ameliorate the sting of coming a long distance to compete in a race and needing to drop out to render assistance, we assure any potential rescuer a "lifesaver" award at the end.

Of course, our safety work goes well beyond this message. Each race is cleared with the US Coast Guard through a Marine Event Permit, which tells the Coast Guard if we anticipate impacting any commercial waterways or traffic and what safety boats we have in place. Typically we have a minimum of three powerboats covering the race, usually run by local fishermen familiar with the waters, supplementing the Point Allerton Coast Guard personnel and local harbormasters. Prior to the event we always meet with the Coast Guard, preferably with the Officer of the Day on the day of the event, to scope the weather and to talk about the most potentially challenging moments in the upcoming event. Aside from the generosity of our home boys, who seem to have as much fun at these races as anyone, their professional presence always adds a layer of confidence for those of us responsible for the safety of often hundreds of rowers.

So the off-the-shelf safety infrastructure of every race we sponsor looks like the above. Of late, we have recognized that the proliferation of vulnerable sliding seat boats has put us in an interesting position. Because of the integrity of our events, the good organization often in the face of challenging conditions, the imaginative race courses and the wild cornucopia of boats and competitors, rowers of all stripes like to compete. As our good friend Ken Donovan observed, "The Snow Row is as much a happening as a race." Consequently, the event draws people and boats with open water qualifications that we don't always know, and we must assess the potential impact on the event and the Museum should we make a mistake in our eagerness to give everyone a seat at the table. The Museum's board/staff safety committee has discussed every imaginable response to this evolution, including banning boat categories and people from our races. Happily, so far we have been able to make the case that we can respond to whatever happens on the race course, but we constantly review and reassess that question and our criteria for participation.

That very point necessitated a separate meeting prior to Snow Row 2011 with every sliding seat participant. Gathered at the side of the Boathouse, I shared our consternation about the day's forecast and desire not to limit our races. To lighten the mood, I said that our worry was that 350 people would have made the trek to Hull in mid winter to compete in our signature event, but the salient memory would not be the incredible prowess of those kids and adults, or the stunning array of hand-built traditional boats, or the stunning beauty of all of us testing ourselves against the weather and each other, but it would be the one knucklehead who got a new hot racing shell for Christmas who took it out and dumped in front of the photographer for the *Globe*. With that in mind (and with the other real issues implied), we tasked all of the sliders to self regulate and assure us that each and every one of them should be out on the water. Perhaps that was naive of us to ask rather than tell, but it is a measure of the respect in which we hold our sliding seat brethren.

The safety infrastructure and exhortations notwithstanding, a boat with inexperienced rowers and inadequate equipment to handle the day's moderately demanding conditions did, in fact, go out and down. Ask soldiers what happened in an after-action report and you find that they saw the situation from inside a tunnel; few parallel reports match up and most people in a stressful situation see themselves at the center of the moment. Just so, the crew that wrote the glowing rescue saga in the March *MAIB* describing their harrowing rescue out on the course was unaware of four other rowing boats that also participated in the rescue, as per the pre-race discussion. In addition, they seemed to miss the fishing boat and Coast Guard vessel that were on station at the very location the shell swamped because we had warned them that that was the hot spot for sliders. Those two powerboats responded exactly as we hoped and made sure that, though there were a number of people experiencing "immersion syndrome," perhaps for the first time in their lives, none of them were actually in any more dire straits than being scared crapless. In other words, the system worked perfectly, with the possible exception of the exhortation to the sliders themselves to self regulate. This, we have reassessed.

I went to my dear friend Gary Piantedosi, an MIT varsity rower and Olympian who currently runs the grandchild of Arthur Martin's company, and the person shepherding most of the sliding seat rowers at the 2011 Snow Row, including the swampers. I asked Gary to look at the situation in the clear light of day, absent any histrionics. Gary nobly offered to fall on his sword for letting an inappropriate crew on the water. Instead, we decided to initiate a few logical criteria to prevent future debacles and, more to the point, to help sliders understand the implications of venturing out onto winter waters.

As a result of these deliberations, in the Snow Row all sliders will need to pre register, assuring that they are planning to compete in a legitimate open water boat with watertight compartments and a self bailing mechanism. They also will need to describe their open water racing experience, which Gary and we will assess. We expect that this simple change will go a long way to helping sliding seat rowers understand the seriousness of the undertaking before entering the race, rather than while the water pours over the gunwale and the seats float away.

One final word about safety. Every year, in mid/late September, the Hull Lifesaving Museum hosts its annual drownproofing, training crews for an accident we hope never happens. Hope is nice but preparation is better. We recognize that it would not be due diligence on our part to send other people's children, young and old, out in harm's way without having given them the tools to respond to a catastrophic incident. Drownproofing includes a chalk talk about what exactly "immersion syndrome" is and how to respond. This is followed by repeated tumbles into the water in increments of seven rowers, recreating a variety of accident scenarios, without lifejackets, with lifejackets and with and without oars for flotation. A capsize drill caps the day and completely exhausts the rowers, driving home the lessons we hope to share. By the end of this process, all HLM rowers have a neuron level understanding of the seriousness of the arena in which we play, and a batch of possible responses in the event of a worst case scenario.

So Mr Jessup, I truly do hope you will join us in the flesh on March 10, 2012, for the next Snow Row. At that time I will guarantee a seat in a chase boat. Even better, get a boat and start practicing.

Ed McCabe, Director Hull Lifesaving Museum Maritime Program, Hull, MA

Adventures & Experiences...

Visiting Harold Burnham

While visiting our daughter and family in Beverly, Massachusetts, the beginning of November, we decided to drive up to Essex (drove through Wenham). While the ladies explored the antique shops, I wandered onto the grounds of the Essex Maritime Museum and talked to a volunteer who pointed out Harold Burnham over in his boatyard. Winding my way over, I found Harold working on one of his vehicles and another man who turned out to be his father, Chuck.

Harold being busy, Chuck showed me around the boatyard. What a delightful visit with a wonderful gentleman. He told me about the *Ardelle*, its construction to side launch. He showed me several older boats he had built over the years, Friendship sloops, his personal boats and told of the many ones that he and Harold built including 27 dories of his own design. It was an afternoon of true delight.

Carleton Stambaugh, Spring Grove, PA

Information of Interest...

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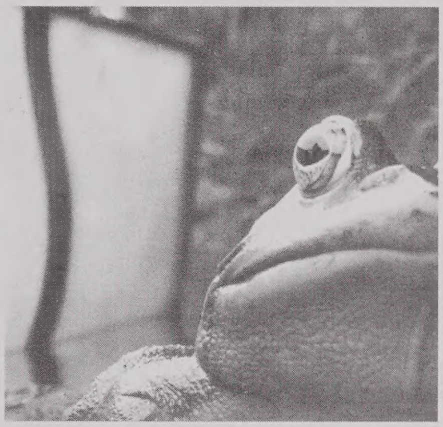
Current Has Its Uses

Reading "Beyond the Horizon" I was fascinated by the use of the eight tugboats to increase the current in the river in Bangkok. This reminded me of a tale readers might appreciate.

The owner of a marina constructed in the '50s out of a swamp needed to dredge, in the late '80s or early '90s to maintain his depth, but was denied a permit. He purchased an old steel tugboat with a huge slow turning diesel and at least a 3' wheel, tied it strategically to various docks over a period of weeks and let it run all day, letting it work its magic. The authorities never knew.

Years later, in his 90s, he was downsizing his fleet and I wanted to buy the tug in the worst sort of way, but knew I had no use for it, no way to move it, etc. A person has to be practical once in a while.

Boyd Mefferd, Canton, CT



Untold Ending

Here is an untold alternative ending of *Wind in the Willows* when Mr Toad is finally won over from motorcars to C1 paddling.

Melody Wright, Pleasant Valley, CT

This Magazine...

Appreciates Well-Turned Phrases

I very much enjoyed the long article in the November 2011 issue entitled "The Social Side of Yachting." As a former history and English teacher, I appreciate the well-turned phrases and clever word use employed throughout the article, and so lacking in modern writing. Describing how the "Nimble stewards back and fill and tack and wear from starboard to port, and from port to sherry" was particularly entertaining. The narrative of the race was also quite expressive, where the "fleetest rush to the van, the dull and careless drop astern, but matter…" as they help to paint, "that most perfect of pictures, 'a ship sailing upon the water.'" My favorite passage in the article, though, was a reasonable description of my position onboard my buddy's 40-year-old ketch, where "the choicest possibilities of yachting are given only to those who can bring to it leisure, patience and some other fellow's boat and money."

This article reminded me of a series you printed several years ago, in three issues I believe, of three gentlemen who engage a riverboat/barge as their floating pleasure palace. Painting, eating, meeting new people and enjoying each other's company, they were towed by animal power through a network of canals in New Jersey, I think. I enjoyed that one greatly, also.

Not to say that I don't enjoy the rest of your magazine either. I read almost every word you print, some two or three times, and I definitely get my money's worth from your efforts. Thanks for all the pleasant distraction. I just finished the November issue and there in my mailbox was December. Good timing!

David Brower, Hillsboro, TX

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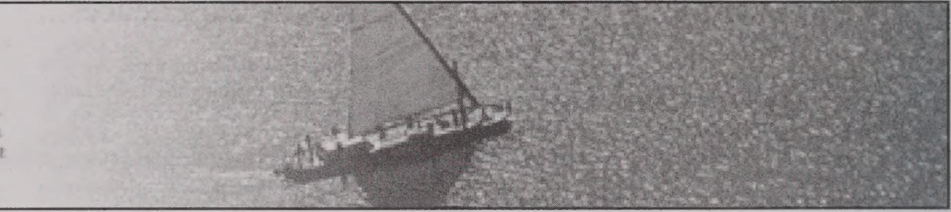
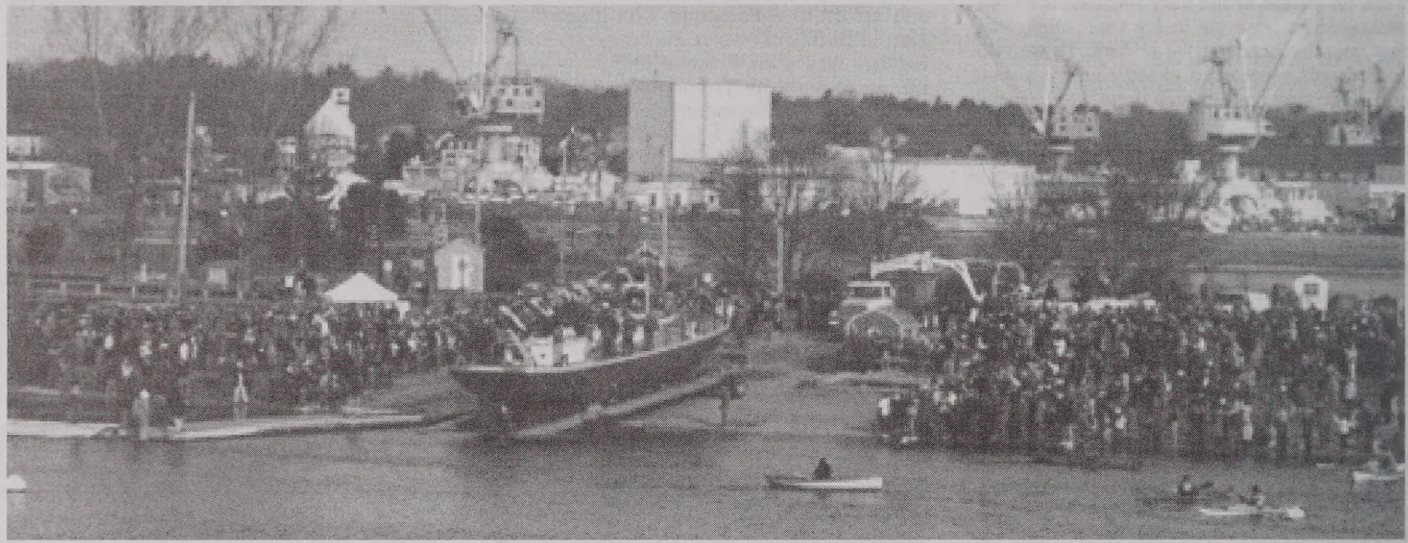
Protecting the Piscataqua region's
maritime heritage and environment
through education and action





A Great Day for the *Piscataqua*

By Molly Bolster, Executive Director
The Gundalow Company

Gundalow Launched

With hundreds of friends and volunteers gathered on and around Pierce Island in Portsmouth, New Hampshire, the Gundalow *Piscataqua* was launched on a bright and sunny day, Saturday, December 10, 2011.

We can all feel fortunate to live, work and play in a stunningly beautiful place, a place steeped in history and a place known as the Piscataqua Region that is defined by its connection to a network of rivers and bays surrounding Great Bay. We built this boat with a huge outpouring of community support to be the flagship of the next generation of river and bay stewards. We built this new gundalow as a way to celebrate the past, present and future of the Piscataqua Region, this area of a dozen towns along eight rivers, bays and harbors in coastal New Hampshire and southern Maine. A place that 350 years ago was known simply as Piscataqua because the Piscataqua River is the thread that connects all the riverfront towns and because the Piscataqua was the major highway that supported the economic development of all the towns connected by water.

The Gundalow *Piscataqua* is in the water, and after a quick test of the engine is wrapped up for the winter. She still needs her yard, mast, sail and some important finishing touches to sail in the spring. Won't you consider a year-end gift to help finish her and reach our campaign goal? Thank you.

Rafted alongside the *Edward H. Adams*.

On the ramp.

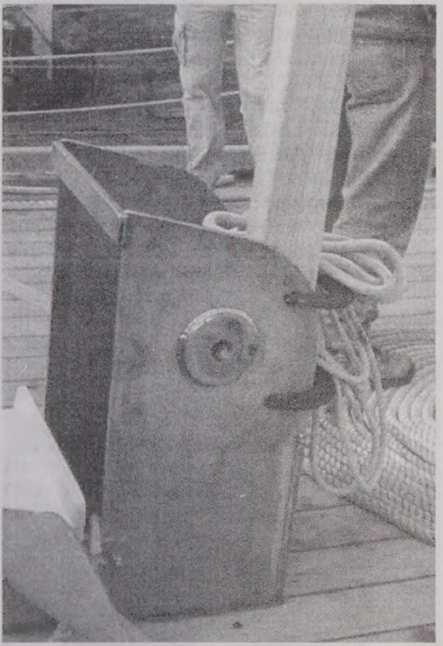
Holding her back.

Maneuvering into dock at Prescott Park.

About the New Gundalow

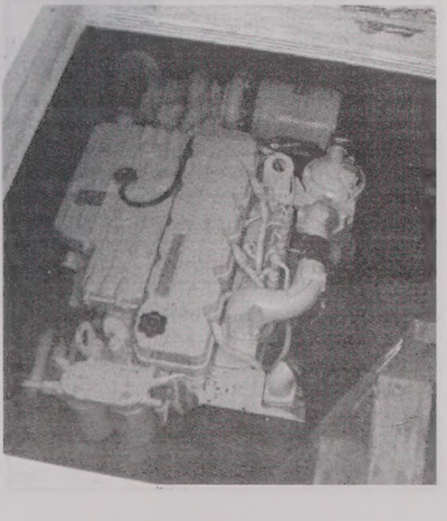
The new gundalow is 64'9" long, 18' wide and weighs approximately 40 tons. The design is based on the lines taken off the last working gundalow, documented in the Smithsonian Institution. It has a 20' mast and a 65' yard, with a sail of over 1,000sf (being created this winter). A Diesel engine will help move the gundalow when necessary. Like the *Captain Edward H. Adams*, the new boat will draw about 2.5'.

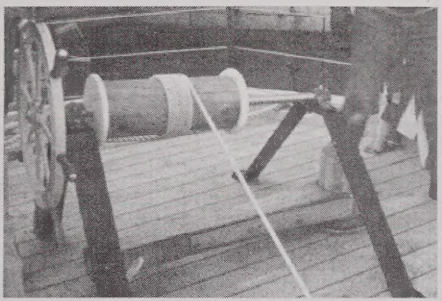
This new vessel was constructed of local wood, grown in northeastern US and Nova Scotia. Different types of trees are used for different parts: White oak is used for the stump mast, planks, frame and structure because it is strong and rot resistant; white pine, which is stable and lightweight, is used for the deck, cabin, and hatches; the trunnels and rudder are made of black locust since it is extremely rot resistant; flexible spruce has a high strength to weight ratio, making it perfect for the 65' yard; with a natural bend, hackmatack (aka larch, tamarack) or live oak is used for the knees. Two dozen live oak knees that were originally intended for use as spare parts on the *USS Constitution* over 100 years ago have been used on the new gundalow.



Mast partners in stainless steel.

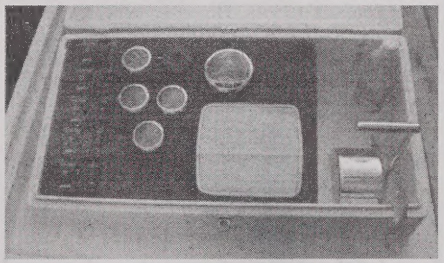
Diesel auxiliary.





Steering windlass.

Rudder post/tiller clamp in stainless steel.



Hi-tech control center.

Checking out belowdecks.

The New Gundalow Project

Master Shipwright, Paul E. Rollins, Sr of York, Maine, has over 35 years experience with wooden vessels. Owl's Head, Maine, resident and boat builder Geno Scalzone caulked the seams of the boat with cotton and oakum. Portsmouth, New Hampshire, blacksmith Peter Happny made the sweep locks, stanchions for life lines, windlass and metalwork throughout the boat. Tom Farrell of Farrell & Norton Naval Architects provided engineering for Coast Guard approval. The tool shed was constructed by the Building Trades Class at Portsmouth High School. The boat building team included Joe Taylor, Nick Brown, Nate Greeley, Dennis Glidden, Cliff Punchard, Nate Piper and supported by over 25 volunteers.

Our Two Gundalows

The first replica gundalow, *Captain Edward H. Adams*, built on the grounds of Strawbery Banke, was launched in 1982 (named for Edward H. Adams, who skippered the last Piscataqua gundalow). Built as a museum piece, the *Adams* was originally operated by the Gundalow Project and then Strawbery Banke until the non-profit Gundalow Company was formed in 2002. With the new gundalow launched in 2011, the *Captain Edward H. Adams* will continue to be used for dockside education programs and events.

The new gundalow is US Coast Guard certified to carry up to 49 passengers. Getting people out on our rivers will help them understand their connection to the watershed Multi-disciplinary sails will be offered to schools, organizations and the public May through October. These trips will highlight environmental issues in the region and inspire stewardship. This is the first gundalow ever built to carry passengers!

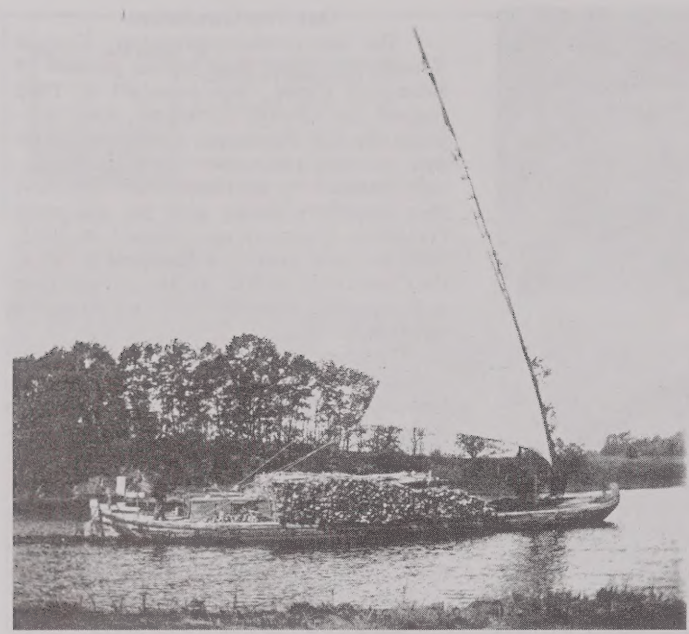
CAPT EDWARD H ADAMS

Edward H. Adams deckhouse…

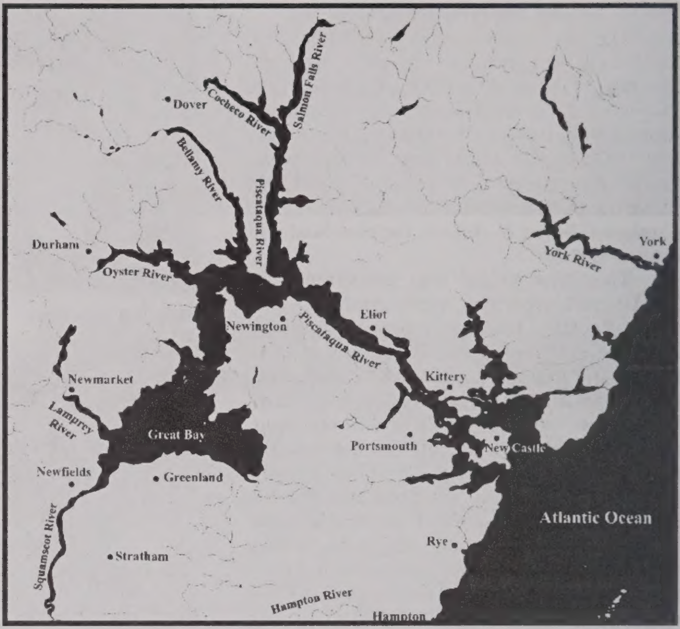
…and steering windlass.

Gundalow History

Gundalows of various sizes were common the Piscataqua Region's tidal rivers for 250 years (1650-1900). Gundalows provided a vital link between Portsmouth's deep water port and inland towns, carrying cargo before roads were common. Gundalows were initially built by farmers using available local timber. Early gundalows (1600s) were small, undecked vessels with square ends, no sail, no cabin. The lateen rig, added in the mid-1800s, allowed gundalows to shoot under newly built bridges. A typical gundalow would only last about ten years; parts were reused for new construction. One of the last jobs of the gundalows was to carry supplies upriver to the building sites of new railroad bridges, which were built so low that gundalows could no longer pass under.



Period photo of gundalow with a load of firewood onboard.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Cocheco River
Salmon Falls River
Bellamy River
Piscataqua River
Durham
Oyster River
York
York River
Newington
Piscataqua River
Eliot
Newmarket
Lamprey River
Kittery
Great Bay
Portsmouth
New Castle
Newfields
Greenland
Atlantic Ocean
Squamscot River
Rye
Stratham
Hampton River
Hampton

The Piscataqua region.

This is the Piscataqua Region

The *Piscataqua* will carry a different cargo than gundalows of the past, she will carry a cargo that is a message of appreciation for our maritime heritage as well as hope and action to protect the rivers and bays in the Piscataqua Region. We believe that when you take a trip on the *Piscataqua* it will give you a chance to experience and care about our rivers, and if we care about our rivers we will protect them. The *Piscataqua* will awaken in all of us a "sense of place," a link to the past but also a bridge to the future as we confront the results of 400 years of human impact on our estuary.

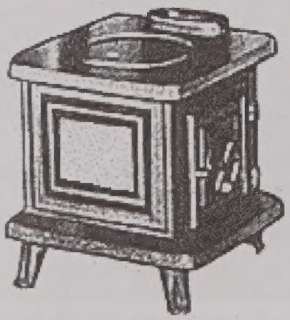
We want the Piscataqua to be a sailing classroom for kids growing up in this area and we want it to be an attraction for locals so they can experience their rivers from the deck of a regionally significant historic vessel. And we want this to be a tourist attraction that sets the Piscataqua Region apart from other seaport towns. Because where else in the world can one go sailing on a gundalow but here! We hope you will all come sailing with us so you can see your place from a historic and future perspective!

Please see our website for a full listing of all the business sponsors and over 500 individuals who have contributed to this effort. We launched the *Piscataqua* for all of you, long may she sail and carry a message of hope and action to protect our rivers!

The Gundalow Company

The mission of the Gundalow Company is to protect the Piscataqua Region's maritime heritage and environment through education and action.

Gundalow Company is a 501-c-3 non profit, established in 2002, based at 60 Marcy St, Portsmouth, NH 03801, (603) 433-9505, www.gundalow.org, info@gundalow.org



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Running for Hite with a reef.

Travels with Thayer

By Steve Axon

Seems like it was 1996 that I got that first call from Jim Thayer. I was a middle-aged guy, living in Salt Lake City, working and raising a family in the Great Basin Desert, but at heart still a "wannabe" sailor. I was also a "Born Again" Westerner and my enthusiasm for the mountains, red rock canyons and wild rivers was positively religious.

Not being a "sportsman," I had to evolve my own set of excuses to get out into this wonderful landscape. So the family would hike the slickrock canyons spring and fall, run rivers in the summer and backpack the high mountains in September. Subscriptions to *MAIB* and *Small Boat Journal* eventually led to my buying a Sea Pearl, and with that we had beach cruised on Powell and the Great Salt Lake. Winter road trips to San Carlos on the Sea of Cortez became another excuse to sail.

Helen and the kids are great campers and came along on most of these adventures, but they didn't really share my fascination with things that float. After several near flips on whitewater trips, and a wild ten-day spring sail on Powell (with four fronts through in ten days), they were increasingly cautious about plugging into further nautical expeditions with me, and increasingly busy with their own lives, as the kids were now teenagers.

I think Jim was kind of in the same situation, having dragged his family on decades of treks across America, delivering hulls and visiting boat shows. His annual routine seemed to involve winters in the Chesapeake and summers in the Colorado mountains. His kids had all settled in the west once they were out on their own, and Jim and Janice had naturally followed suit.

They were starting to have a gang of grandkids underfoot to keep the household lively, but these potential campers were still too young to do much boating. And Thayer still had lots of energy for further exploration. He would drive across America at the drop of a hat, visit with friends along the way and always be on the lookout for that next puddle to sail in.

Jim must have talked our editor out of his western mailing list, because sometime in August I got this call from a fellow who wanted to go boating. It took me a while to realize that this was the same guy who wrote frequently in *MAIB* and his latest story ("Momma Sold The Farm") had described their final move to Grand Junction.

We quickly confirmed a mutual interest in camp cruising on desert reservoirs and a fall expedition was planned. Since we had both already done trips on Powell, Jim thought the new McPhee reservoir near Cortez needed immediate inspection. We picked the week of the full moon in October as a reasonable time to go and waited for the great day to arrive.

A winter storm got to Salt Lake first, and I reluctantly called the Thayers to tell them I couldn't get over the mountains and down to the canyon country. Looking at the forecast, I could see that it wasn't going to be a happy week for camping anyway, especially at the 6,900' elevation of McPhee. I got Janice on the phone and she told me that Jim had already departed, in spite of the rain and snow falling. I commented that he must be a very hardy camper indeed, heading out in weather like that. And she then made the understatement of a lifetime, "Well, he's a pretty optimistic fellow."

I learned "Thayer's First Law": "Never listen to weather forecasts for they may be wrong." Jim went on to write up his solo adventures on that trip, watching the snow fall at McPhee for a day and a half, then trailering down to a cold Powell where he finally screwed up his courage enough to go for an afternoon row. That fiasco was the first "Almost Kokopelli," though I don't think Jim had coined the term yet.

The next spring I had a ten-day river trip down the Dolores River planned with my Salt Lake whitewater buddies. This is a small stream in arid country and normally deep enough to raft only during the spring runoff. A new dam (forming McPhee) threatened to leave the Dolores drier still and this turned out to be the last chance to run the thing for ten years. My intent was to float the 170 miles from Cahone to the confluence with the Colorado, then turn the corner west and run on to Moab.

The trip would begin at 6,700' in an alpine gorge a few miles below McPhee. There was enough gradient here to generate plenty of whitewater and this upper stretch culminated in famous "Snaggletooth" rapid, rated Class V. The next couple of days ran us through a red sandstone canyon, floating from slickrock to bedrock, real Flintstones country. Then the river slowed down and wound its way across Paradox Valley (the paradox being that the stream cuts across this canyon rather than running down it). Our final two days would feature more good rapids to the confluence, then a fast ride on the flooding Colorado.

It seemed natural to invite Jim along since this was the same drainage we had tried to sail the previous October. My crew was a bit skeptical of this old galoot I'd invited on a challenging trip full of unknowns. Did he have a lot of whitewater experience? Did he know how to survive in the wilds? Was he good company? Could he cook? Would he bring wine? I didn't know the answer to any of these questions, but thought from his articles that at least he had the right attitude for adventure.

Thayer geared up for whitewater.

Our first meeting was at Dewey Bridge, an old steel suspension structure where a lonely dirt road crosses the Colorado River. Jim was sitting on the tailgate of his truck, haphazardly sorting gear and cramming selected items into river bags. The back of his rig was awash in tools, bedding, water bottles and drifts of junk. No TEVAS, Goretex, Lycra or other designer camping gear was in evidence. Jim was dressed like he had just walked out of his shop, in shorts, tee shirt, old shoes and a feed cap. I noticed his gas cap was a Styrofoam McDonald's cup crammed down on the filler tube. Most of all I remember this big grin shining out of a deep tan. I could see the guy was an old desert rat and just the sort we wanted along.

We parked Thayer's rig at a campground and loaded his gear aboard my van. We still had three hours to run south to our put-in. There followed the usual chaos of blowing up and rigging the boats, cooking dinner and setting up camp, all as the sun set and the temperatures dropped below freezing. Jim was quiet and helpful through this and not at all the blustery, boisterous "hail fellow, well met" type so common in the yachting world.

He was also very observant and noticed how each skipper rigged his boat and understood why we did what. He was quick to get which details were functional and which were mere elements of style. Once the work was done and the drinks came out, Jim was a man in his element and his droll comments livened up the evening's conversation.

Animated conversation at camp. Steve, Pat, Jim, Amy, Margaret.

The trip was a great success, especially after we had survived a couple of cold days in the upper stretches. Jim was not much of a whitewater paddler and happily rode on my 16' raft. When things warmed up a bit he allowed that he'd like to try the Pac Cat, an unusual twin tube kayak that, in Logan's hands, looked easy. Jim only lasted five minutes before getting dumped, thus breaking "Thayer's Second Law": "Cold water may be drunk, but it's not for swimming in." Once rescued, dried out and warmed up, he cheerfully observed that at least he gotten some mileage out of his new wetsuit.

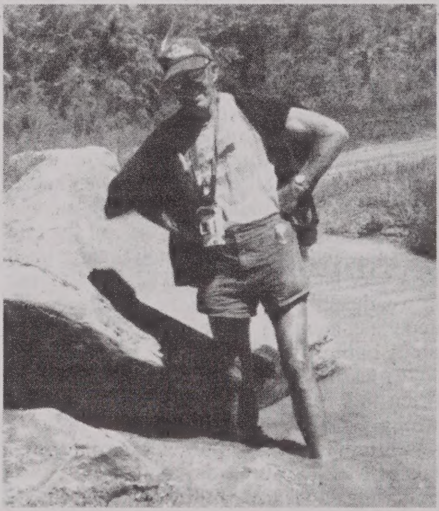
A boat load. Sue, Jim and Steve. 16' raft with awning.

After this cautious start, Jim fit in happily with our bunch of veteran river runners. As an old school teacher, he was on easy terms with Logan and Pat, our huge teenage boys. Margaret was another veteran teacher, and any time she didn't have to control 30 kids was a lark to her. Boone and Chuck were capable working guys with lots of good shoptalk to exchange with Jim.

Turville was an avid whitewater paddler who couldn't swim a lick. He was also a gourmet camp chef, and I watched Jim's eyes widen as Dennis stacked three Dutch ovens into a pagoda and explained the exact formula to determine the right number of charcoal briquettes on each layer (you want a 4" spacing). This spiel gained credibility when Dennis produced a brie fondue appetizer, poached salmon entree and pineapple upside down cake for dessert, all browned to perfection!

Best of all was Sue, who rode in the raft with us. Besides being a charming gal and another fabulous cook, she was working on an advanced degree in geology, which was Jim's field. So they could sit and discuss the layers and landforms endlessly as we drifted through this world of stone. I think Jim was so impressed by this capable bunch that he got sold on the notion of assembling a similar gang for future expeditions. He didn't realize that my crew was the result of 15 years of rigorous natural selection, and that there were far more people who had never gotten invited back for a second trip.

The float was full of minor wonders, all that good stuff you stumble on when you're not following a field guide. One interesting spot was downstream from an extended lunch stop where we had waited for a threatening black cloud to pass by. Jim was a little surprised by this (see Thayer's First Law), but taking a walk an hour down stream, he was startled to find ice underfoot (on an 80° day in the desert)!



A man in his element. Flooded side stream after the thunderstorm.

Sue finds hail under the duff.

The storm must have dropped hail here and enough rain to flood the wash. Organic matter (pinyon needles, bark and juniper berries) had floated to the top of the slurry, and once the water drained away drifts of hail were left, nicely insulated under duff. This was around Day 8 of our expedition, with our ice long gone, so we topped up the coolers with the unexpected bonanza and enjoyed cold beer again that evening.

Other memories include some long, hot days across Paradox Valley. The slow water in this stretch seemed endless and there was not a lick of shade along the banks to camp under. I kept the crew on the water past 9pm one evening, reasoning that we were more comfortable in the boats than we would be on shore. I still think this was a good call, but we rowed way past cocktail hour and there was a near mutiny until that situation was remedied.

Day 8 we found more swift water at "Stateline," a half mile long rapid that split around small islands midway down. This was the only place where I made the kids portage their ducks, since they could easily have been pushed into the wrong channel by the waves in the first drop. And to go left was to die, as fallen snags clogged that entire channel, making a deadly sieve.

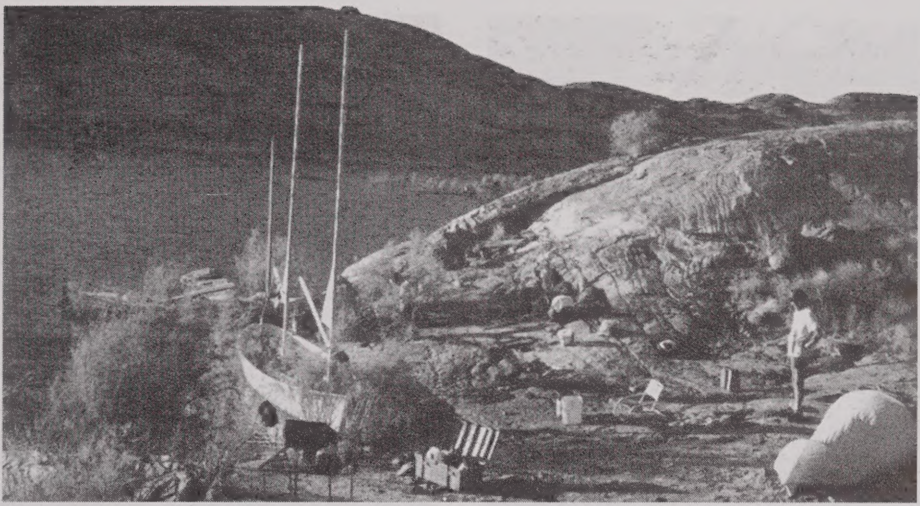
Finally we reached the confluence. The flooded Colorado seemed huge after our little mountain stream (I think we had 1,200 cfs joining 25,000cfs)! We drifted down to where we had spotted Jim's truck, then the drivers rode in to Moab to retrieve the rest of our rigs. Everyone else unloaded, washed the boats, dried them in the sun, then rolled them up ready to load. Jim was close to home, but the rest of us still had five hours to drive. The first and last days of these rafting trips tend to be epic.

After that happy adventure, Jim and I made plans for the fall and our first real "Kokopelli" voyage. Jim would bring his 19' A Duckah! and I my 21' Sea Pearl. The boats should be well matched in speed and draft so we hoped to really cover some miles and reach new areas to explore. We'd try the full moon of October again and hope the lower Lake Powell (3,700') was warmer than McPhee has been.

I suggested that we try a one-way trip up the lake, from Bullfrog to Hite, then drive a shuttle back for the trucks. I'd done enough sailing on Powell to know that the wind generally blows upstream, with several days of good southerlies preceding each short burst of cold north winds. September can still be a windless summer month in southern Utah, but by October the jet stream has usually dipped south and the fronts are rolling through. An added benefit is that the summer hordes are back in school and we'd have a better chance of claiming a good campsite. Though the days are shorter and cooler, they're still tempered by the lovely 70° lake water.

The expedition came off pretty much as planned. We met at Hite one Sunday afternoon and drove out on the slickrock to find a camp for the night. Here I learned "Thayer's Third Law": "Never, ever attempt to follow Jim while pulling a trailer." He charged out onto the undulating sandstone, with the Duckah leaving a stripe of gel coat at every dip. The hollow grinding sound was enough to make any boat lover shriek, but Jim never even slowed down. At some of the bigger holes his 8" trailer wheels dangled a foot off the ground.

Meeting near Hite.

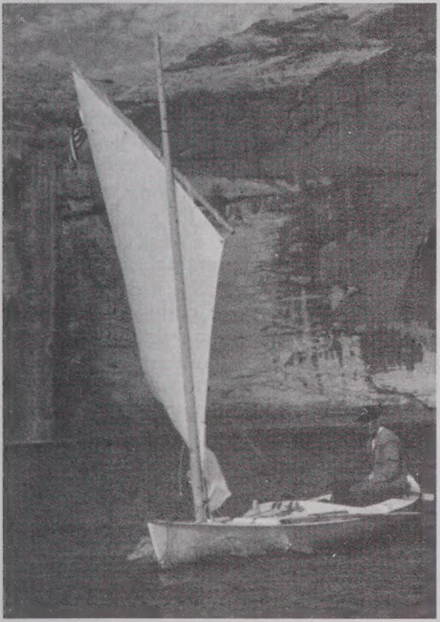


Pocket beach camp. There's a lot more sky here than in the canyon.

After watching these shenanigans with wide eyes, I unhooked my boat and left it sitting on the shoulder of the highway. I got a shrug from Jim that could only mean, "What're you doing that for?" And I still lost my muffler, creeping cautiously out across the uneven stone. Jim then gleefully preached the virtues of field repairs while I crawled under the truck with coat hanger and duct tape.

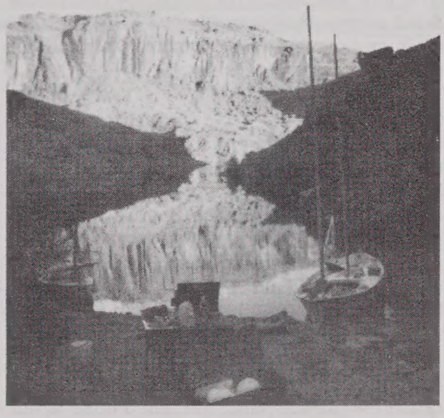
Wet weather descended on us the next morning as we loaded Jim's boat onto the Pearl. The Duckah weighed enough that the two of us could only lift one end at a time, but it fit perfectly once we had the thing on deck. The spars went on my van and we headed off to Bullfrog after parking Jim's rig at Hite. Rain in this impervious country creates spectacular runoff and we drove past dozens of waterfalls along the 60-mile ride.

This started to look like less than optimal camping again, and I began to have thoughts of watching Monday night football in a motel room at Bullfrog. But Jim predicted sun at the put-in and sure enough, as we descended from the Henry Mountains towards the lake, the skies cleared a bit, and rays of golden light highlighted our destination. I was impressed by Jim's weather sense, for about the first and last time (see Thayer's First Law).



First afternoon with Ephemeral Falls. Jim has a deep reef in the lug.

There followed five wonderful days of winding northeast up the Colorado, generally with following winds. We found a small embayment in the Navajo layer that first night and camped out on the open lake. Most other evenings we would sail and row up side canyons in search of a protected landing. Twice we wound up in the brush and stumps at the very head of navigation, beyond the reach of the power squadron. Then in the windless mornings we could explore on up the canyon. Everything below the high water mark was altered and shabby, with the trees and native shrubs flooded out, and invasive tamarisk clogging the shoreline. A bathtub ring of fine silt discolored the rock and made for slippery footing when it got wet.



A typical canyon camp.

Tow up a side canyon.

But above that magic line was a desert Eden with sculpted sandstone, red eolian sand and exotic vegetation. The plant life here sorts itself by the availability of water, with drought tolerant globe mallow and primrose out in the open sand, while grasses and paintbrush thrive in the shade of the water loving cottonwoods along the stream bed. Spectacular datura grows in shady pockets that catch the runoff from big rock surfaces. Rows of delicate maidenhair fern mark the seep lines under each alcove. It's a fabulous landscape to wander through.

Jim's A Duckah! was an interesting boat, his latest iteration of a one-man expedition craft. The hull was a long, low double ender with a sweet sheer. Jim had been smitten by whaleboats and the stretched ducker was a close miniature of them. It was also a fine pulling boat if you could arrange some sort of outrigger for longish oars. But Jim had his usual 6' stubbies along because they were easy to store. A deck molding covered the topsides and included a small cockpit, almost a knee well, really. There were no seats or lockers in there so we just sort of curled up in that sculpted hole as we sailed. A small, homemade icebox was the rowing seat.

Unfortunately, Jim was in his balanced lug phase and that rig was poorly suited to such a tender boat. Reefing was a challenge, even for someone as agile as Thayer, and Jim soon learned to pull ashore if he needed to adjust things. There was also no good way to tension the luff, so this sail would not point well. Jim could keep up with the Pearl on a reach or run, but going to windward I just sailed away from him. We learned too that on Powell, with its wakes endlessly rebounding off the cliffs, any spars aloft can be a liability. In light airs they amplify the boat's wild motion and spill what little breeze we may have.

The next year, Jim showed up with a Marconi main that roller furled on a hollow mast, and a small mizzen that could hold the boat into the wind while he reefed. He had even worked out a clever solution to the steering dilemma, with the rudder head close behind the mizzenmast. Jim pivoted a short tiller on the mast step, then linked this via two quadrants and a push rod to the rudder head. Of course, this was all achieved with his usual bent 16d nails, and there was enough play in that linkage to make for very erratic steering. But the concept was wonderful.

The full lug, a big sail for that narrow boat.

This first sail with Jim revealed that he was an inveterate gadgeteer and loved all those little electronic gizmos that Americans distract themselves with. Much of his collection seemed to be bargains from boat shows. Besides his ball cap attached to its lanyard, Jim commonly dangled several compact cameras. He also sported an anemometer on its leash. Underway he towed a tiny patent log's propeller, which read out a speed he could compare to his handheld GPS. A Walkman and earphones let him study Portuguese while surfing along and wrestling charts in the wind.

Maybe Jim's aversion to going in the water was due to the damage it would do to all these devices he had hanging off him. We certainly spent many an evening around a campfire, trying to toast some flooded piece of electronics back to life.

All these little gadgets were but a prelude to what would become his ultimate passion, the series of camcorders that let him better document his travels. After 1999 it became difficult to get a photo of Thayer without a video camera screwed into his face. Often, when it was really blowing and we were struggling to keep the boats on their feet, I would be amazed to see Jim round up and begin filming. This footage was always entertaining, with waves breaking over the boat and spray splashing onto the lens.

We could seldom see what he was trying to shoot, since the auto focus picked up on all that flying water in the foreground. His narrative, too, was lost in the amplified roar of the wind across the microphone. But the camera's motion during these shots was enough to test even a sailor's stomach.

Jim's video habit led to some entertaining episodes. My favorite was one Kokopelli when we were camped in deep Moqui canyon. There was a front approaching and the gang was out trying to day sail in wildly varied conditions. We'd get 30kt gusts from random quadrants with flat calm spells in between. One nice puff came along and accelerated all the boats up to hull speed, which was great footage in that cliff-lined channel.

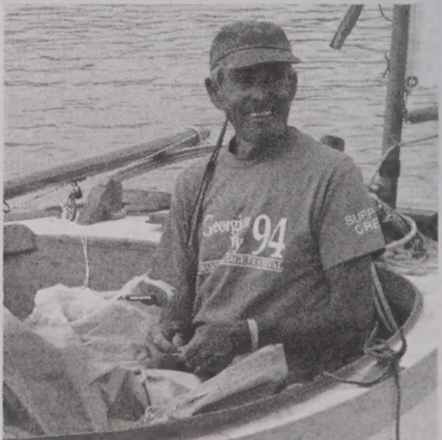
Jim was understandably reluctant to put his camera down and filmed away off his quarter while the Nina, too, put a bone in her teeth and sailed straight into a 600' wall. Jim flew from the tiller to the mast step but never dropped his precious camcorder! There was no apparent damage to the boat either, and Jim casually pointed out that the trick was to hit things squarely so as to avoid the disfiguring abrasion a glancing blow produces.

Thus began a series of adventures with Jim Thayer. We would keep track of each other's whereabouts via email (Jim was an early and enthusiastic user of the internet). Whenever our paths might cross, we'd try for some messing about. A couple of winters we enjoyed long road trips south to Lake Mojave and the Sea of Cortez. Summer expeditions included runs north to Bob Simmon's excellent meets at Pend Oreille, OR. Jim happily plugged into our family trips as well and became a favorite of my kids.

Then he decided we needed a spring "Season Opener" and the Starvation meet came about. This gathering gave the Salt Lake-based Kokonauts a chance to camp with the Thayer clan. It was also the spot to show off our winter's boat building projects, and DeWitt and John generally had something interesting to launch. Tom Gale could be counted on to roll in with some treasure gleaned off eBay.

Kokopelli grew each year and got to be such a big, diverse flotilla that we could hardly sail anywhere anymore. The motley fleet would get spread across miles of that winding reservoir, and it was a big job to round them all up each evening. We couldn't just agree on a destination because we never knew where we might find a landing free from houseboats and jet skis. Many times I would wind up towing Jim home to cocktails with my mighty 2hp, all the while having to listen to his rant about the weak nature of any sailor who resorted to infernal combustion.

Kokopelli eventually merged with a group of Yahoo home builders, and we'd spend the weekend sailing with them before heading off on our exploration. A guy could use up most of his vacation, and a whole lot of gas, just trying to keep up with old Jim.



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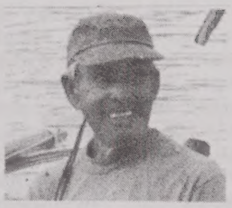
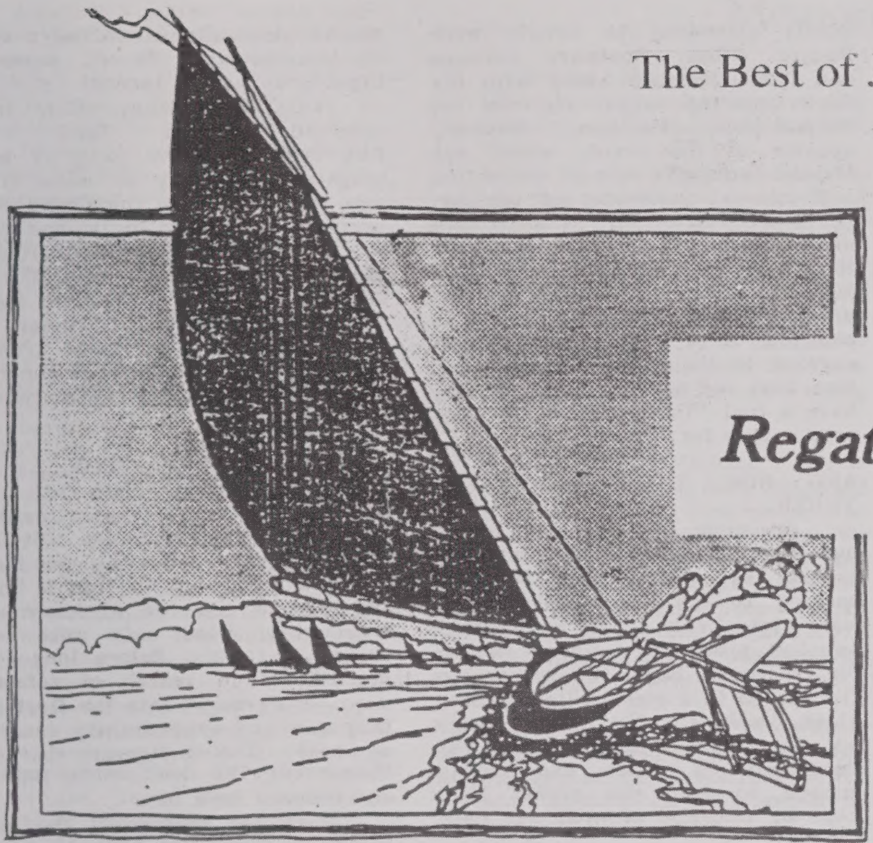
The Best of JimThayer





Regattas Far & Wide

November 1, 1989

THE HIGH POINT OF THE SAILING SEASON...

Looming high to the south of where I lolled on my sunny deck on the western slope in Colorado lies tree-clad, lake-spangled Grand Mesa, the world's largest flat-topped mountain, mecca of hunters and fishermen. And sailors? I've never seen, nor even heard tell of one. Some years ago in a subtle attempt to dodge Harvey's Labor Day Party, which runs mostly to fence fixing and cow chasing, I suggested that we go sailing, and Grand Mesa was the logical place, 10,000 altitude notwithstanding. Thus was born the nation's highest altitude regatta.

Thayer & Co. routinely furnishes the boats from our shop stock for this affair and this year was no exception. Normally we have a "Nina" which hauls the elderly ladies, non-sailing cowboys and fishermen. There are generally a couple of "Pickles" and canoes for the sporting types.

This year, due to a disastrous drought, the usual venue was a dismal mudhole. Luckily, however, Steven, our Forest Service contact, had winnowed from the hundred plus lakes up there one that was brimful. So the Labor Day Sunday found the gang with two "Duckers", a "Pickle" and a canoe at Anderson Reservoir out on the western end of the Mesa. It is 150 acres or so, surrounded by fairly level terrain with enough clumps of spruce to provide for firewood and modesty.

A fairly constant breeze of 15 knots or so insured spirited sailing and a good time was had by all, even Bill, who managed to jibe himself right into the water during a moment's inattention. Said maneuver is now known as a "Nagle" among the local cognoscenti. You should make a note to hit the western slope of Colorado around Labor Day, the Grand Mesa Labor Day Regatta will be the "high point" of your sailing season.

AND NOW, EASTWARD, EVER EASTWARD...

After our Sunday on Grand Mesa, we set out late on Monday (much too late really) for the East with the goal of taking in the Constitution Cup "Tuck-Up" & "Ducker" Regatta the coming Saturday at the Red Dragon Canoe Club outside Philadelphia on the Delaware River. This isn't as unreasonable a trip to go racing as you might think if you enjoy Interstates and imminent deadlines.

To relieve the midwest monotony, we stopped off in St. Louis to lay a gorgeous green "Jolie Fille" hull on Kurt Hammes of Twin Rivers Boatbuilding. Kurt had called us three weeks earlier to order the hull and thus precipitated one of those last minute, down-to-the-wire orgies for which T & Co. is justly famous. The delivery just five miles off I-70 (we prefer I-36 but in this instance, I-70 would do) was a good example of the serendipity that enables T & Co. to keep functioning (and go racing nationwide).

Kurt, a lively bright-eyed fellow with a verdant moustache, welcomed us to his spacious shop behind a powerboat display. Kurt is a right-thinker who has built some nice dinghies via the Constant Camber (tm) process, as well as a "Bob Cat" and other good little ships. He has decided that a touch of fiberglass is necessary to reach conservative midwesterners.

FROM OUT OF THE WEST, WE RODE...

Plunging back into the maelstrom in St. Louis, we were eventually spat out a long blur later on Friday afternoon in sync with a jam at the Burlington Bristol Bridge. To have eased up, even for an instant on the Interstate, would have meant 18-wheeler tracks up and over the little red Nissan, and so, creeping up to the bridge gave us time to depressurise.

Having missed a turn soon after, we were studying the map at river's edge when a former steward of the Red Dragon Club turned up and soon got us on the right route. In a nonce we were checking out the spacious lawns and Victorian mansion clubhouse, which sported a suitably motheaten moosehead and, we were quick to note, showers.

Falling in with the Englands, owners of the only "Tuckup" in the South, we were immediately plugged into the loop. There were people and boats about but not much was happening. Roger Crawford did have FOUR (count 'em) of his nifty "Melon Seeds" in the water. It was good to see Dennis Caprio, ex SBJ, there as part of the Crawford entourage, and to meet Roger for the first time. Then we hit a local joint with the Englands and packed it in.

The Saturday dawned clear and warm. After a simple breakfast (we had a bushel of Colorado pears to eat), we hurried to put the boats over as the launching area was an obvious bottleneck. There were plenty of willing hands for small boats and two cathead powered railways for the larger ones. We left the new "A (Awesome) Ducker" hull on the trailer, thinking it might attract some attention. It is the "York Ducker" stretched to 18'. Like, I mean, "Awesome".

While pounding on across the nation I had plenty of time to speculate on the coming big race, which I hoped would include Dan Segal and Steve Clark, two acknowledged "Ducker" experts, and maybe even "Mr. Ducker", himself, Ben Fuller. By the time I had crossed the Mississippi, I had come to fancy myself as the invincible cowboy charging out of the west with my gallant glass "Ducker", sure to leave these experts bobbing in my wake. The reality in a moment.

Dan showed up ere long with his lovely wife Judy and their two little J-boys, but to our mutual disappointment, Steve didn't make it. Dan's cold-molded "Ducker" had been repaired since its unfortunate mishap at the Mystic meet in June. This is the same model which Steve Clark used to make the mold that has now been acquired jointly by Small Boat Exchange of Burlington, Vermont, and T & Co. It is projected that these two dynamic firms will soon have the nation awash in "Duckers", as these are most attractive craft.

By mid-morning, numbers of interesting small boats were being put overboard. There were several "Sneakboxes" as well as five, I believe, "Tuckups". Several original type "Duckers" were also on the scene. Out on the floats, the Philadelphia Maritime Museum's shad skiff was giving rides. She is a very attractive two-masted gaffer reminiscent of a Kingston lobsterboat, I thought. The Museum's popular garvey was also on hand. Tony Tereszcuk, TSCA stalwart, had his nifty Scandanavian-looking double-ender there, and Ken Steinmetz, esteemed editor of the TSCA "Ash Breeze" came by with his little canoe on his shoulder. Ken came clear down from Long Island to cover this affair. Just getting off Long Island is a major undertaking.

ON THE SOCIAL SCENE...

There must have been a couple of hundred people out to enjoy the scene. Among prominent visitors were Rod and Ann Sadler, proprietors of the nearby incredible Pyne Point Marina, and dedicated toilers in the Philadelphia small boat vineyard. Also, amongst the glitteratti were Dave Carnell and Kate McCormick, keen enthusiasts well known in the St. Michaels crowd. Busily attending to details were Rodger Allen, Rosemary Connors and Carol Staszak, along with the Boys from the Barge, all from the Philadelphia Maritime Museum, sponsor of the event, which was started two years ago in connection with the bi-centennial of the nation's Constitution, and known since as the Constitution Cup, although I haven't seen any cup. "Delaware Duckers" and "Tuckups" get top billing as indigenous boats, and the favor of their owners is curried to the extent that we got free food and nice T-shirts. If you have a real "Tuckup", I think they send a limo for you.

AND NOW THE MOMENTS OF TRUTH...

A couple of yacht club types had been shanghied to officiate and assure that things were run according to the book. Instructions were given, rule sheets with a signal list given out, and we headed for the boats. Segal and I were the first to go in a class called "Fiberglass Duckers". To liven things up, there was a postponement, but Dan, with a watch and smarts enough to read the signal list, kept me informed of what was happening.

I stayed right with him, and as luck would have it, was headed for the line when the gun went off, while he had to tack. My jubilation was short-lived as I blew my early lead while untangling the line I had on the tiller in lieu of a hiking stick from the mainsheet. For the rest of the race my strategy became, "follow the red boat".

Things were far from dull, however. The "Tuckups" creeping up behind were a gorgeous sight. On the run three of them were bunched up nearly abreast with two mains out to port, the third to starboard. Glorious. We all went charging into the turn together, while Ken lay off to the side in his little canoe with a long lens. I hope we see some good photos.

The powerboats added some interest. The race course included four crossings of the relatively narrow channel where the powerboats were running past. Apparently unaware that their season ended on Labor Day, every wave generator in the area was varooming up and down the river. Fortunately, nobody got splintered.

Following the race, the boats were hauled and we repaired to the mansion for a very nice buffet, after which the band eased off for the awards ceremony. A secret of my racing success has been to fall into a class having very few entrants. Dan took first in, let's call 'em "Modern Duckers", while John and Vera England led the "Tuckups" in their museum quality "Blackberry Seeds". Winners received nice half models made, I heard, by Rodger and Carol. My second place win earned me a copy of Mendelowitz's "Wood, Water & Light". Very nice indeed!

This is a dandy affair in a splendid venue and the PMM-Tri-Sate TSCA gang is most hospitable. Do try to make it if you cannot take in the Grand Mesa event. Since it is only one day, you can also take in the Philadelphia waterfront with the "Moshulu", "Gazela" and a neat old Spanish American War naval cruiser, all at the nicely developed Penn's Landing. And then, across the river in Camden there's the incredible Pyne Point!

PHILADELPHIA INTERLUDE...

I hesitated to relate that I did hear of an unfortunate incident that took place in the City of Brotherly Love, but not for long. Seems a ship came in from a lengthy voyage and two of its ropes, thoroughly dried out, were sent ashore to tie up. Before long they drifted off in search of refreshment. They burst into the first bar they saw and exhuberantly demanded beer. The beligerant barkeep thundered, "We don't serve ropes," and ordered them out.

Somewhat chastened, they entered the next joint, only to be told, "You look like ropes to me, get outta my place!". Arriving, now dejected, at the third establishment, one rope said to the other, "Go in and look it over while I fix myself up." So saying, he tied himself into a granny and proceeded to frazzle our his ends. Thus disguised, he walked confidently inside and ordered a drink.

The barkeep eyed him suspiciously and inquired, "Ain't you a rope?"

"Why no," the rope answered ingenuously, "I'm afraid not!"

AS LONG AS WE'VE COME THIS FAR...

Having signed up for the Red Dragon affair, I was distressed to receive an invite to a maritime heritage sort of event on the same weekend at St. Mary's City, home port of the "Maryland Dove". We went last year and Capt. Hugh Lane had us crewing on the "Dove" for a morning sail. Janis never dreamed that she would be pulling sheets on an honest-to-goodness square rigger. Short tacking her was well worth the trip.

We had dropped a note to Jack Hevy, bos'n of the "Dove", promising to show up on the Sunday. Thus committed, we bid Rodger and all the fine folks at the Red Dragon goodbye and got on the pike for Maryland. Up early the next morn, I was delighted to find that we got a free ride over the Bay Bridge. After a moment, Janis curdled my joy by pointing out that we had gone west via New England earlier in the summer and had paid after all.

About 9 a.m. we rattled into St. Mary's City, the first capital of Maryland, which now consists of St. Mary's College and an historical park featuring the "Dove" and a reconstruction of the capitol building. Incidentally, if you want to combine sailing and college, St. Mary's is your school.

We heard that there had been several more boats on hand on the Saturday, but on Sunday there were only the following: The Muirs with a Tom Hill canoe and a "Pickle"; the Surgents with a Solomons Museum crab skiff; Chuck Raynor with a newly painted c-flex Rangeley; Geof Schoffield's Elizabeth II ships from Beaufort; and Tom Jones with a nice little ply sailing dinghy.

Tom turned out to be Thomas Firth-Jones, well known writer, boatbuilder and multi-hull sailor. We sat in the shade for quite some time chewing over the boat business. This encounter illustrates one of the major benefits of these boat meets. One frequently meets someone who is a mine of useful information.

Capt. Lane had taken a job up north, where, I suspect, he will get in more real sailing. Fortunately, Eric Speth, formerly captain of the "Dove" and now Fleet Admiral at Jamestown, was on hand to skipper the "Dove". Eric tells me that he has found some nice pitch pine, located a source of big hackmatack knees up north, and will start building a new "Godspeed" in November. We will have to get down and check on that.

It was very warm and the humidity such that a buoyancy test was necessary to determine the air/water interface. As a result, the sailing was desultory, but there was some air from time to time and we took a turn around the area. By mid-afternoon, people were pretty well cooked out, all except the incredible chantyman who insists on wearing wool dress blues. We loaded up and switched on the air.

HOW WAS OUR VACATION?

Well, that was the week that whizzed, all in the line of business, mind you. And people keep asking, "How was your vacation?"

COMING SOON FROM "THOLEPIN"

Memories of Jim

Buying a Boat From Jim

I thought readers might enjoy reading the following correspondence I had with Jim Thayer:

5/7/81: Dear Mr Osgood, Thanks very much for your order for an Express hull and trim and for the check for $500. I am assuming that you want us to proceed as far as possible with the completion of the hull. We might, for example, have the spacer blocks glued to the gunnel and might even have the gunnels installed. Delivery is uncertain at this time but we are committed to leave here June 20 at the latest. I look forward to seeing you in Marblehead.

James W. Thayer III

6/23/81: Dear Mr Osgood, I hate to admit it but we are running badly behind and have decided to deliver some people who have beeen waiting since last summer. We won't be coming as far as Massachusetts and we don't even have the flotation in your hull yet. We are planning a makeup trip in August and will catch you then with a finished boat. I am sorry to hold you up but it won't really be much of a delay.

Jim Thayer

8/24/81: Dear Mr Osgood, We are fitting out your boat and will bring it along when we come up to see the Wooden Boat Show at Newport. I expect to see you around the 8th of September.

Jim Thayer

He did show up and stayed for supper.

Bob Osgood, Marblehead, MA

A Great Small Boat Advocate

Sorry to hear of Jim Thayer's passing. Many years ago I met him when he dropped a do-it-yourself kit off for building a fiberglass Rangely. He was a great small boat advocate and his accounts will be missed.

Susan Gateley, NY

What a Loss

Jim Thayer is gone. Outside of Robb White, Jim was the one author that I enjoyed reading the most over all the years of subscribing to *MAIB*. Although I don't go all the way back with Jim in *MAIB*, the first time I read one of Jim's stories in 1999 he was selling a VHS video of various travels. Ironically, the video also included a visit to Robb White's shop. I reviewed it again yesterday, and even though it is not a perfect representation of the videographer's art, it is a classic. Many boats and many people. He will surely be missed.

Roy Terwilliger, Harwich, MA

Touched by Their Efforts

I wish to extend my sympathies to his family and everyone touched by Jim Thayer's life. I was never privileged to meet him nor any of these other recently departed giants in this small boat pastime we so enjoy, but was touched by their efforts and their writings. May more step up to fill their places.

David Bower, Hillsboro, TX

Another Reliable Contributor Lost

Jim Thayer is gone. I enjoyed his articles and felt that, like Robb White, I sort of knew him, although I really didn't. His passing struck me most is that you've lost another reliable author and mainstay of the magazine. My response is that some of the rest of us need to step up and provide you with more.

Boyd Mefferd, Canton, CT

One-of-a-Kind Guy

Jim Thayer was a true one-of-a-kind guy; talented, witty, imaginative and a good writer. It was always fun to see him at small boat get togethers and always good to read his frequent articles in *MAIB*. It's fun to think of my late husband Tom and Jim sharing a cloud and arguing about the finer points of boat building and design. We'll all miss him.

Carol Jones, Tuckahoe, NJ

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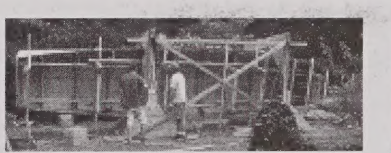

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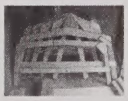

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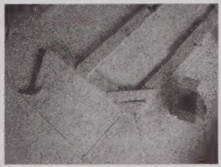

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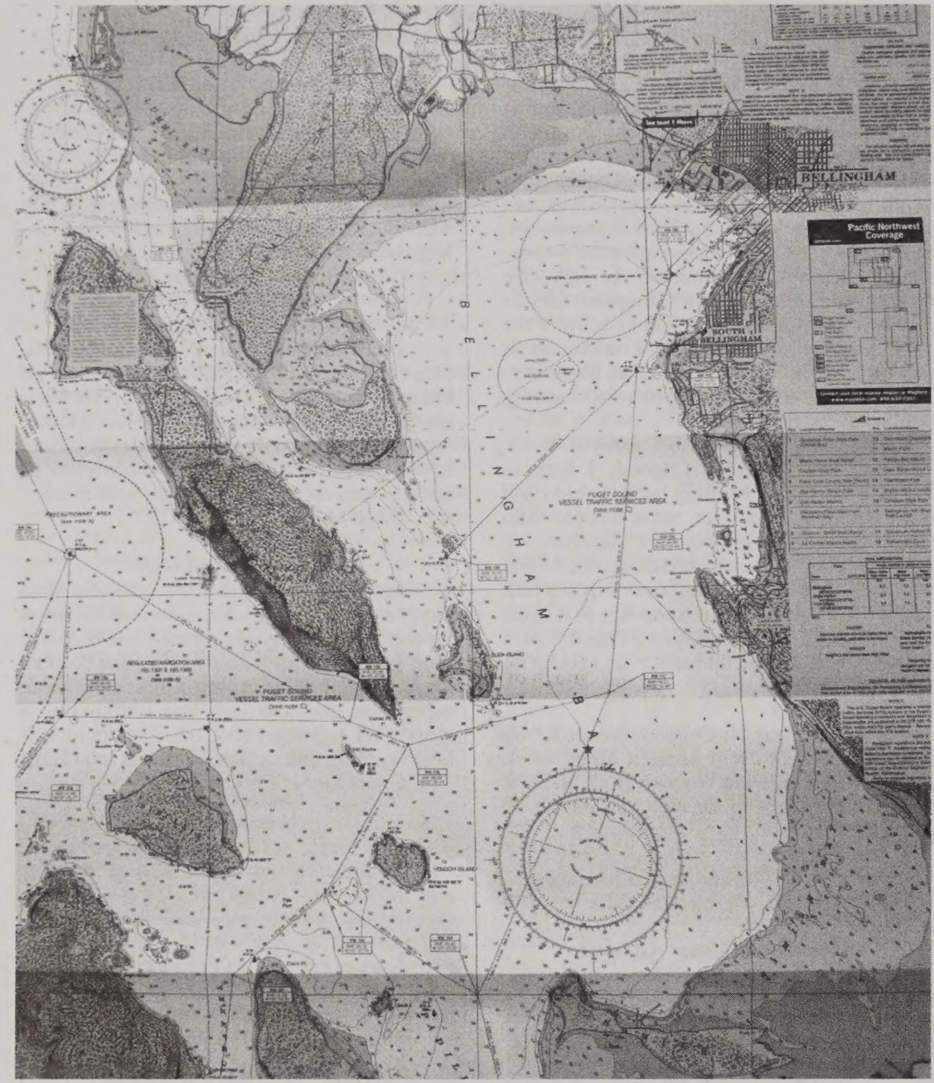
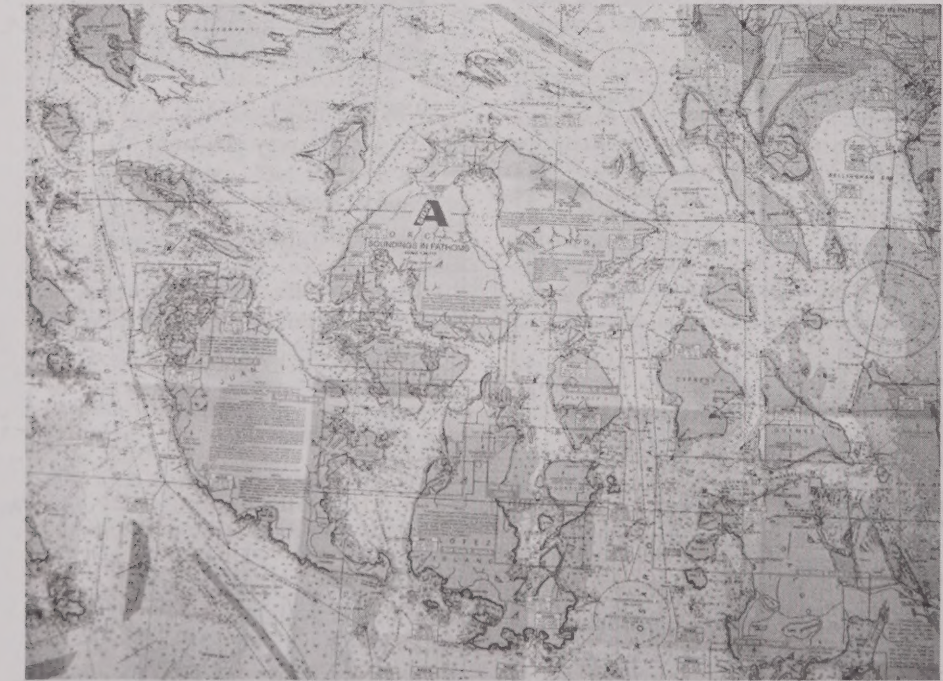


Bellingham to Skagit Bay.

The San Juan Islands.



Paddling Pacific

By Reinhard Zolltsch

reinhard@maine.edu
www.ZollitschCanoeAdventures.com

"It's a long way to Tipperary" and equally far, so it seems, from Orono, Maine to Bellingham, Washington. You can't travel much further in the US: Maine and Washington state form the top eastern and western corners of the lower 48 states. When kids finally leave home, they rarely think about what it means for grandparents to be asked to "come over to see our newborn", as if we lived just up the street or the next town over.

In late summer, our son Mark and his wife welcomed their third son into this world, "and would we please come visit again for a week to get to know the little cutie". Well, Nancy and I had done it for the other two boys. Fair is fair, and so we booked flights from Boston to Seattle and bus tickets for the remaining stretches.

Fortunately for me, they do not live just anywhere, worst of all in a big city or barren, wide open country with no water around, but on beautiful Bellingham Bay, part of the spectacular island world stretching from Tacoma/Seattle in the south all the way up north to Vancouver, Canada and beyond. I was especially looking at the San Juan Islands, all beautifully protected from the onslaught of the open Pacific by larger outer islands. It is America's original sea kayaking paradise, and I had been eyeing this area for a very long time.

It so happened that my son has a lightweight carbon fiber solo outrigger canoe, similar to mine, and a super-fast 23' trimaran sailboat. What more could I ask for as a trip motivator? My only worry was, how I could get enough grandfatherly visiting in. So this is how my last three visits worked out for me and the family.

Moving in with two wild almost 5 and 7-year-old boys, a dog, 4 back-yard chickens, a new baby and an understandably still somewhat discombobulated mother, not to mention an overworked, overtired dad, did not seem advisable for a happy visit for us and them. So we booked a hotel room close by and agreed to visit and "do things" with the family each afternoon, capped with a family dinner at their home. The mornings, when the boys did their early schooling and dad his work, were ours! No wonder Nancy and I eagerly awaited the dawn of each new day.

Bellingham Bay and the San Juan Islands - The Charts

First thing I did was buy charts at the local chandlery, borrowed Mark's old beat-up Toyota Corolla, tied on the 21' long outrigger canoe, and off we went for the morning. Nancy again was kind enough to drop me off at certain places and pick me up about two hours later, while she found some scenic walks and drives in the area, roamed the local bookstores or just enjoyed some down-time.

But I was mightily surprised when I charted my first course. The variation for Bellingham Bay, i.e. the compass correction, was 20° EAST, not WEST, as in my neck of the woods along the coast of Maine and the Canadian Maritimes. In Maine, one ADDs the 20° variation to the intended course. Going 90 degrees east, for example, I would add our western variation and arrive at my compass course of 110°.. Heading south, I would steer 180° + 20° = 200 on the compass.

Here along the Pacific coast I would have to SUBTRACT the eastern 20° variation and would steer 70° in order to go east, or 160° going south. New Englanders who do not pay close attention to the little compass-insert on the chart could be 40° off course, if they only do what they are used to from navigating along Atlantic shores. Not a good picture at all!

It's really no big deal, no reason to get upset: wherever I am, just check the chart and do what it tells me - always! Smile, and don't argue with NOAA.

Chuckanut Bay and the Mouth of the Nooksack River

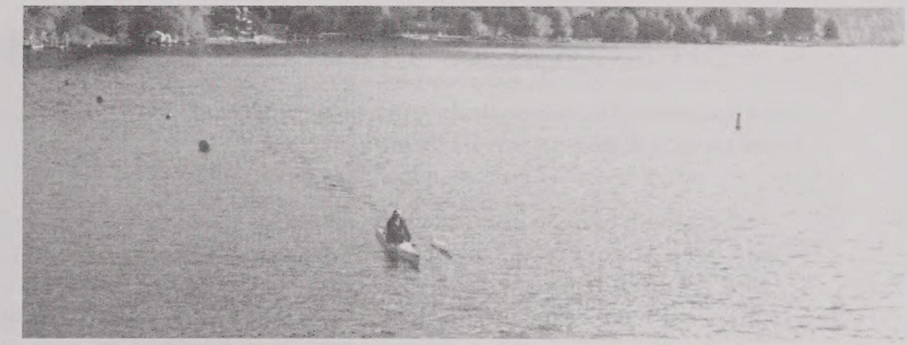
One of the prettiest areas of larger Bellingham Bay is Chuckanut Bay, a tad south of the city, south of Marine Park in Fairhaven, from whence the big ferry boat to Alaska leaves. The shore gets increasingly steeper, mostly gray-brown sandstone topped with lush Pacific Northwest rain forest vegetation and significant trees. A few houses manage to find a foothold on the steep cliffs, but Chuckanut Bay looks surprisingly clean and natural. There are a few small islands and a few ledges smack dab in the middle of the bay, to make paddling and bird watching more interesting. All in all, an 8.25-mile loop, or one and a half to two hours for me in my fast outrigger.

When the wind breezed up, mostly from the south or southwest - and that can happen very quickly in these waters - I still managed to fly/surf back to Fairhaven. A more protected option from Marine Park would be to head towards the Bellingham marina and back.

Another trip this year took me from Bellingham to the Nooksack River in the Lummi Indian Reservation. The mouth of the river was silted up way out into the bay from thousands and millions of years of depositing sand and silt from the impressive Mount Baker area. It formed a little delta, my chart indicated, and I thought it might be interesting to go up one arm and come back down another. The two arms I tried, however, were blocked by tree jams, and I had to backtrack, which made this trip my longest, a good 2.5 hours.

Beautiful Lake Samish and Lake Whatcom

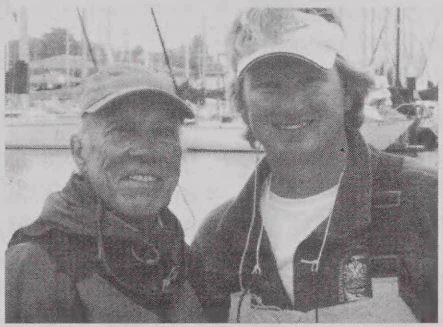
When the bay was too windy, I circumnavigated two very scenic lakes, Lake Samish and most of big Lake Whatcom. Both lakes are surrounded by ragged mountains, studded with tall and thick-trunked Douglas firs or cedars. The scenery was so different from my New England world of more rounded-off, much older Appalachian mountains, covered with only fair-sized hardwoods, pine or spruce. The younger mountains of the Northwest are much steeper and jagged, and the trees in this rainy neck of the woods much taller than any that I had seen elsewhere.



I wished I had my Verlen Kruger touring sea canoe along, though, for an extended trip through the myriad of islands from here up to Vancouver or through the San Juan Islands. But I can't have everything.

Flying Along at 14 Knots

No, not in my solo outrigger canoe. On one day Mark invited me to crew on his 23' trimaran *Osprey*, which he and a friend had designed and built, with lots of carbon fiber composite materials, some from the Boeing airplane factory. It was a 20-mile end-of-season distance race from Bellingham south around Jack Island, off Guemes Island in Padilla Bay and back. We led the fleet of a dozen boats most of the way, only to be caught about three miles before the finish. The fleet was bringing up a new breeze from behind and was closing fast; the lead boat even passed us. I made sure we would tack over on their wind. At that point then it was no contest: we howled past them at 14 knots, cold October water flying into our faces, but we were grinning from ear to ear. We beat them by five minutes, which was great, but most likely would also change our boat's handicap rating for the next club race, which would make it even harder to win on corrected time. Ah well, we enjoyed the moment - that is what counts in my book.



The Rest of the Visit

Oh, I am sorry, I almost forgot to tell you about the main purpose of our trip. Suffice it to say, the new little baby looked "fine". Ask any grandpa; they all do. (Don't get me wrong; I am extremely grateful for a healthy baby and indeed a proud grandpa.) The two older boys were as rambunctious as ever, maybe even more so than last year, possibly feeling somewhat unhinged by their parents concentrating on finding their new post-birthing routine, still a bit harried and overtired, but what else is new. Nancy and I were sure it would all work itself out with time, as it did for us, bringing up two boys and two girls.

In the end, we grandparents were happy to "inspect and approve of" the new offspring, while my son and family were proud "to show off their new son and little brother". The two older boys also enjoyed having an appreciative audience for their audacious stunts on their swing set, scooters and bikes, or up in the trees, you name it, after Grandpa was called upon to fix the brakes, handlebars, seats, and a few other loose things. You've got to be a handy-man, being a grandpa! Nancy also was in great demand, either reading to the boys or having them help bake pies for dessert.

So fun was had by all --- and I even had a fast outrigger boat to paddle and an even faster trimaran to sail on, and all this in the most spectacular island world of Bellingham Bay and the San Juan Islands. All in all, not a bad deal, wouldn't you say? --- If only the trip from Orono to Bellingham and back weren't so long.

Charts

#104 The San Juan Islands, # 107 Bellingham to Skagit Bay.

Boating Guide: R. Carey Gersten & Randel Washburne: *Kayaking Puget Sound, The San Juans, and Gulf Islands*. The Mountaineers Books, Seattle, 1991/2005.

Breakaway to France, by Steve Bradwell

Steve's account of his adventurous trip across the Channel to Cherbourg and back in his Westerly NIMROD, Breakaway. *(All photographs by the author.)*

Something had been gnawing away at me. I owned *Breakaway*, a Westerly Nimrod trailer sailer and had been gradually adding to its equipment to the point where I felt I had a pretty seaworthy boat. And yet apart from a week cruising North Norfolk with Len I had not really used it for anything I could not have done equally well in my cruising Enterprise dinghy.

For me an open boat is the most rewarding way to enjoy DCA rallies in the South East, which is where I choose to do most of my sailing. So why had I bought the Nimrod in the first place?

Reprinted from Dinghy Cruising, Journal of the Dinghy Cruising Association (DCA) UK

I think it was the slightly irrational appeal, given my preferred type of sailing, of a dry cosy cabin, a boat in which I could have a bookshelf and where my bed was laid out ready to stretch out the moment my anchor touched the mud. I also had in mind a more seaworthy boat in which I could make some longer voyages. Trouble was I hadn't made any. Luckily I can enjoy the ownership of my Nimrod, sitting as it does on its trailer on my drive, without having to think about running costs, which are not much more than the dinghy.

Still, I had the urge to make a longer trip and a Channel crossing to Cherbourg had formed in my mind. Cherbourg was a challenging distance. It would be safe to enter in all weathers and had the shore facilities I knew I would need, which were fuel and shore power to recharge the two batteries which power the fixed DSC radio, GPS, depth meter, nav light and tiller pilot. I knew the tiller pilot would get a lot of use of because I wanted to make the crossing single-handed, the way I do 95% of my sailing.

Safety gear carried included flares, auto lifejacket, buoyancy aid, lifebuoy, lifeline, drogue, storm jib and the usual furling/reefing arrangements, two good anchors and a 3.5hp outboard with 25 litres of spare fuel. Nimrods have built-in buoyancy, although how effective that would be on a forty year-old boat loaded with heavy cruising gear I'm not sure. I registered *Breakaway* on Coast Guard form CG66 on the internet.

Breakaway at Chantereyne Marina, Cherbourg

I had twelve days' leave from work and planned to put to sea only if the wind was in a favourable direction. The challenge would be to maintain watch on the long crossing. Tacking or motoring into the wind was out.

When I finished work on Tuesday it looked good for a Thursday crossing, with winds up to F5 from the northeast. After launching at Northney Marina on Wednesday afternoon I sailed south, intending to anchor near the mouth of the harbour in order to rest before making an early start. But with a light northerly wind I carried on to Whitecliff Bay on the southeast side of the Isle of Wight.

Up at 0330h, I was sailing South by 0400h. It was the start of a 65-mile crossing which would take 19hrs and become a bit of an ordeal.

Progress was steady sailing dead downwind with the jib poled out or rolled away and I got into a routine of hourly GPS fixes and updates to mark progress on the chart. Steering was mostly left to the tiller pilot, which kept a better course than I could. There were very few other vessels visible and at times none at all for hours at a time. Even in the shipping lanes the closest ships were several miles away. I got into the habit of keeping my lifeline clipped on as much as possible.

Around the halfway point the wind dropped and speed fell below 4 knots. I kept sailing for longer than I should but eventually I had to run the motor. The motion of the boat was uncomfortable, which eventually caused me to become seasick for a while. This and the noise and vibration from the outboard made for a miserable few hours.

Longis Bay, Alderney

It became clear from my S-shaped chart plot, as the tide swept me east then west, that my reduced average speed was going to leave me east of Cherbourg at the onset of the eastbound tide. The last few miles were frustratingly slow and added about 2 hours to the journey that perhaps I could have avoided.

With the wind returned and the light gone I sailed into Cherbourg at 2300h UK time. Despite having a detailed chart on my lap the position of the Marina did not stand out and I followed the wrong red beacon into a desolate commercial area. Retracing my path I located the marina. Being late and not being in my element in a marina, I decided to use the charted anchorage just outside it.

With sails down I motored into position and lowered my fishermans anchor. The unattended motor cut out and I watched in frustration as the dragging anchor allowed the boat to drift dangerously close to the rocks of the marina breakwater. This happened twice more before I gave up and motored onto the nearest pontoon inside the marina. The stress of all this was made worse by the tendency of the ancient air-cooled Mariner to stall at tickover then resist restarting when hot, due to fuel evaporation.

Safely on the pontoon and able to see what I was doing. I examined the anchor, which was dangling from the bow. It was wrapped in a huge ball of what looked like an old raincoat but on closer inspection turned out to be very large-leafed seaweed.

Things got better after this. Cherbourg turned out to be a good place to be. Once in the visitors' pontoons I was among mainly UK sailors and in particular Nicholson 32 owners who were having a rally. Their long deep-keeled ocean-going boats were in extreme contrast to my trailer sailer, which was easily the smallest boat on the visitors' pontoons. I had a bit of a Frank Dye moment (not really) when a Norwegian yachtsman came over for a chat and told me that the whole marina thought I was a madman for sailing over in such a small boat.

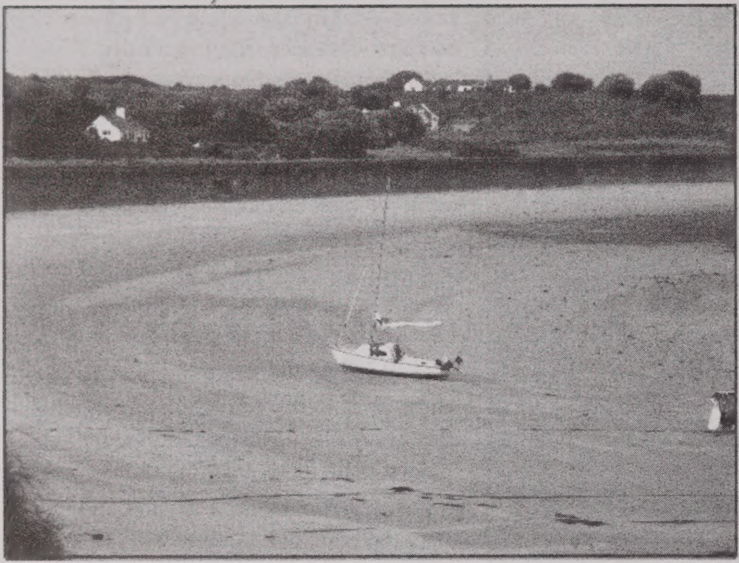
It was good value at ten Euros per night and with friendly marina staff and great places to eat Cherbourg has lots to offer and I enjoyed my stay. But after three nights it was time to move on. The wind was still from the northeast so a trip to Alderney looked possible.

The main concern was the very strong tides, so I followed the advice in Reeds and used the inshore back eddy to cheat the tide in order to arrive at the headland of Cap de la Hague at slack tide. I may not have got the timing just right because I encountered impressively steep waves at that location which tested my confidence in my standing rigging as *Breakaway* crashed down off the top of each wave.

It had been raining for some time, but as I sailed west from the coast of France the weather closed in. I had set a GPS waypoint a safe distance north of Alderney with the idea of dropping down to Braye harbour. Along with a compass bearing I followed my route into the gloom. With no sight of land I instinctively steered towards where I knew Alderney must be, instead of holding a course to the north.

My mistake was clear when, with less than three miles from my waypoint, land appeared in front of me. It was an intimidating sight. An unlit lighthouse surrounded by jagged rocks over which crashing

Sheltered in front of German anti-tank wall, Longis Bay.



waves were breaking. I altered course to the north but was alarmed to see my speed drop to nothing. It was clear the tide was going to sweep us along the south side of the island.

I had added GPS waypoints for all the charted anchorages around Alderney. I thought my best bet would be one called Tchue Bay. This should be sheltered from the prevailing wind. The GPS indicated that this bay was one mile southwest of my position. I turned *Breakaway* around and headed for the bay. There was an old fort built onto the rocks. As I passed it a sheltered bay appeared. It was not Tchue Bay but I knew there was another anchorage before Tchue, so this must be it. I was attracted to it because beyond the jagged rocks at its mouth there was a sandy beach on which several boats were beached.

There was no time to check the chart, as I would be swept past by the very strong tide. I pulled down the outboard. It started second pull and I gunned it towards the gap in the rocks. It was a great relief to feel my boat break free of the current and enter the still water of the bay. This was Longie Bay and by luck I had found an ideal landing place.

That evening I walked across to Braye harbour for a pint in the pub I had last visited twenty years before as part of the crew of another sailing boat. Braye does have a sandy beach, but landing has to be arranged with the harbour master. The visitors' swinging mooring looked uncomfortable in the swell, which was running in. Most of the charted anchorages are surrounded by cliffs and offer no access to land.

The following day was spent walking round the island, which can be done in a day. There were a number of German concentration camps on Alderney, traces of which can still be seen, along with numerous bunkers and forts, most in good condition and waiting to be explored.

Back at the boat I checked the weather on my laptop plus 'dongle'. Just as I hoped, the wind was changing to the west and with a favourable tide at 0900h I turned in for an early night. Next day, Tuesday 7th June, I motored out of the bay at 0830h and set sail for Bembridge.

A broad reach in F4-5 gave fantastic and fast sailing and the tiller pilot was unused for long periods as I hogged the helm. By 1700h I was 15 miles south of the Isle Of Wight but the tide had turned and progress slowed. Wind gradually rose to around F6, and with wind against tide it was also pretty rough with large waves, and occasional breaking tops. I had reefed the main once and struggled to remove the first batten in order to put in a second (roller reefing), but steering was becoming heavy and difficult. Reluctantly I made my way over the side deck to the mast to take down the main, clipping my lifeline around the mast. It was not easy but with the main stowed and the 'storm jib' unfurled the boat handling was transformed and I made steady progress around the south side of the Isle Of Wight. By 2345h I was safely anchored in Priory Bay, Bembridge. Distance run: 82 miles.

Next day I was forced to remain at Bembridge as the F7 wind would have made entering Chichester harbour dangerous but winds were lighter on Thursday 9th and I had another fantastic sail back to Northney.

There were times during the trip when I doubted whether this kind of offshore sailing was for me, but looking back it had been a challenging, rewarding and memorable experience. Maybe I would make a similar trip in the future. But not for a while. The Nimrod was as good as I knew it would be. **SB**

Sailing home, mid-Channel

Sugar on Kerr Lake

By McCabe Coolidge

The blue hulled, white decked daysailer sprang out of the early morning mist with two white haired sailors, one at the helm with a cap on, the other tending the sails, and crossed my bow! "A Flying Scot!" I exclaimed to myself.

A race! I had been day dreaming, the genny tied off, the main clamped down, me sniffing the fragrance of orange piedmont clay along this dammed-up lake, continually supplied by the water flowing down out of Virginia from the river Dan. This was not like the scent of the lake I grew up on in northern Michigan, a deep, dark blue lake stretching for miles, the pines and hemlocks hugging the shoreline, separated at times by granite cliffs. But Kerr Lake was my lake now, the closest body of water to my home in the suburbs of Raleigh, North Carolina.

I pulled in the genny and leaned out as I tucked in the main and moved even with these old guys but I didn't gain an inch. There we went side by side heading for Virginia. Now you might think this was a friendly race. But we studiously ignored each other, didn't even look or wave, as if we didn't know the other sailboat was even nearby.

This past week, I had flipped over my wooden Flying Dutchman, named *Sugar*, lightly sanded her bottom and put on a couple more coats of varnish, watching the late afternoon sun deepen her bronze varnish. I'd sit there, in between coats, in Bermuda shorts and a raggedy old stained tee shirt, and imagine myself on the lake, the white sails filling out, the boat barely touching the waves, no one in sight.

The "For Sale" ad for this sailboat appeared in the *Raleigh News & Observer* on the first day of spring. As I read it, I wondered what a "cold molded Flying Dutchman" was, so I called my friend Lex who worked down the street from the boat and we met after work. He had a screwdriver with him. Slowly, methodically he tap, tap, tapped the hull, the centerboard and the rudder, seeking out soft spots (bad news on a wooden boat). He found none and turned to me with his infectious curley cue grin. "What a beauty she is, believe she's a keeper!"

The owner had a new job in California and wasn't about to trailer the boat all the way out west. I drove home, conferred with my mate and made an offer which was immediately accepted. After work the next day I drove over and put the trailer and the sailboat behind my yellow Ford van and brought her home. We agreed to meet the following weekend at Kerr Lake where he would show me how to put the boat in the water and rig her.

Driving up there on that Saturday, I was pleased as punch, occasionally looking out my rear view mirror and spotting this beauty following close behind. When we arrived at the landing, the owner, Bill Maxwell, was already there, sitting on a beach chair, sipping a Budweiser. He was my height, better built, already tanned, his straight black hair looked like it had just been shocked. He turned and waved with a big smile on his face. My wife Cathy asked, "Is that him?" I glanced at her as I backed up the trailer, "Yeah it is." I wanted her to like him, it would make the deal even sweeter.

"Will you ask him where the name of the boat, *Sugar*, came from?"

"You go ahead," I quickly responded as the trailer started zig-zagging down the boat ramp.

We unloaded *Sugar* off the trailer, tied her to the dock and unloaded the centerboard, the tiller and the paddle. After we attached the boom to the mast, I walked back to my Ford van to fetch the sails. I opend the back panel door and stared in. Empty! No sails! I had forgotten to put them in the van. I could see them now, stuffed in the downstairs closet in two white sail bags. I turned around and yelled at the two of them, waiting by the boat, "No sails! I forgot them!"

They looked at each other, Cathy ambled up to van, gave me a quick kiss, grabbed a beach chair, walked toward Bill and yelled back, "See you later." We lived an hour and half away.

I backed the trailer up, parked it, unhitched it from the van and pulled away. The van was old and tired and the day was warming up, no air conditioning. It was a long way back and longer on the return trip. By the time I pulled into the landing, I noticed two empty beach chairs. I gazed out at the lake, there they were waist deep, laughing and splashing each other. "Jeez, I say to myself, good thing he is moving to California."

They trudged back up to the beach, giggling, like sharing a private joke. I was hot and sweaty. There were four empty beer cans laying haphazardly next to the beach chairs. As they walked up I noticed they were standing a little too close. I stood there, two bags of sails at my feet. "Ready to go?" I murmured. They looked at each other and shrugged

"I've got a really good book I want to read," Cathy said, turning to Bill, "You go on ahead. I'll be here waiting for you all here." Bill, grinning, grabbed a sailbag and headed off down the dock. I took the other bag and followed. We pushed off, then I paddled some to get out further where there might be some better air. Late afternoons always provided flukey winds. We'd get up and go and then the wind would die and we would sit there becalmed. Waiting for the next zephyr, I asked, "So how did this boat get the name *Sugar*?"

"Oh, my wife Shirley named her that. I spent so many hours out in the garage working on this boat that she seldom saw me, thinking I might have a mistress. So she named her *Sugar*. It seemed to fit." I watched his eyes. He gazed off into the distance, seeking out the next gust.

Returning, we placed the boat on the trailer, took down the mast, putting everything back into the van. Bill was standing next to Cathy. I reached out to shake his hand to seal the deal. He grabbed my arm and pulled me toward him, giving me a big hearty bear hug, releasing me quickly, turned to Cathy, who seemed to be waiting in line and embraced her. I looked away, began coiling the line and threw it into the van and slammed the door.

Back to the present, our two sailboats were nearing the far side of the lake. We were in the state of Virginia now, I caught a gust, inching forward of that Flying Scot, taking some of her wind and in that moment, came about right in front of her bow and headed back to the North Carolina side of the lake. The old guy at the helm tipped his hat, nodding and smiling, continued on for the last leg before they came to port at a nearby marina.

Sugar. At first I wasn't sure about the name. A little too southern. But I like it now, a sweet sailing boat. My boat. Cathy decided she doesn't like to sail as much as I do. Although I haven't said this to her, that is fine by me. Something about being out on that water by myself, crisscrossing the lake, sailing single handed, sailing fast, blowing into Virginia, inching in front of those old guys, nothing better! One of the great joys of my life.

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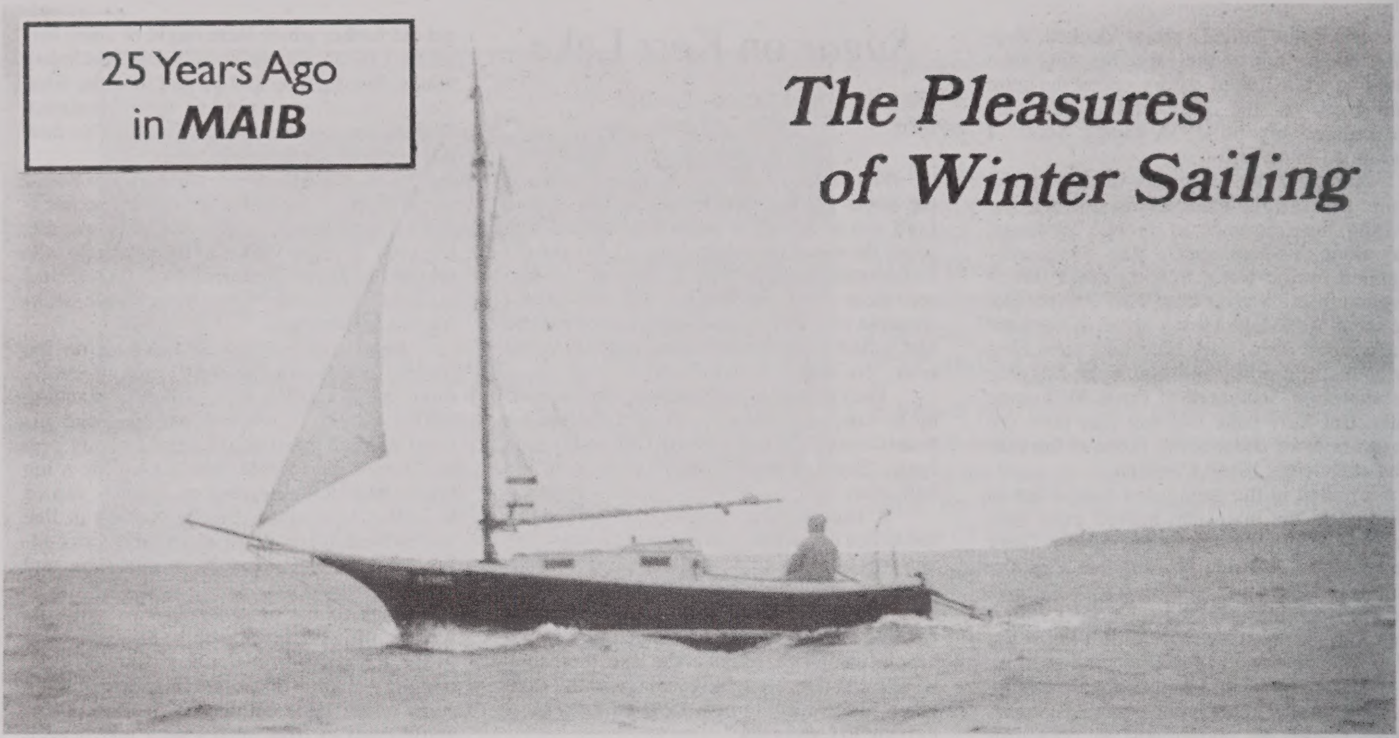


Back in '71 I was younger, less aware ofthe power of Mother Nature and "Billie-be-damned" about most things I did. The little Friendship type sloop I owned stayed in the water year round because I couldn't afford to haul out and particularly enjoyed being aboard at all times of the year. Just being aboard, whether tearing out and whacking together a "new" quick and dirty interior to "try" some new ideas (try that on a production boat) or battling a gale fearing for my very life miles offshore in the dark of night .... my SCRIMSHAW and I racked up over 4,000 miles together over the years, cementing a bond singular and special beyond description.

Back in those days, my only electronics and navigation equipment consisted of a motorboat type compass (good up to about 25 degrees of heel) with a light that could not be counted upon, especially if there was no battery aboard. Karin says she remembers me routinely driving to the boatyard, parking, and disconnecting the car battery to install in the boat for the compass light and two interior reading lamps I never permitted the use of. So it goes. With no charging system, I faced the prospect on my return of not being able to start the car, often in the wee hours of the morning. In winter, IF I could GET back into whatever winter spot I stuck SCRIMSHAW into, owing to the nasty habit my winter harbors had of freezing over in my absence. Yes, winter sailing gave one a whole new set of problems to deal with.

That January, Sherm, my brother who was crazier by far than I, decided to join my new wife, Karin, and I aboard SCRIMSHAW, a 17' waterline sloop, barely 21' on deck, and gaff rigged. We really could pile a lot of sail onto her as I had a reproachable habit of loosening the holding screws and safety lanyard on whatever outboard was spewing out blue smoke and letting it GO, generally DOWN, I assumed. Close quarters weren't an issue, as at that time of year, the more warm bodies crammed together in a small space, the better. We had no plans in particular; mainly just "seeing what happened" because with Sherm, something ALWAYS happened.

We had elected to stretch a weekend and the first of the three days was a very bright, sunny, but crisp day. It was pleasant out of the wind with the winter sun full on one. We were on the proclaimed winter mooring in Point Judith Pond, Wakefield, RI, fairly snug except in sou'easters which tended to put SCRIMSHAW on the beach unless an anchor had been set appropriately beforehand. Well, pretty soon, Sherm, never one to let well enough alone, thought we'd better poke out into the ocean to get a look at things (and of course come right back in). SCRIMSHAW was soon making good use of the light northerly wind, making a beeline for the West Gap in the jetties of the Harbor of Refuge, feeling at once the gentle swell, giving us the feeling that we were "good for it", whatever came. The wind at one's back will encourage such thoughts.

There wasn't a soul stirring. Not a boat in sight, not one human being could we see, no matter where we looked. Winter has a way of providing one with SOLITUDE, especially on the ocean. Why I liked it. Our safety equipment consisted of one 8' plywood pram and that's about it. A little cast iron stove was belching heat below in the tiny cabin, keeping Karin, who was ill at the time but along at my urging (because the salt air is healing!) relatively comfortable. One of the JOYS of winter sailing is the insanity of freezing yourself nearly solid, only to pop below and "check the stove." Five minutes below, 20 topsides, five below, and so on. Stomping one's feet was necessary to keep warm, and packing newspaper into our Topsiders kept things going between "stove checks". Karin had the dubious company of two kittens who would just as soon not have been aboard. We'd all reflect on this later on.

SCRIMSHAW was about a mile offshore by now on a course heading for Block Island, and nice as it was, we began thinking about getting back to the Pond. The "Block" looked so inviting and ATTAINABLE out there, though, and we probably were not too happy about quitting at this point. Looking back preparing to round up and tack back to the harbor, we noticed two things. First, the Block Island Ferry steaming through the West Gap on her way to Block Island, and an inhospitable line of wind bearing down upon us from the north. We'd not even time to throw off the halyards of the main and jib before SCRIMSHAW was knocked down on her beam ends, and our principal worry became just holding on.

Lightly ballasted, SCRIMSHAW was mighty slow about righting anytime, but now she couldn't with all that water and wind raging down upon us. Reaching inside the companionway, I grabbed a hatchet and hacked the now taut halyards to free the heads of the sails. Making my way forward precariously on the cabin side, I slowly and painfully yanked and coaxed the luff of the main down a bit. The genoa (yes, with a topmast and headstay over 25 feet long, this sloop had a huge gaff main and nearly as large a genoa HANKED on) did come down and the boat assumed a permanent 45 degree list as she was completely out of control and was being BLOWN on a course directly out to sea.

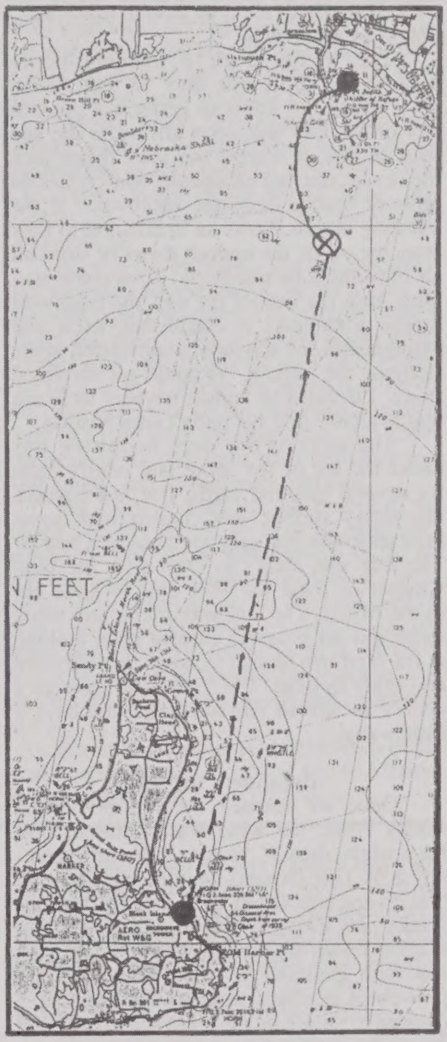
Sherm was born for this sort of thing. He couldn't handle calms and lazy summer sailing without driving all around him bonkers with his incessant drumming, stomping and noises all directed at the Wind Gods to PRODUCE! Well, they certainly did this winter day. Had a hatful of wind,.. we estimated 45 knots and folks, with the air temperature at freezing, we had to hope we fetched a safe harbor soon. As it was, Block Island was dead in our way to the south and we guided SCRIMSHAW the best we could for Old Harbor on the east coast of the island. Karin says the cabin ports were more often under water than not as the disabled little sloop flew along at five knots towards our new objective. The main boom and gaff were both trailing alongside and the jib, which had now blown halfway back UP the headstay, was creating an awful nervewracking racket. It is a wonder that it stood up to the beating that it took that day.

From the moment it was apparent that we could not regain the harbor we'd left, Sherm was on the helm all the way to Block Island. The feeling that this frail craft HAD to make harbor, or we'd be lost for good, kept us warmer than any stove could have. The waves breaking at the entrance to old Harbor were enough to scarethe pants off us and SCRIMSHAW was nearly lost on the inner seawall as she cascaded sideways into the harbor, narrowly missing submerged boulders. Once inside the confines of this welcome refuge, we prepared to let go the main anchor. As we looked around we saw a most alarming sight...the Block Island Ferry just coming into the harbor heeled over at 40 degrees, underscoring the danger of shoal water harbor entrances in gale conditions. We now feel that the skipper of the ferry must have slowed his speed to keep an eye on SCRIMSHAW on the way over. Never occurred to us until this very writing. Why else would a tiny sloop in trouble have beaten a powerful vessel designed for such waters?

That night we were pounded with winds over 45 knots with gusts recorded by the C.G. at over 60 knots. The solid water flying through the air froze in our rigging and spars to the extent that upon emerging from the cabin in the morning, we could not have gotten underway, as all gear and canvas was frozen solid in ice. The dinghy was a mass of ice barely afloat. In the lee of the breakwater in the new day's sun, we spent our time removing ice and readying the vessel for her return to Point Judith. The wind was still blowing hard, which prevented our return anyway. When we ran out of charcoal for the stove, we managed to call the hardware store owner and ask him to open up shop for the hour he advertised he would, and bought the last of his stock for Tiny Tot, the stove.

The next morning brought a glassy calm and all the signs indicated NO WIND for the day. We were obliged to return, and reflected upon the irony of it all. Blown over here with no plans to do so in just 90 minutes, now facing the prospect of ROWING back at the rate of 1.5 knots (if we kept at it), with all liklihood of a 10 to 12 hour passage. Rowing required one to stand facing forward and putting one's weight into each stroke of the 12' oars, then back, and ready to go again (we logged a total of 138 nautical miles that year rowing).

Over 10 hours later (Sherm really put his back into it, he had a date with the Connecticut State Legislature the next morning) SCRIMSHAW glided past the Coast Guard wharf in Gallilee where Sherm jumped ship to hitch a ride home to Hartford. It was after 9 p.m. then and SCRIMSHAW had one mile to go. I recall a breeze springing up about then and even though it was colder than hell and we had to tack against the wind and the beginning of the ebb tide, I was in my glory. We brought the sheets home hard and sailed that last mile. One more adventure behind us. We were fortunate to be alive. Our experience was gained through foolhardy blundering and only the Grace of God enables us to look back now on what was one very incredible journey.



Cape Cod Harbors

Night Row Home

By Rob Gogan

The wind was very light when we launched for Marion that morning. On the peak of the landlord's roof next door there was a weathervane on which spun a plank of old silvered wood in the shape of a sperm whale. I checked it every morning to help plan the best sailing course for the day. The whale showed a light wind out of the northwest. If it lasted, we'd be able to make Marion on a beam reach.

The trouble with a morning northwesterly on Buzzards Bay is that unless quite strong, 15 knots or better, the geography of the Bay will soon kill it. As the sun rises higher, it warms the land faster than the ocean, causing an updraft that creates an onshore breeze from the southwest. If the morning breeze shows an inclination to flow from the north, the updraft slows or stops all air movement by afternoon. Then come evening, after the heat of the day, the northwest breeze sometimes re-establishes itself and extinguishes the daytime southwester, again stopping the airflow. We could get becalmed twice. I decided to launch anyway as Frann was available and she hadn't seen Marion.

The mooring we were borrowing was under the lee of the shore and utterly calm for several hundred yards. But just beyond, the glassy surface was rippled with some faint catspaws that gave me hope of a breeze. The tide was slack, so even with the faint whisper of wind we were able to glide out in the Micro. The hull was silent, and while there was no progress evident from looking at the land, we inched steadily past seaweed and other flotsam. The light wind gave us a chance to refresh our sunscreen and have a little water.

Becalmed, Part 1

Once we reached the ripples beyond Rocky Point, the wind was confused: NW for a while, then W, back to NW and eventually SW. That cheered me, because once the SW breeze establishes itself early in the day, it only gets stronger. We spent about an hour floating under the limp sails that slatted back and forth ineffectively every time a passing powerboat or ship's wake rocked the boat. I decided to switch on the electric outboard and hasten the journey by solar electric power.

I was just getting used to the solar panel charging system and I didn't know how much pep the batteries had. The year before, Frann had expressed her strong opinion that the boat needed an auxiliary propulsion method other than the 9' sweeps lashed to the port deck. Unfortunately, either the batteries or the used motor were insufficient to raise more than a ripple of a bow wave and we barely made any progress, but marginal progress was better than none, so we kept her cranking.

At least we were managing to stay out of the Cape Cod Canal channel. Eventually we caught the steady southwesterly, which gradually built up to about 10 knots, and switched off the motor. We saw, then smelled, the terns of Bird Island, scolding and scrapping with each other in a white cloud above the stubby little ancient extinct lighthouse there.

When we reached Sippican Harbor, we noticed there were a lot of sailing dinghies crewed by teenagers. They were racing pretty seriously, crowding the starting lines and putting off tacking until the last second to avoid collision. The scene confirmed a conversation I had had the week before with the trustee of a local community boating club. He said that in most youth sailing programs, the racing gets quite competitive to the exclusion of other aspects of seamanship related to fishing, oceanography or nautical history.

Many teens get burned out when they race all the time. Looking at the fleet of hundreds of jockeying teens, Frann and I could well imagine that many youths might get tired of it. But the kids here seemed glad for the pressure, the teamwork and the chance to meet lots of like-minded sailors.

An Hour Ashore

We entered the inner harbor, dodging a forest of moored sailboats. The faint wind got a little fluky, so we switched on the anemic electric outboard. It had barely enough pep to propel us. We tied up at one of the rafts at the landing. I looked around for the harbormaster but didn't see anyone. Parked along the approaches to the two Town Landings were dozens of trailers marked with club stickers and license plates from all over Cape Cod and three of our neighboring New England states.

I was hoping to show Frann the general store, where I thought we could buy lunch. After that we could scoot back to the landing without violating the "15 Minute Limit" by too much. I made a wrong turn though and we walked out of the village towards Route 6. At a busy convenience store they told us to go back the other way.

We walked nearly a mile past the beautiful grounds of Tabor Academy. On the way, we passed the landing and I glanced over at the *2 by 2*, relieved to see all was quiet and the double masts of the Micro still standing by. We had already used up our 15 minutes but I didn't think we'd inconvenience anyone by taking another 15. Before we got to the general store, we saw signs for the community center and a screen door. We stepped in hoping for a rest room. We didn't see anyone, but we were glad to find rest rooms. The building turned out to be the Fellowship Hall for a downtown church.

We walked over to the general store and bought tuna salad and snacks for lunch. We also got some fresh baked cookies for the folks back at home. The sweets would be good for dessert that night, we thought. Little did we know that everyone would be fast asleep by the time we made it home.

We skipped visiting "The Bookstall," Marion's excellent bookstore, because I had already overstayed my landing dock time by an hour. So we hopped onboard again and this time I got the motor going. There was still a breath of wind off our starboard beam so I raised the main. We inched our way along, the tide still slightly flowing against us. I looked hopefully at the larger boats still making good progress out in Sippican Harbor. Once we made it out, the trusty southwesterly would carry us home, I thought.

The Motor Fades Out

Either the motor was running out of juice or the tide was flowing faster through the narrow mouth of the Inner Harbor channel, because we made very little progress.

An antique Herreshoff sloop of about 30' was returning under power. "Any wind out there?" I asked the skipper.

"Yes, out in the Bay," she answered. Eventually we made it out to Sippican Harbor and near Bird Island, where we finally found the southwest breeze. It was close to 10 knots offshore, enabling us to put some distance between us and the Bird Island lighthouse. Now we had some hope of getting home tonight.

Just west of Bird Island we saw some larger yachts rounding a racing buoy, their crews scrambling to secure their colorful spinnakers as they turned upwind. I suppose the challenge of racing would be fun among friends, neighbors and rivals. But for Frann and me, the glory of sailing was in using our knowledge of wind and tide and skill with line and tiller to make wood, canvas and fiber take us to new shores without expense or environmental consequences. We didn't care about being the fastest crew among a fleet of pricy crystallized petrochemical hulls sailing the same waters around the same marks over and over again.

The western horizon was turning a rosy shade as the sun began to dip towards the horizon. The wind, though light, seemed steady. I hoped the northwesterly had spent itself and we'd be back in a southwesterly until we got home. As the sunlight reddened, we saw a wooden schooner following the Canal channel south, its canvas catching the rose sunset light spectacularly.

Becalmed, Part 2

The Wings Neck lighthouse got larger and larger until we were tantalizingly close to passing it. However, as the light waned, so did the wind and the tide started to ebb in earnest. We still kept a decently full pair of sails, with the bow wave musically flowing, but our progress against Wings Neck was nil. The original channel for the Cape Cod Canal goes just north of the Neck and the tidal current is brisk in the deep water. More annoyingly, there is a lot of motorboat traffic that roars around the neck at high speed, confounding a slow sailboat's progress with wakes from all sides.

As the sun had set and the darkness was growing by the minute, I was acutely aware that the danger of a powerboat colliding with our unlighted boat was increasing. So I pulled out the big black State Police flashlight and asked Frann to shine it on our mainsail. It made us quite visible. Even the most drunken motorboat pilot would have to be extremely distracted to miss the lit-up sail, I thought.

I switched on the motor in hopes that its rest had rejuvenated it. I was frustrated, as our last 27lb thrust Minnkota motor had effectively bucked an 18kt breeze to take us upwind, but the used 52lb motor I had just bought couldn't overcome a 2kt tide current. In any case, it was time to break out the oars and make progress home by muscle.

The rowing was pleasant, the air was a little cooler by now and the surface waveless, though flowing contrary. As I pulled, facing backwards, Frann steered at the tiller and kept the big flashlight on the sail to make it easier to see us. Above and to the southwest a star was becoming visible, Arcturus, as it turned out. Straight overhead was another bright one I knew had to be Vega.

Every few minutes, a motorboat would zoom past. I tried to keep a steady watch, but

I turned around often to face forward and see if there was any progress to be seen against Wings Neck. Though the ebbing tide made a gratifying ringing sound with each stroke of the sweeps, shore landmarks showed we were making little if any progress forward. It was clear that I'd have to row hard and steadily for a while, so I turned my back to the bow and dug in with the oars. As the dark descended, our visibility to motorboats was going to become increasingly important. So I asked Frann to douse the light to conserve the batteries until needed.

After a while I began counting strokes, both to help pass the time and to reduce my tendency to turn around and look too often to check our progress getting past landmarks. As house porch and window lights as well as more powerful streetlights and lighted Canal buoy lights winked on, it became easier to see that, as long as I rowed steadily, we were going in the right direction. If we hadn't been, I would have rowed us back to the windward side of Wings Neck and anchored for the night.

Once we got in a rhythm, I asked Frann to call my mother to say we would be home well after dark. My sister Tish answered and asked if we were having fun. Frann said yes, but I think she'd have been much happier with a reliable, powerful motor chugging us home at a predictable time. Maybe next year…

The Teapot Boils

As the dark descended, the motorboat traffic decreased and we were able to keep our light off for an extended period. Our night vision kicked in and the stars brightened up and Bootes, the Big Dipper, Scorpius and Corona Borealis came into my view. I pointed these gorgeous constellations out to Frann, but she was focused on steering us straight and wouldn't take her eyes off the landmarks towards which she had been steering.

Eventually, as the sun's last setting light faded from the western sky, Sagittarius came into view. It's rare that this southern belle is clearly visible in our northern latitudes, but tonight its stars were clear and bright. H.A. Rey had suggested how stargazers could see the Archer in this part of the southern summer sky. His book *The Stars: a New Way to See Them*, had helped me learn many other parts of the night sky.

But as I rowed with Frann that night, Sagittarius looked less like an archer and more like something others had suggested elsewhere, a teapot. The classic squat vessel, with round handle and spout, emerged clearly and persistently from the cosmos. There was even boiling vapor gushing out of the spout formed by the billions of stars of the Milky Way, hot water for tea with milk offered up by this lady from the south.

I looked up the galaxy to the Swan and the Eagle, flying much further up the Milky Way, to Vega at the zenith. I was grateful that the clear sky was there to console us after getting becalmed. I saw four meteorites zip across the sky, none of them spectacular, but each of them somehow comforting. Back on shore, I'd have had to withstand thirsty mosquitoes for a half hour to see such a display.

Bioluminescence

We were starting to make some progress. Each time I finished a 100-stroke set, I turned around to look at the shore. I'd have to use a different house light as a goal for each next set. Now that we were well past the tip of the Neck, the motorboat traffic was gone, so Frann didn't have to keep the light on at all. As the dark deepened and our eyes fully adjusted, I became aware of luminescence in the water. With every other stroke, a flash or glow of blue-green light lingered in the whirlpools. The harder the stroke, the longer the glow would linger, sometimes spinning in place as I pulled three of four strokes, pulling ahead of it by 12'-15'.

I told Frann about them, but she was still too focused on steering to take her eyes off our course, even for a few seconds. Eventually I convinced her to peek over and she was amazed. Seeing the phosphorescence became a principal part of her description of the evening to others once we made shore.

Marina lights, the Lobster Trap restaurant parking lot and other bright lights became my new landmarks. Now that it was past 11pm, many of the house lights had winked out, so I was glad for the commercial illumination.

Back in the Phinney's Harbor channel, I had to watch out for buoys, so we turned on the light again. I scanned the nearby waters ahead and was startled to see the bright green rectangle of reflective tape on Can #9 shining back at us. I'd seen the green patches on the cans, red ones on the nun buoys by daylight and they were unremarkable. But under the beam of the flashlight, their brilliance was stunningly, and reassuringly, obvious.

We made it back to the mooring, the beach and the house without incident. My mother, true to form, was waiting up for us, reading in bed. No matter how late any of us came in, my mother always kept the vigil. It was sometimes annoying to have to lay out plans and estimated return times in advance, but it was always comforting to know that she'd have the house lights on and be waiting for us.

It was quarter past midnight when Frann and I finally turned in. "Next trip to Marion, better motor," I promised Frann.

Memories of the Good Ship *Dud*

By John Smith

In going through old photos recently, I found this one. I apologize for the quality of the picture which was taken by a serious amateur photographer, I had to slow down for him to take it. Fortunately the boat performed much better than the photograph shows and memories of that boat rank high.

With a little guidance and help from my dad, my friend, Richard O'Neil, and I decided we wanted to build a boat. The size of the boat was dictated by our local lumber yard selling 4'x10' sheets of plywood. We bought two 1/4" sheets. Then we set up a couple of saw horses, stretched a ladder between them and took great care to insure it was all level.

We then made a form to go slightly behind amidship, then made and put into place a transom and a stem. We took care that we could cut two sides out of a single sheet of plywood. The bottom, of course, would come from a single sheet, also. When we had the transom, form and stem where we thought they looked right, we ran 1"x1" strips of, I think, pine for chines and gunwales. We beveled these with a drawknife, then measured, cut and clamped the sides in place.

Dad had found a couple gross of brass flat head bolts. We found we could drill holes through the plywood and into the pine and screw the bolts into them. A Yankee screwdriver helped this go pretty quickly. We put some sort of long forgotten sealant in as we fastened the plywood to the chines. After the sides were done, we did the bottom the same way.

We now had a very nice looking hull. We turned it over and decided where we'd place the thwarts and then put framing in accordingly. When we had all the woodwork done we had a handsome little boat. Mom decided fiberglassing the bottom would be a good idea, so we did, outside only, which turned out to be a mistake. Over time the bottom soaked up water inside and couldn't seem to dry out so our boat, which didn't weigh much, became quite heavy and we later had to replace the bottom.

We had a 6hp Mercury which was a fun little motor. It had a bottle opener built in. The *Dud* would scoot along quite nicely with either Richard or I on board, but not with both of us. Mom found a used 10hp Mercury in the paper, and we had a new motor. This led to a foredeck and remote controls.

My family belonged to the Raritan Yacht Club which ran a contest for a class name for a fleet of small pram sailboats. I won first prize with "Sea Flea" and the $25 paid for the remote control.

Part of what make this little boat such a fond memory relates to the time frame. The big motors at the time were 40hp and they were on larger, heavier boats with families on board. With the ten horses we did an honest 27mph and were among the fastest boats on the bay, insofar as outboard powered boats were concerned. Of course, those 40hp grew quickly to 50, 60, 75, etc, and their speed increased accordingly.

Richard and I were in junior high when we built this boat and we enjoyed it for several summers. The motor died and the *Dud* became an oar-powered tender. It served as such for a while until Mom came across a 12' aluminum boat with a "For Sale" sign on it. After that the *Dud* sat doing nothing. I guess you could say she was retired.

One day there was a knock on the door and a fellow asked if he could borrow it for a float for the Fourth of July parade. After seeing it in the parade our local small theater asked if they could use it for a stage prop. When their play had run its course we gave it to my brother, who used it as a sandbox for his two youngsters.

Beyond the Horizon

By Hugh Ware

The International Scene

Egypt reversed its ban on weapons and armed security guards on ships because it might have an adverse effect on Suez Canal traffic.

Asian nations are stiffening their posture towards an expansive minded China. Starting in 2012, 2,500 US Marines and aircraft will operate out of the northern Australian city of Darwin, ready to respond quickly to any humanitarian and security issue in Southeast Asia; the United States and Singapore are in the final negotiating stages of an agreement to base some of the US Navy's new Littoral Combat Ships at the Changi Naval Base; and Vietnam offered use of its Vietnam war era, US-built Cam Ranh Bay port for provisioning and repairs.

And there is a strong possibility that the US and Australia will share military facilities on Cocos Islands in the Indian Ocean. China, worried that the United States is caging it in, immediately questioned whether strengthening military alliances in the region was appropriate when economic woes should place a premium on cooperation.

Crude oil produced in the US Midwest has tended to pile up at Cushing, Oklahoma. Now a major pipeline operator will reverse the flow in a line so oil flows from Cushing to Gulf Coast refineries, and another company plans to build its own pipeline from Cushing to the US Gulf by early 2012. (This pipeline would be part of the longer Keystone XL pipeline that will run from Alberta, Canada, to the US Gulf as soon as environmentalists fail to delay its construction any longer).

The improved supply of crude to Gulf Coast refineries will mean that fewer VLCC voyages from the Middle East will be needed and should also improve the prices paid for West Texas crude, the US benchmark, which have been lower than prices for the North Sea's Brent crude, the international benchmark. Already, exports on product tankers are up 27% from last year.

Thin Places and Hard Knocks

A few examples. Ships sank: The South Korean freighter *Bright Ruby* sank off Xisha Islands in the South China Sea and 6 of 21 crewmembers went missing. The ship was carrying 16,000 tons of rolled steel from Singapore to the city of Rizhao in east China's Shandong province.

Ships went aground: The bulker *Alfa Dragon* stranded itself on the island of Brac in Croatia while trying to pass through the Seagate of Split. It was carrying a crew of 14 and 3,150 tons of salt.

The fully loaded container ship *Cafer Dede* ran aground on Syros Island, a Greek island in the Cyclades in the Aegean Sea. Divers found very little hull damage, perhaps because the ship was ice classed. Transfer of containers to a lighter started eight days after the grounding.

In the Philippines at Nato Port, Carmarines Sur, the small freighter *Jeric Jay* was at anchor when large waves and a strong current strongarmed the vessel into shallow water. A Coast Guard detachment secured the *Jeric Jay* to a coconut tree to prevent further damage.

Ships collided or allided with foreign objects: In Germany, the container ships *Kovera* and *Ida* collided in dense fog off Holtenau on Kiel Roads. Both ships were significantly damaged but no spills.

Off Newfoundland, the supply vessel *Maersk Detector* struck one of the eight columns that support the semi-submersible drilling rig *GSF Grand Banks*. The resulting four to five-metre gash that covered about 20% of the column's circumference accelerated preparations towards a scheduled 60-day maintenance period in January.

Ships caught fire. At Cape Town, an ammonia-caused fire on the fish factory *Dongsan* burned for about a week.

People were rescued: In the UK, two Russian seamen were airlifted to safety by an RAF helicopter co-piloted by Prince William (aka the Duke of Cambridge) after their vessel, the limestone-carrying *Swanland*, went down in the Irish Sea about 10 miles west of the Llyn Peninsula. The ship was hit by an "enormous wave" in the early hours of the morning and broke in half.

An Alaska-based Coast Guard helicopter medevaced a crewman who had lost a finger from the container ship *Mare Phoenicium*. Did that sound dreadfully routine? The *Mare Phoenicium* was 575 miles away from the Coast Guard Cutter *Sherman* at the time of the call. The chopper, which was forward deployed aboard the *Sherman*, pre-staged to Cold Bay (it's partway out the Aleutian island chain) and once the container ship was within range, left for the vessel and arrived about an hour later.

Probably the same chopper also medevaced a crewman suffering from abdominal pain from the bulk carrier *Shagangfirst Power* and flew him 72 miles to Cold Bay, but choppers aren't always the solution. The bulk carrier *Navios Ulysses* had a crewman suffering from abdominal pain and the vessel was out of range of medevac aircraft. The Coast Guard cutter *Rush* met the *Navios Ulysses* 713 miles southwest of Kodiak and transferred the patient by small boat. Weather conditions on scene were 30-knot winds and 12' seas.

People died: At Milwaukee, Wisconsin, a mariner on the cement carrying barge *St Mary's Challenge* was killed when his arm became caught in a moving conveyor belt and was severed at the shoulder. He was troubleshooting a hydraulic leak and had asked that the engine be turned off and then restarted. A log entry showed that it was restarted before he made the request for a restart.

Other things happened: The Singapore reflagged *Morning Cedar*, a vehicle carrier carrying packaged timber, became disabled off Tanaga Island, Alaska, when the freighter's rudder became stuck hard to starboard due to a hydraulic leak that the crew was unable to repair. A Coast Guard airplane was ready to deliver an emergency towing system, but the vessel was able to maneuver away from the island by using a combination of main propulsion and bow thrusters. Technicians were flown to the ship as it drifted.

In Brazil, the iron ore carrier *Vale Beijing*, one of the world's largest vessels, was being loaded at Ponta da Madeira when the hull cracked and the ship started sinking. Six tugs towed it offshore while pumps kept it afloat. The ship, delivered last September, must be fixed while afloat since the port has no unloading facilities and the ship's engine must not be used.

Gray Fleets

The US Navy will discharge 28 sailors from *USS Ronald Reagan* for using the marijuana-mimicking synthetic drug Spice. They are in addition to 64 others, also from the Third Fleet, who were recently discharged for illegal drug use.

HMCS Vancouver will remain in the Mediterranean until early 2012 when she will be relieved by *HMCS Charlottetown*, all so Canada can maintain a presence in the Mediterranean Sea as part of Operation Active Endeavour, the NATO counter-terrorism effort in the region. *HMCS Charlottetown* will be equipped with a leased ScanEagle, a small reconnaissance drone capable of staying airborne for 20 hours while carrying an infrared camera and a radar system.

Naval forces off Libya apparently didn't fear attacks by Libyan aircraft because the frigate *HMS Westminster* carried only four (two salvos) air defense Seawolf missiles. Or maybe that was because the UK was short of weapons and warships due to the recent deep cuts in defense spending, about the same time it was revealed that the Royal Navy didn't have a single warship to defend British waters during the month of October.

The US Navy and Marine Corps will buy all of Britain's decommissioned Harrier jet fighters and will pay $50 million for the spare parts alone. It is not clear whether the 72 aircraft will be flown or cannibalized for additional parts. (Other users of Harrier aircraft are the Italian navy, the Spanish navy and Thailand, which bought several Harriers for use on its aircraft carrier *HTMS Chakri Naruebet*.)

Russian naval ships will soon be outfitted with British-made furniture and Russian mariners are reported to be excited about living in the resulting high quality conditions.

White Fleets

A cruise company terminated all parasailing shore excursions in the Caribbean after an accident in the Virgin Islands killed a 60-year-old female passenger from the *Celebrity Eclipse* and seriously injured her daughter. Squalls and wind gusts may have been factors in the accident.

Health officials boarded the *Veendam* after it docked at Rio de Janeiro because 72 of its 1,800 passengers and 7 crewmembers had been sickened by a mystery illness during the passage from Valparaiso. Also aboard was a dead woman, who probably did not die because of the mystery illness but of natural causes.

In North Moscow, fire raced rough the river cruise vessel *Sergey Abramov*. Two passengers went to a hospital and a crewman was missing.

Frequent announcements on the *Carnival Inspiration* gave passengers a good idea as to the identity of the man who had just jumped overboard, leaving a note behind. His wife had recently died.

Two American women tried to import over $400,000 worth of cannabis resin into Bermuda. They arrived on the *Carnival Fantasy* with 2.7 kilograms (6 pounds) of drugs with a street value of about $400,000 strapped to their bodies.

Those That Go Back and Forth

Two Rottweilers were found dead in their owner's four-wheel drive vehicle in the *Spirit of Tasmania's* car hold when that ferry arrived at Devonport after an overnight voyage from Melbourne. The ferry line claimed the dogs died of carbon monoxide poisoning and said it had wanted to put them in the ship's kennels, but the owner declined and instead signed an indemnity form to allow the dogs to travel in the car. They were to have taken part in a herding competition. (Surprised by that last bit? The rottweiler can trace his roots back to the drover dogs in Germany and still has the instincts to herd animals.)

Early morning ferry travelers had to wait outside the Swartz Bay ferry terminal in British Columbia while a Mountie shot a 50kg male cougar that had found its way inside.

On the UK's west coast, the Isle of Manx ferry *Ben-my-Chree* ("girl of my heart") was berthing at Heysham in Lincolnshire in strong winds when it collided with a link span. The allision left the vessel with a hole in its hull above the waterline and stranded hundreds of passengers.

At Picton in New Zealand, a strong northwest gust caused the recently rebuilt inter-island ferry *Aratetere* to swing away from its berth. That pulled a bollard from the quay. The chunk of metal slammed into the ferry's bow, causing a sizable dent, and dropped to the bottom of the harbor. Having two mooring lines on the bollard may have overloaded it.

In British Columbia, a hard landing at Departure Bay damaged both the *Queen of Coquitlam* and a wing wall that guides the ferry into the dock but no one was injured.

The Norwegian-flagged vehicular ferry *Rauma* lost power during a run from Aukra and Hollingsholmen and ran aground on rocks on the wrong side of the pier at Hollingsholmen. The ferry *Nordmøre* was taken from another run as a substitute ferry but first it pulled the *Rauma* to a dock. The next day and at the same landing, the vehicular ramp fell down while *Nordmøre* was unloading. A young couple's car went into the drink and they were injured.

In Finland, the new-build passenger ro-ro *Spirit of France* broke its moorings in bad weather at the shipyard in Rauma and came to rest against a rocky breakwater. (The ferry was to have gone into cross-Channel service in September).

In the Philippines, the *Super Ferry 1* ran aground near Ditaytay Island between Coron and Puerto Princesa in Palawan.

In Massachusetts at Hyannis, the ro-ro/pax ferry *Eagle* struck the parked standby ferry *Sankaty* and suffered a large hole. The *Sankaty* took its passengers to Nantucket.

Typical of Third World ferry operations, one such ferry had room for only one vehicle but it was carrying an auto and a lorry. The engine broke down a few minutes after departure from somewhere in Borneo and then the ferry capsized. The 11 passengers jumped into the river and most swam to safety but search and rescue teams recovered the body of a 14-year-old boy some three kilometers downstream. The body had crocodile bite marks. His mother also drowned.

Legal Matters

Shipping agency Sea Star Line LLC agreed to plead guilty and pay a $14.2 million criminal fine for its role in a conspiracy to fix rates and surcharges for transportation of freight between the continental United States and Puerto Rico from as early as May, 2002 until at least April, 2008. A federal grand jury also returned an indictment against the former president of Sea Star Line for his role in the conspiracy.

Horizon Lines LLC was also sentenced to pay a $15 million criminal fine, and five former executives from both Sea Star Line and Horizon Lines were sentenced to pay a total of nearly $85,000 in criminal fines. They will also collectively serve more than 11 years in prison.

Nature

The bulker *Universe Forest* was quarantined at Vladivostok after chetyrehpyatnistoy weevils (probably the wheat weevil) were found in grain, rice, beans, barley and corn flakes in the vessel's food storeroom and pantry. The foodstuffs had originated in China.

Falling levels of water on the Rhine River triggered an extraordinary demand for truck and rail transport of grain. Sadly, these alternative means of transport could not replace the barge shipments.

And silt and sand, probably swept down the Missouri River during its recent flooding, blocked the Mississippi near St Louis for several days until hurried dredging allowed re-opening of the river to a pile-up of waiting barges.

The US Navy successfully completed the largest scale demonstration to date of alternative fuels. Its Self Defense Test Ship (the decommissioned *Spruance* class destroyer *Paul F. Foster*, reconfigured into an unmanned test platform) made a 17-hour, remotely controlled voyage from San Diego to the Naval Surface Warfare Center Port Hueneme using a 50-50 blend of algae-derived, hydro-processed algal oil and a standard petroleum fuel.

Nasties and Territorial Imperatives

Three Russian warships appeared in Syrian waters, probably as a protest against sanctions imposed by the US, sanctions Russia dismissed as "exterritorial" and "unacceptable and violating international law." A news item added that the warships could "protect strategic and national security interests and prevent war." There are over 100,000 Russian citizens in Syria and Russia is obligated to protect these citizens from any sort of military aggression by the United States.

A Kurdish rebel carrying explosives hijacked the Turkish ferry *Kartepe* and forced it to anchor off the port town of Silivri, west of Istanbul. About 12 hours later, while police conducted lengthy negotiations with the lone hijacker, Turkish commandos in civilian clothes slipped onto the vessel and posed as hostages before fatally shooting the hijacker and freeing 18 passengers plus four crew and two trainees.

An anticipated surge in Somalian piracy attacks failed to materialize, perhaps because the monsoon season lasted longer than usual or perhaps because of increased measures by ship owners and crews, more pro-active military tactics and international initiatives in Somalia. Three naval coalitions have 18 warships on anti-piracy duties and there are additional warships of navies acting independently. The pirates appear to have far fewer mother ships. There are now just ten hijacked ships, few of which could be used as pirate mother ships, whereas last January there were as many as 32 potential mother ships.

A Dutch ship owner reflagged his vessels that transit pirate infested waters after the Dutch justice minister made it clear he has no intention of allowing armed guards on vessels flying the Dutch flag.

Odd Bits

Even US Coast Guard reports can be detail inconsistent. For example, the Egyptian bulker *Edfu* briefly lost propulsion as it was crossing the Columbia River bar after leaving Astoria. The ship dropped *both of its anchors*, then regained propulsion. The Coast Guard ordered the vessel to hire tugboats to escort it on its trip from Astoria to Tacoma for inspection and repairs. A Coast Guard report noted that the bulker was *missing both required anchors*.

Yet only a month earlier, the *Edfu* lost power nine miles west of Cape Disappointment and anchored in an effort to keep the vessel from drifting to shore. At that time, the Coast Guard said carrier had *only one anchor*. In between these two exciting moments, a Coast Guard 47' motor lifeboat had transported an injured crewman with a ruptured left eye to Astoria while the *Edfu* was anchored in the Columbia River (number of anchors used not given.).

Much of the US's corn and soybeans feed Asian cattle and hogs or are turned into food products. Traditionally, the grain would have been barged at some point but intermodal (truck/train/ship) transfer of grain in cargo containers is increasingly popular. One reason is that a bargeload of grain is 55,000-60,000 bushels but a cargo container holds only 1,000 bushels.

Customers are willing to pay a premium (maybe 20¢ per bushel) for the containerized loads that are easier to distribute to end users. Also containerized are high protein corn cakes, a byproduct of ethanol production. The wet mash is dried so it will not spoil during transport and the resulting DDG, or dried distillers grain, is then mixed with bean meal and corn and made into cakes that will end up as cattle feed overseas.

The Russian icebreaking tanker *Renda* will attempt an emergency wintertime fuel delivery to Nome, Alaska, after massive winter conditions turned back a barge carrying the city's last regularly scheduled fuel delivery. Nome, a city of about 3,600, lacks outside road access and depends on ships and aircraft for supplies, and fuel prices already average about $5.40 for a gallon of gasoline. The tanker has made progress through 5' of ice but the US Coast Guard's polar icebreaker *USCGC Healy* will help if necessary.

Head-Shakers

The UK's Ministry of Defence announced it will shed 11,400 members of the Royal Navy, Army and Royal Air Force by 2015. The department will also dump 30,000 civilians over the next decade but the first batch must be volunteer retirees, in explanation, the MOD's permanent secretary suggested that, unlike service personnel, civil servants are harder to sack because they have "flexible skills."

When 1,330 tons of oil in the grounded tanker *Petriana* was pumped overside in a futile effort to free the ship, a press report glowingly described "a film of great beauty, radiating all the colours of the rainbow." But that was then, the tanker ran aground at Australia's Port Phillip Bay in thick fog in 1903.

Our Last Big Boat?

By Susan Gately

My husband and I both love sailing. We love traveling aboard our boats and dreaming about future adventures and voyages. And when things get a little dull and our dreams and fantasy life need a boost, there's nothing like shopping for a new boat to stir things up again.

A great many boat owners like to shop for new boats. Usually when they do buy one, it's bigger than their last one. We have followed that customary pattern except for one thing. We don't seem to be able to get rid of the old boats. Ours just keep accumulating. Last summer our fleet numbered 11, ranging in size from 8' to 38' in length, along with a 36' unfinished hull. I suppose some people might say we have a problem.

While we're not exactly poor, by yacht owner standards we aren't rich either. The aggregate purchase price for our entire fleet, including the unfinished hull, was about the cost of a high end Wave Runner personal watercraft. And the average age of the vessels in our care is 36. Only the home-built sailing dinghy and the Bolger Pea Pod are less than 30 years of age. Because we specialize in elderly boats that few other people want, this concrete ketch we went to look at a few winters ago was a perfectly logical addition to our fleet. We spotted her during a visit to San Diego, listed in the newspaper classifieds as a "38' gass headed alkins ketch," which we interpreted as a gaff headed Atkins ketch. After a call to the broker and an internet search, we confirmed she was a variant of *Ingrid*.

There are certain designs of boats that are nearly legendary among boaters who gravitate by preference (or necessity) to the classics. Nearly all of William Atkins' designs are held in high esteem, but his ocean going *Ingrid* is one of those select few that, like the legendary Tahiti ketch or the world voyaging sloop *Spray*, put the daydream setting on high among those afflicted with the South Seas syndrome.

"Let's go look at her, $19,000 for a 38-footer sounds pretty cheap," we said. "I bet we can get her for $10,000." She was located over a hundred miles away up in Los Angeles, but by pure luck only four miles from my aunt's house, where we had planned to visit anyway. So we went.

The internet-generated map gave us a bum steer in our search for a place called Berth 202. But after being chased off another wharf by Homeland Security, we eventually found it around the corner from the refinery, down behind the railroad bridge and just past the Tidelands Oil Field sucker pumps.

Here, tucked away in a backwater of the most industrialized harbor I'd ever shopped for boats in, was a proper little ship, rugged, simple and salty. She was obviously homemade, but the amateur builder had done a workman-like job on her ferro-cement hull. Having recently arrived from Hawaii, she was well equipped and ready to cruise, complete with provisions including a case of canned tuna, a one-gallon tin of soy sauce (almost full) and a gigantic restaurant pack sized can of refried beans. We sat in her large sunlit cabin for over an hour talking and dreaming of faraway horizons.

But the feature that impressed us the most was her engine room. For people used to contorting themselves into pretzels around the joinery, sink drain and seacocks of our fiberglass 32' sloop just to check the oil, the space here was a delight.

There was room enough to sit comfortably on all sides of the 4-cylinder Perkins diesel that reposed back in this tidy lair. And the engine was clean, rust free and appeared happy and well cared for. After we sat and marveled at all the space back there for a spell, we decided to see if the engine would start. After considerable searching we found the start button tucked away behind an opening port in the aft end of the cockpit and pushed it. After a few brisk cranks of the starter the engine stuttered to life. There was a moment of panic when my aunt on the dock beside us called out, "No cooling water coming out," but the appropriate waterline valve was soon located and opened. This was a huge relief because none of us could figure out how to shut the engine off.

As it chugged away contentedly, we puzzled our way around the cockpit, aft part of the cabin and finally the engine itself. The problem was, between us all we had about five minutes of diesel experience, both of us and my aunt, a retired sailor, were familiar only with two-cycle motors and gasoline powered engines with ignition switches. There was no obvious button or key anywhere to shut this thing off. I began to picture it running for days until it ran out of fuel, roughly 75 gallons worth. "Call the broker up. Maybe he knows how to shut it off," somebody said.

"You're kidding," said the broker after I had reached him on the cell phone. "You don't see a shutoff?" He sounded both amazed and annoyed at the depth of our ignorance. "Well, look around. It's there somewhere."

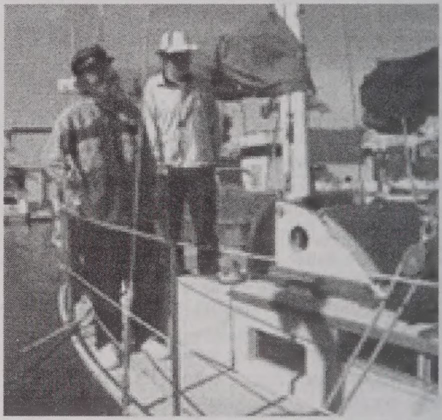
"Okay, will do," I told him. A few minutes later a welcome silence settled over the boat. My resourceful husband had traced the throttle control cable to the front of the engine and noticed a strategic little part with a spring. After several tries he managed to push it against the spring and the motor obediently stopped. A thin piece of steel wire lay over the top of the engine, apparently accidentally pulled loose from the strategic little part by a previous prospective buyer when he had shut her down.

Unnerved by the depths of our ignorance, we decided we had seen enough of the concrete *Ingrid*. We closed her up and headed for the car. On our way back to civilization just past the row of oil pumps the cell phone rang. "Did you shut it off?" asked the broker sounding noticeably short. "Yes sir!" my husband told him.

Maybe we're not quite ready for modern times and diesel engines yet. But boat shopping is so much fun. My spouse just checked eBay this morning and saw an awesome little Nova Scotia built schooner down on Long Island. We can get down there and back in a weekend. Might have to go take a look...

For the rest of the story, check out my sailing memoir, *Living On The Edge With Sara B*, at www.chimneybluff.com

Ed. Note: For more about Ingrid go to Atkins Boat Plans website at: www.atkinboatplans.com.



Ingrid

A 37'6" Colin Archer Type Double-Ended Ketch

By William Atkin

Ingrid is a big boat. She has all the characteristics usually associated with seagoing ability. She is the kind of boat that behaves in rough water. She can be depended upon to sail herself. She is ableness personified. And equal to any situation. *Ingrid* is the reply to ever so many requests for an enlargement of the double end *Thistle* and for a ketch-rigged auxiliary.

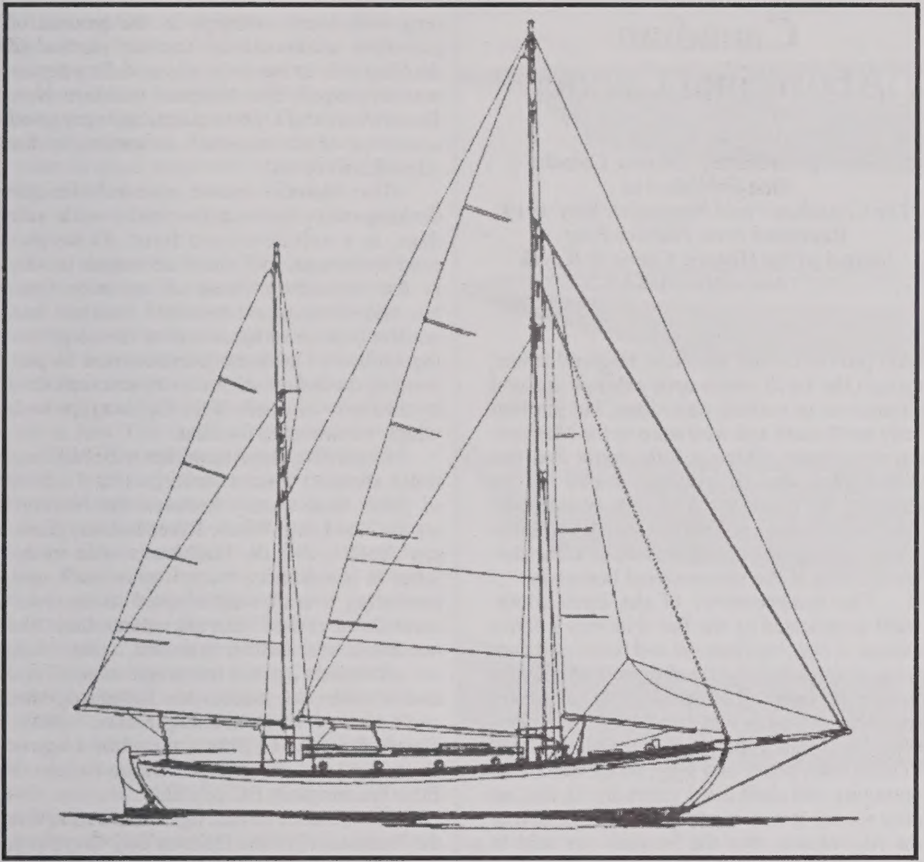
There has been retained in *Ingrid* practically the same beam as that of *Thistle*. The draft, however, has been increased to 5'6". *Ingrid*, then, is 37'6" in overall length; 30' on the waterline; 11'4" beam; and 5'6" draft. Her displacement is 25,000lbs. There are 9,000lbs of iron on her keel with 3,000lbs inside ballast. The sail area is 816sf.

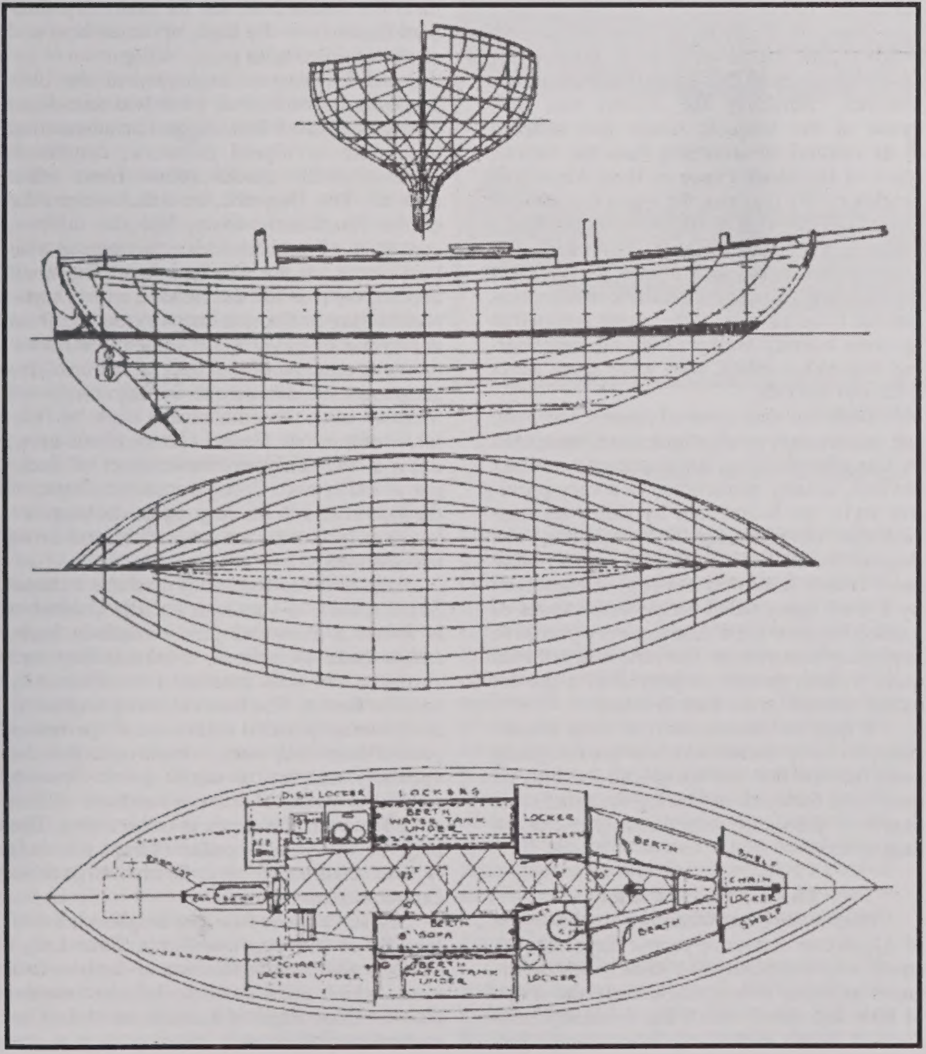
The cabin is large. Your man of 6' height can walk through upright and this should please many. Personally I feel that headroom is the least important feature of a small yacht's design. However, we all do not think alike in this respect. In a boat of *Ingrid's* length heights do not have to be abnormal in order to get full headroom.

The lines show a genuine redningskoite, life boat of the North Sea, as nearly perfect in form as any boat can be. It may be well to mention that man has never built any kind of vessel that will ride out any kind of sea. The sea is a tremendous thing. It smiles today, tomorrow scolds! All of which holds true of water anywhere; lake, river, harbor, bay or pond. Men who find a livelihood by working the sea know this, man, child and wife.

Plans for *Ingrid* are $275. Study plans are available for $15 (refunded when full plans are purchased).

http://www.atkinboatplans.com/Sail/Ingrid.html

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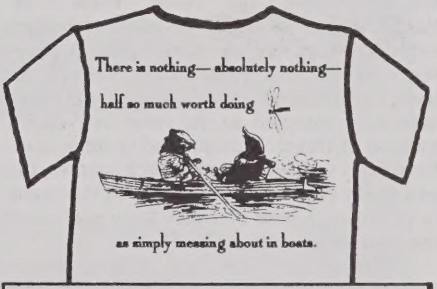
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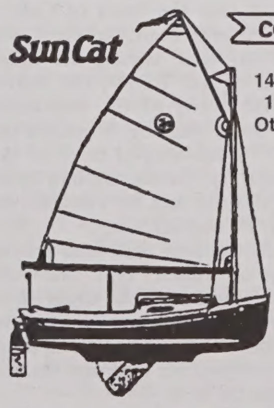

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Canadian Aboriginal Canoes

By F.W. Waugh
Geological Survey, Ottawa, Canada
First Published in
The Canadian Field Naturalist, May 1919
Reprinted from *Paddles Past*
Journal of the Historic Canoe & Kayak
Association(UK)

Canoeing, it may be remarked by way of introduction, is one of a number of things which have been borrowed, either for use or amusement, from the American Indian. The name, strangely enough, has been introduced from a region at some distance from that with which we are accustomed to connect canoe culture in its typical form, being derived from the word "canoa" in use among the Arawak of the West Indies. This was adopted in a similar form by the Spaniards and as "canot" by the early French in Canada. The fact that there was already a name in current use, then, is no doubt the reason none of the names applied by the Indians of the Eastern Woodland area of America was adopted.

An Ojibwa term, fairly well known from its employment by Longfellow in The Song of Hiawatha, is "cheemaun." A name applied to a very large craft is "nabikwan." A Mohawk appellation is "gahonwe'ia," rendered by the Onondaga, a related tribe, as "gaho'nwa." It is interesting to note, in the last mentioned dialects, the close resemblance to the term for a bark bowl or trough.

Quaint early English forms, now obsolete, are "canow" and "canoe." There is little doubt that, in the earlier days of French exploration and settlement along the St. Lawrence and of English settlement in New England, the birchbark canoe of Indian make was very soon adopted as the most convenient method of travel. We can readily infer, also, from early writers and other such sources, the extremely important part played by the canoe in the development of a very large portion of the North American continent.

It would obviously be most interesting to trace the canoe and other such devices to their origins, but there are indications that the problem in hand is one of the diffusion or spread of a cultural trait already elaborated, or partly elaborated, it may be in some other region. This is, in part, suggested by both the extent and the continuity of the area in which canoes are used. We can see that migrations of population, or the influence of one tribe upon a neighboring one (a cultural influence) would soon disseminate the canoe idea, possibly in a simple form, very widely, and that, under the influence of the varied materials at hand and diversified requirements, specialization in various directions would later arise.

Materials naturally played an important part. In areas where trees were not at hand, or were less convenient, such materials as rushes were sometimes built into a boat-shaped raft (see the balsa of California), or a skin-covered craft was employed, as in the Eskimo area, among the neighboring Kutchin of the Yukon, the Tahitan and other Athabascans of the Mackenzie region, and in some parts of the plains (see the "bull-boat," a tub-shaped craft of skin and withes, used by various Siouan tribes, including the Mandan and the Hidatsa, also by the Arikara, a Caddoan tribe).

The Omaha (Siouan) used hide-covered boats or canoes of ordinary type, but with a rude framework, indicating the slight development among them of ideas regarding navigation. In the last mentioned craft, an oar or large paddle was used for steering, the paddlers sitting near the bow.

One of the most interesting developments in North American navigation was the canoe of birchbark, which apparently reached its perfection in the Algonkian area, a region extending from around the Great Lakes and some distance westward, to the maritime provinces and the New England states, though the birch canoe area exhibits cultural extensions in various directions, but particularly northward and westward to the Mackenzie river basin. There is little doubt that this distribution was largely determined by the range of the canoe birch (Betula papyrijera), which extends practically from the Atlantic coast to the Rockies, as well as to some distance south of the international boundary.

The disappearance of the birch southward is indicated by the fact that very inferior canoes of elm, buttonwood and basswood bark were constructed by the Iroquois of Central New York State and southward, who evidently found the materials last mentioned more plentiful. The Iroquois canoe is everywhere stated to have been heavy and logy, inconvenient for portaging and short lived generally. In fact, so poor a craft it was in comparison with that of the Algonkians, that the Iroquois are said to have traded eagerly for the lighter and more substantial contrivance.

Note: Dr K. Sapir in Time Perspective in Aboriginal American Culture, Memoir 90, of the Geological Survey of Canada, p. 20, remarks, "Similarly, the clumsy elm bark canoe of the Iroquois seems less adapted to its cultural environment than the various types of birchbark canoe of their Algonkian neighbors. We may risk the guess that the Iroquois bark canoe is an imperfect copy in elm bark, a characteristically Iroquois material, of the superior Algonkian types, and connect this further with the general consideration that the Iroquois were rather more inclined to be cross country walkers than the neighboring Algohkian tribes, who were more adept river and sea folk."

Bark and skin-covered canoes, however, are not the only craft which have been used by Canadian Indians, since at least two other devices, usually constructed in a very primitive style, are found side by side with considerable advancement in navigation. The dugout, for instance, which is usually little more than a hollowed out log, is employed by a great many tribes along with canoes of a much superior kind. Another very primitive appearing contrivance, the raft, is distributed quite widely, though employed to a greater extent in some areas than in others.

It may be unnecessary, or even impossible, for us to decide which of the foregoing came into use first, but we should certainly be quite near the mark in placing the raft first in degree of simplicity, with the simpler class of dugout next.

The Birchbark Canoe

Practically everywhere within the region of Algonkian influence proper the birchbark canoe was essentially the same, such differences as occur concerning mostly the shape of bow and stern, which has evidently been derived almost exclusively from a single pattern, with local variations in the amount of curvature or recurvature and the method of decking over at the ends, where such a device was employed. The Malecite (western New Brunswick) and Ojibwa forms are very good examples of the extremes in outline in the Algonkian region.

The Malecite canoe also exhibits the decking-over sheet at the ends, with side flaps, in a well-developed form. As we proceed westward, this sheet decreases in size in the Algonquin canoe of northern Quebec and Ontario and becomes vestigial in a smaller form used by certain of the neighboring Ojibwa. The same purpose, that of preventing the inflow of water, is accomplished by the recurving ends of the Ojibwa type with which we are most familiar.

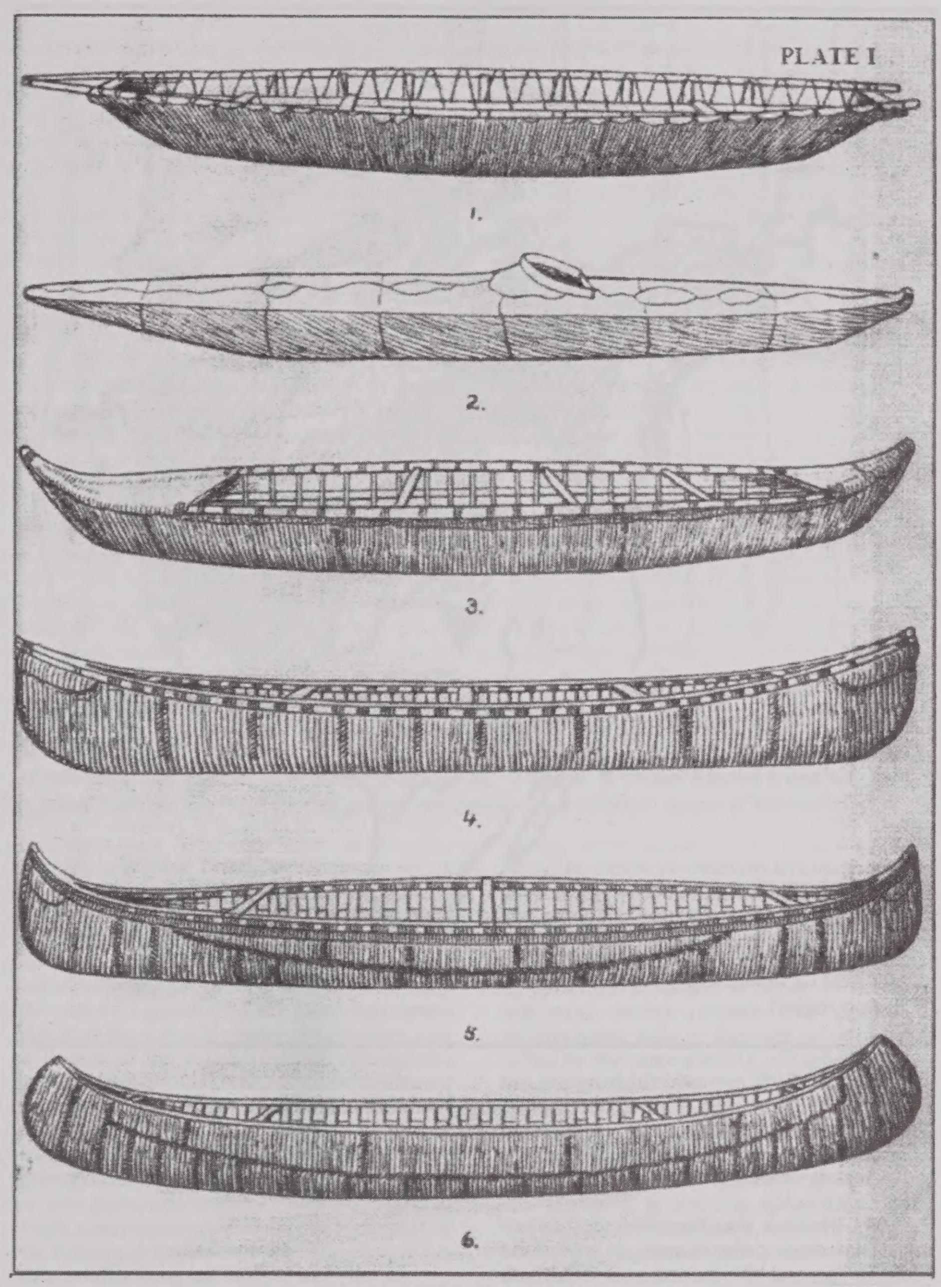
Regarding the Algonkian tribes of central Labrador, Turner remarks that "a tribe of great dissimilarity between the Naskopics and the Little Whale River Indians (Eastern Cree) is that the birchbark canoe of the latter is much more turned up at each end, producing a craft well adapted to the swift currents of rivers." He also states that "the occupants are skillful boatmen," that "sails are sometimes erected in a single canoe," and that at times two canoes are lashed together and a sail spread from a single mast." (Note: Turner, Lucien M., *Ethnology of the Ungava District*, 11th Annual Report of the Bureau of Eth., Washington, DC p. 182.)

An offshoot of the Algonkian canoe was the "rabiscaw" of the Hudson Bay Company, an extra large birchbark craft designed to meet the demands of the fur trade. A prominent feature was the high, upturned bow and stern decorated with gaudy designs.

At the western extremity of the bark canoe area, we find at least two somewhat divergent forms which suggest an attenuation of eastern accultural influence, combined, possibly, with modifications from other sources. The Dog-ribs, an Athabascan tribe of the MacKenzie basin, like the Ojibwa, construct a birchbark canoe having separate keel pieces for the bow and stern. The small and narrow ribs and the slender, widely separated siding or flooring strips extending from end to end, however, show some resemblance to kayak construction. A special feature (also showing a resemblance to the kayak). (Note: Mention of this resemblance is made by Petitot, in *Autour du Grand Lac du Esclaves*, p. 268.) is the fairly extensive sheet of decking at either end. Conspicuous side flaps, of the type found in the Algonquin decking, are lacking. The seams are sewn with spruce root and gummed.

Among the Rootenay and the various Salish tribes of southern British Columbia is found a canoe of pine or spruce bark, rather rude in general workmanship and showing but little external resemblance to eastern forms. The most striking feature is the peculiar pointed extension of the lower part of bow and stern, which is said to be specially adapted to rapid rivers. From a structural point of view no radical difference from eastern types is to be noted. The bark of the yellow cedar (Thuja excelsa) is also mentioned as a British Columbia canoe making material.

A Slave canoe from the neighborhood of Hay River (flowing into Great Slave Lake) exhibits an upward extension at the bow and stern, which adds much to its picturesqueness. In other respects it conforms closely to eastern models.



CANADIAN CANOES
1. Alaskan Eskimo umiak, or open boat. **2.** Labrador Eskimo kayak. **3.** Dog-rib canoe. **4.** Malecite canoe. **5.** Algonquin canoe. **6.** Montagnais canoe.

A description of Ojibwa canoe making will no doubt give a fair idea of the methods employed throughout most of the bark canoe area. (Note: From data obtained by the writer among the Saulteaux, or Ojibwa of the Lake Nipigon region. Permission to use this and other original notes was accorded by the Geological Survey, Ottawa, Canada.) The process is most interesting and requires considerable skill.

Thin strips of cedar (Thuja oqcidentalis) for the ribs, and the sheeting used between the ribs and bark to prevent injury to the latter, are obtained, split into approximate sizes and placed in water to render them more flexible. Another important requisite is the birchbark, which peels off most easily late in June or early in July. This is rolled up and laid away in the shade. Towards evening, or at any time if the day is cloudy, stakes (nine or more to a side) are driven into the ground at intervals to approximate the length and width of the canoe. These are made to flare outward slightly. The bottom pieces of bark are now placed in position, overlapping a few inches in the middle where they are to be joined. A single length of bark is preferred for the bottom. This, however, is not always obtainable, so that two pieces, or even three, may be used.

Stones are laid on the bark to hold it down and a bottom frame, approximating the width of the canoe at the bottom and pointed at both ends, is applied. The work so far is done by the men. The next operation, that of shaping the bottom by making slashes or gores on each side and sewing these with spruce root, is done by the women. The gores are made towards the ends where the canoe begins to narrow. The upper edges of the bark are also trimmed evenly. The spruce root for sewing has been split by the women to a suitable size and rendered flexible by steeping in fish broth.

The men next lay the upper lengths of bark alongside, measure them by trial, then place them in position. The bottom pieces are now scored along the bottom with an axe where they are to be creased for the taper to bow and stern, after which both upper and lower barks are pinched together by stakes driven closely and tied at the top. An inner frame (or "inside gunwale") giving shape to the upper edge of the canoe, and having exactly the right taper and curve, has been prepared beforehand and is now placed between the upper barks and sewn closely and firmly to them.

Pieces of cedar, bent to the approved shape of bow and stern, are placed between the barks at the ends of the canoe, the bark trimmed to conform to these in outline, then sewn to them with spruce root. The sewing, as before, is performed by the women, to whom this part of the work is always assigned. Stitches of uneven length are often employed, particularly around the ends, to prevent the bark from splitting. (Note: Other devices for preventing the edges from splitting along seams are sewing of an extra strip of bark around the outer edge of the canoe beneath the gunwale, also the inclusion under the stitches of a strand of spruce root often used along longitudinal seams where barks are joined. Both of these schemes are employed by the Dog-ribs, Slaves and Chipewyans.) The gores and laps have in each case been well cemented or stuck together with clear gum boiled a little to thicken it.

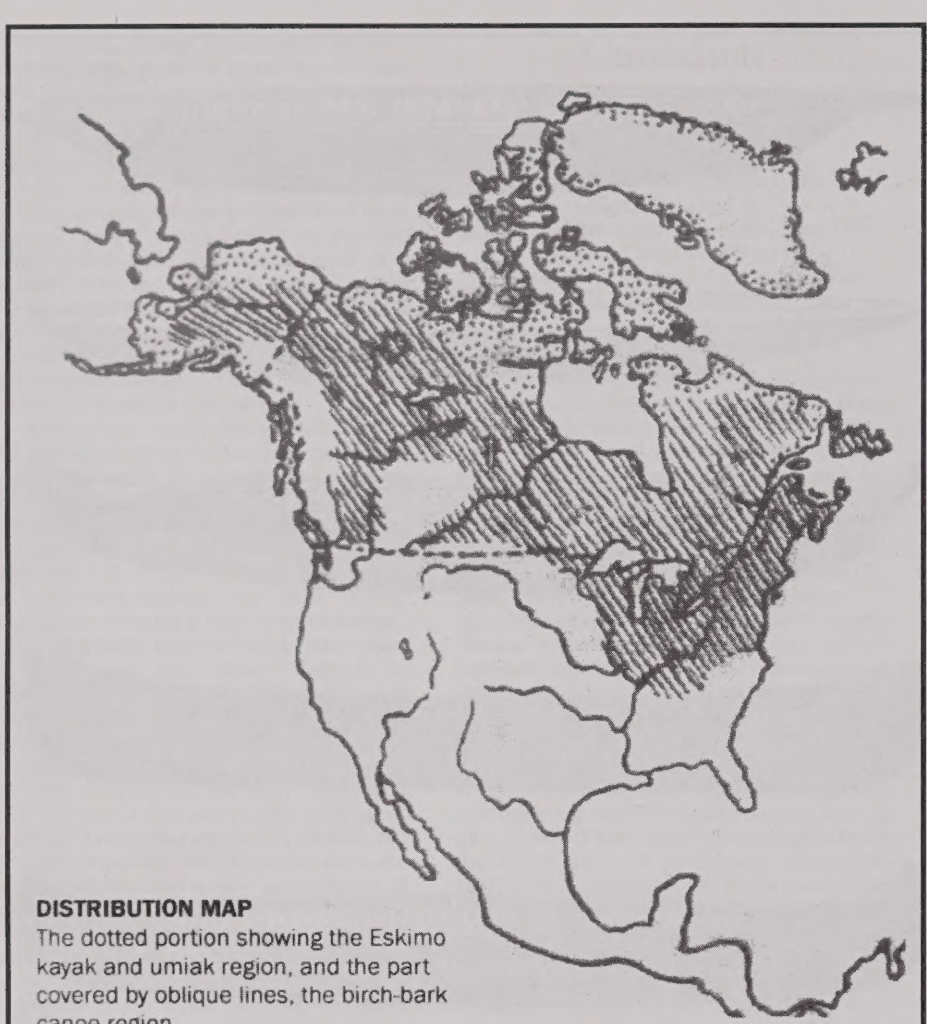
The bottom frame, which is merely temporary, is now removed, the ribs taken from the water, bent to shape around the knee, cut to length and driven into place with a mallet. Other thin strips of cedar, three or four inches wide, are driven between the ribs and bark as the work proceeds. The purpose of these is to form a protective flooring and siding. The canoe, particularly at this stage, is kept well moistened both inside and out. The placing of the ribs and sheeting proceeds, generally speaking, from each end to the centre. Cross-pieces, to keep the top spread, are hammered in at every second rib. The ribs are a couple of inches wide and about the same width apart. When the insertion of ribs and sheeting is completed, the canoe may require a general correction in shape, which is given by tying it between stakes and exposing it for a while to the sun.

The next process, also a woman's job, is to get ready, or rather to have ready, the spruce gum and to gum the seams. All laps have their outer edges running backwards or towards the stern so as not to obstruct the motion of the canoe. The spruce gum is obtained from trees which have been gashed the year before, boiled a while to thicken and mixed with powdered charcoal, some say, to make it look nice. The bottom seam is coated with clear gum and pegged, not sewn.

A little grease is said to be added to the gum by most tribes to render it more elastic. The addition of the powdered charcoal is not universal.

Among the Micmac of Nova Scotia and Cape Breton the women and girls are said to have prepared the gum by chewing it.

The last step in Saulteaux canoe making is to attach a top gunwale strip. This is nailed on at present, but may have formerly been fastened on by tying or binding with spruce root. The Malecite, according to information supplied by Mr. William McInnis, Director of the Geological Survey, Ottawa, construct temporary or emergency canoes of



DISTRIBUTION MAP

The dotted portion showing the Eskimo kayak and umiak region, and the part covered by oblique lines, the birch-bark canoe region.

spruce bark which are used for bringing out furs from the hunting camps in the spring. The ribs and frame are roughly constructed of withes or saplings, flattened slightly and rather widely spaced, the bow and stern being chinked with clay.

Mr. McInnis also furnishes an interesting description of the manner in which the Malecite protect the bottoms of birchbark canoes in shallow streams. Lengths of spruce bark, with the smooth inner surface placed outward, are wrapped around the bottoms of the canoes from end to end and held in position by tying their edges to the thwarts with cedar inner bark. Another material, which is preferred to the spruce bark on account of its lightness, consists of strips of cedar about two inches wide and three-quarters of an inch thick. The strips run lengthwise from end to end of the canoe, just high enough along the sides to afford protection from rocks, and are lashed together and to the thwarts by continuous strands of cedar bark which are threaded through perforations in their upper edges.

Micmac canoes in the Victoria Museum have the ends stuffed for a short distance with moss or shavings, the purpose being to keep the bark from collapsing or wrinkling where ribs are lacking. The stuffing is held in place by thin partitions of cedar, cut to shape and held in position at the bottom by the end of one of the inside sheeting strips. Slave and Chipewyan canoes also exhibit stuffing.

In spite of its many excellent qualities and historic associations, the birchbark canoe is evidently on the wane at present as a medium of travel. The factory-made canoe, though modeled after the Indian article, has, in fact, so far eclipsed it that it is seldom seen except among remote and backward bands of Indians who employ it mainly from economy or conservatism.

Eskimo Canoes

In only one region, the great insular area of the North Pacific Coast, was a true seafaring culture and navigation developed, with the exception that the Eskimo to some extent use large seagoing kayaks for hunting the whale and seal; and also that the Micmacs, like other coastal tribes, sometimes construct large bark canoes for a similar purpose. The sides of the Micmac canoe are up curved and turned in towards the centre to exclude heavy seas.

The Eskimo kayak, for present purposes, may be regarded as a highly specialized canoe, differing from the Algonkian in the important, though not essential, respect of having the framework so constructed that it is held together independently of the cover; and in the superficial one that the covering is of skin instead of bark, to which we may add that of being decked over so as to accommodate, in most cases, but one person.

The upper rim or frame of two pieces is made first with mortises for the insertion of ribs and thwarts and holes for lashings. The thwarts are placed in position and the upper part or deck practically completed, one of the last steps being the attachment of a middle strip lengthwise along the top, except where it is intersected by the opening or manhole. The whole affair is then turned top or face downwards. The ribs are now shaped and fitted and their ends inserted in the upper side pieces and secured with wooden pins. The ribs are usually from two to six inches apart. The other longitudinal strips are then attached to the sides, with a similar piece along the middle of the bottom which, like the other canoes described, is destitute of a keel.

The sealskin covering is sewn together and applied to the framework wet so that it stretches tightly as it dries. The sewing, as in the case of the Algonkian canoe, is done by several women working together in order to complete the job at one sitting. A double waterproof stitching renders the seams watertight. According to E.W. Hawkes, from whose memoir on the Labrador Eskimo the foregoing description is taken, "great speed is maintained by the Eskimo in their frail kayaks. It is said that a single Eskimo in a kayak will propel it as fast as two white men will a canoe. The Eskimo ventures out in a sea that an Indian would not dare attempt." (Note: E.W. Hawkes, *The Labrador Eskimo*, Memoir 91. Geological Survey. Ottawa. p. 72.)"

The umiak, an open craft, also used by the Eskimo, presents a somewhat different appearance from the kayak due partly to it not being decked over and partly to its being rather deeper and clumsier in form. In other respects it does not differ materially, a fact which would suggest it as the form from which the kayak was derived. An open skin covered boat used by the Kutchin of Yukon Territory and Alaska possesses features which give it an intermediate position between the umiak and the canoe of the region to the south and east. A canoe-like feature is the wedge-shaped bow and stern. A pointed or leaf-shaped paddle is used.

The umiak is said to have been entirely abandoned on the east coast of Labrador (Note: Ibid, p. 68). In parts of the latter region and in Alaska it is used largely by the men for whale and walrus hunting as well as for general purposes. Lengthy journeys or migrations are often undertaken in it and its capacity is said to be remarkable.

The bow and stern of the Labrador umiak are wider than those of the Alaskan, which gives it a clumsier appearance. It is usually about twenty-five feet long and is steered with a rudder, quite likely an Asiatic borrowing, as are also the oars, rowlocks and sails. In Alaska the umiak is propelled by the more aboriginal paddle, the steering being done with an extra long and heavy one.

Sails

Sails were nowhere used as an integral feature of navigation except along the North Pacific Coast, where there is also a suspicion of Russian or other Asiatic influence.

The light and rather easily upset birchbark canoe was evidently unsuited for propulsion by such a contrivance, except in very light breezes or when well loaded. That there was some appreciation of the assistance afforded by sails is likely, even though it failed to crystallize into a definite form. Catlin, for instance, states that among the Sioux a man would sometimes stand in a canoe facing the paddlers and hold a blanket spread out as a sail. The upper corners were held by the hands, while the lower part was tied to the body or to a thwart (Note: Catlin, Geo, *Letters and Notes on the Manners, Customs and Conditions of the North American Indians*, London 1842, p. 214 and plate 294).

Denys, a French explorer, speaking of the Micmac in 1651, remarks, “They also went with a sail, which was formerly of bark, but oftener of a well dressed skin of a young moose. Had they a favorable wind they went as swiftly as the throw of a stone. One canoe carried as many as eight or ten persons” (Note: Denys Nicholas *Description and Natural History of the Coasts of North America*, The Champlain Society, Toronto, 1908, p. 422).

Skinner informs us, with regard to the Eastern Cree, that the “canoes average twelve or fifteen feet in length, but those used by the Labrador voyageurs are often twice that size and sometimes more. They are capable of bearing enormous weight” and many will hold twenty or more men.

The paddles used are short and rather clumsy. They have no swelling at the end of the handle to facilitate the grip. In paddling, the Eastern Cree take shorter and more jerky strokes than their Ojibway neighbors of the south. When a fair wind is blowing, a blanket or even a bush is set up in the bow for a sail” (Note: Skinner, Alanson, *Notes on the Eastern Cree and Northern Saultaux*, Anthropological Papers of the American Museum of Natural History, Vol IX, Part 1, p. 43).

According to Boas, the Tsetsaut, a small group of Athabascans living on Portland Inlet, British Columbia, used sails of marmot skin. These items, from various regions, suggest that the idea of sailing may have existed in an incipient form here and there, though none of them is perhaps perfectly free from a suspicion of European influence. Brinton, the well-known anthropologist, states quite positively that no sails were used by the Dene, or various Athabascan tribes which occupy an immense region extending throughout northwestern Canada. In this he is supported by Morice, a missionary who spent many years with the Dene (Note: Morice, A.G., *The Great Dene Race*, Anthropos, Vol 5 p. 141).

Paddles

Paddles differ little in pattern throughout the greater part of the area in which we have followed canoe navigation, until we reach the extreme west or the Eskimo country at the north.

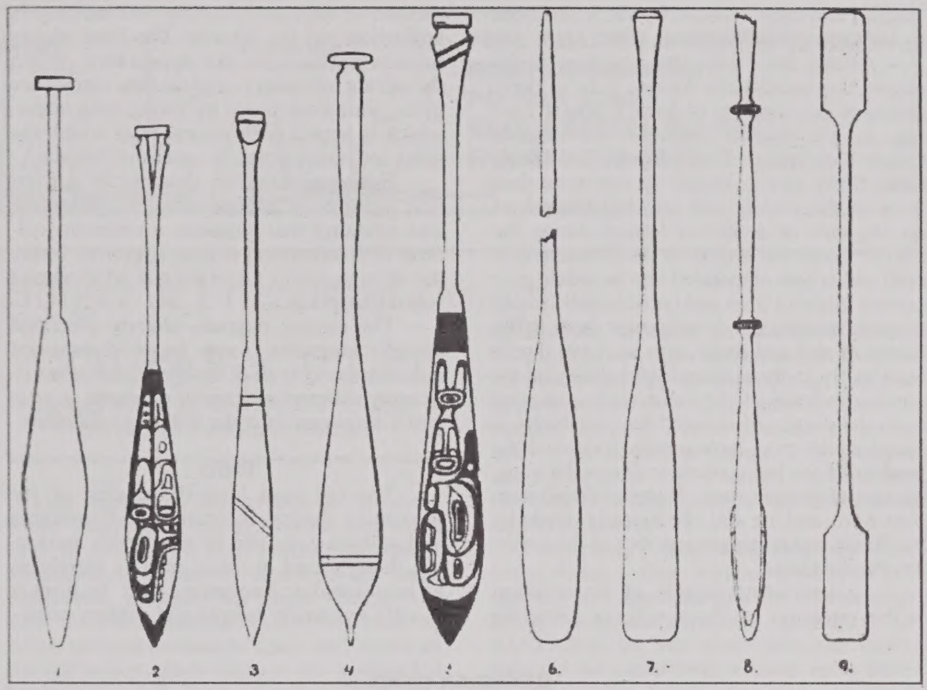
Those used by the Ojibwa are extremely simple and are usually made of clear cedar. The paddler sits rather low, the toes turned inward and bent backward beneath the body. On a long journey a small pad of leaves or clothing is placed beneath the legs conveniently for sitting on.

A double bladed paddle is used throughout most of the Canadian Eskimo region, although in Alaska the single paddle is found. Among the Aleuts of southwestern Alaska the paddle is pointed, like that of the Pacific Coast.

The Labrador double paddle is about ten or twelve feet long and made of hardwood or spruce tipped with bone. Leather rings on the handles keep the water from dripping on the paddler.

The British Columbia paddle and that used by certain adjoining tribes, such as the Aleuts and the western or northwestern Dene, is invariably sharply pointed or lance shaped and has almost invariably a T-shaped grip.

British Columbian influence in this respect seems observable eastward as far as the Slaves and the Chipewyans, who have the paddle obtusely pointed.



SOME TYPICAL PADDLES

1 and 4. West Coast paddles, exact locality unknown. **2 and 3.** Tlingit Northern BC. **5.** Probably Haida (Queen Charlotte Islands). **6.** Kootenay (Southern BC. **7.** Ojibwa. **9.** Copper Eskimo. **8 and 9.** Central Eskimo. (Last two are neighbouring groups--one paddle is not sufficient quality to reproduce).

Winter Transportation

A conveyance of the type represented by the canoe, which is suitable mostly for summer, naturally supposes a corresponding winter contrivance, especially for the northern part of our range. That this was, or is, actually the case is suggested by the close correspondence of the dog and sledge or toboggan area with that of the canoe (Eskimo Athabascan and Algonkian). The exceptions to this are found principally on the West Coast, where conditions are favorable to water transportation throughout most of the year, on the Plains, where the travois replaced the sledge or toboggan, and canoeing was of relatively slight importance, and in the southern part of the Eastern Woodlands, where the snowfall is comparatively light.

The Dugout

The dugout, in most cases a rather crude canoe made by charring and hollowing out a log, also has quite a wide distribution and is found, as already noted, in many regions where a more advanced type of canoe is also used.

Among the Iroquois, who were noted as indifferent canoe makers, it was quite extensively employed, and is still used for the navigation of small streams for trapping and other such purposes. The scarcity of better materials may have been a factor in its popularity. The favorite Iroquois material is pine.

Dugouts seem to have been used to a limited extent by the Ojibwa and by the Menominee, a tribe living in northern Michigan and Wisconsin, and fairly closely related to the Sauk, Fox and Kickapoo. This usage may also have been induced by a scarcity of the ordinary material, which is birchbark.

The eastern dugout region seems fairly continuous southward from among the tribes mentioned and would probably be contained very largely by the southern half of the Eastern Woodlands area, to which we might no doubt add the eastern half of the southeastern area.

The canoe in common use on the lower Mississippi is a dugout, called “pirogue” by the French. The bow of this canoe is broad and sloping. The average measurement is forty feet by three in width, with a thickness of about three inches. A canoe of this size will carry twelve persons. The material is usually some light or buoyant wood. A craft called by the same name is still to be found in the old “Acadian” region of eastern Canada. The material used is white pine. A black walnut dugout is used on the Arkansas. Besides a dugout, the Chitimacha of the lower Mississippi manufacture an elm bark canoe.

Bushnell, in speaking of the Choctaw of Bayou Lacomb, Louisiana, states that, “‘dugouts were employed on the creeks and bayous, but evidently only to a small extent.” The Creoles at present make dugouts eight or twelve feet in length from logs of black guni (Note: Bushnell. D.I. Jr, *The Choctaw of Bayou Lacomb, Louisiana*, Bulletin 48, Bureau of American Ethnology, p. 18.)

Those in use among the Creeks (a Muskhogean tribe related to the Choctaw) were made of cypress and are said to have had their ends slightly elevated and pointed.

Among the northern Ojibwa, Cree and Algonkian tribes generally, the dugout is conspicuous by its absence. The same remark holds good for the Plains tribes and for the Eskimo.

The Iroquois method of making a dugout is probably typical for the whole eastern region in which it is used. A tree of suitable material and size was first cut down, in former times by burning, the fire being localized by applying some damp material above the point where the tree was to be burned through. The log was cut to length in the same way. The next step was to build a number of small fires at intervals on top of the log, then hack away the charred part with adzes. The fires were rebuilt and the work continued in this way until a suitable hollow was obtained. The ends were shaped in a similar way. The same method of hollowing out dugouts and large wooden bowls is practiced by the present day Iroquois.

Among the Dene, the adoption of the dugout is considered by Morice to be of fairly recent origin, dugouts of balsam poplar having, in his opinion, replaced the original spruce bark canoe. These dugouts are sometimes thirty feet in length by not more than three in the middle and are said to possess no elegance or design of beauty. Along the Pacific Coast the dugout is the characteristic craft and is here elaborated into an article possessing graceful lines and considerable beauty of workmanship. Its development, both in the matter of size and finish, was no doubt due at least partly to the size and workability of the coniferous trees of the coast region, as well as to the decreased demand for portability. A factor which must have greatly improved the product of the last century or two is the introduction of modern tools. Huge seafaring dugouts were, and are still occasionally. made by the Haida and neighboring tribes of the northern Pacific Coast.

An interesting feature of construction is the retention of the simple or primitive method of alternate charring and hacking in hollowing out the interior. The final adzing imparts a fine scale-like appearance. When the adzing has been completed the canoes are given additional beam by filling with water, which is heated with stones, after which the sides are forced apart by means of thwarts.

British Columbian dugouts in general bear a degree of inter-resemblance in outline and structure that suggests a common cultural or intercultural origin. A groove inside the stern provides a rest for the whaling and sealing harpoon.

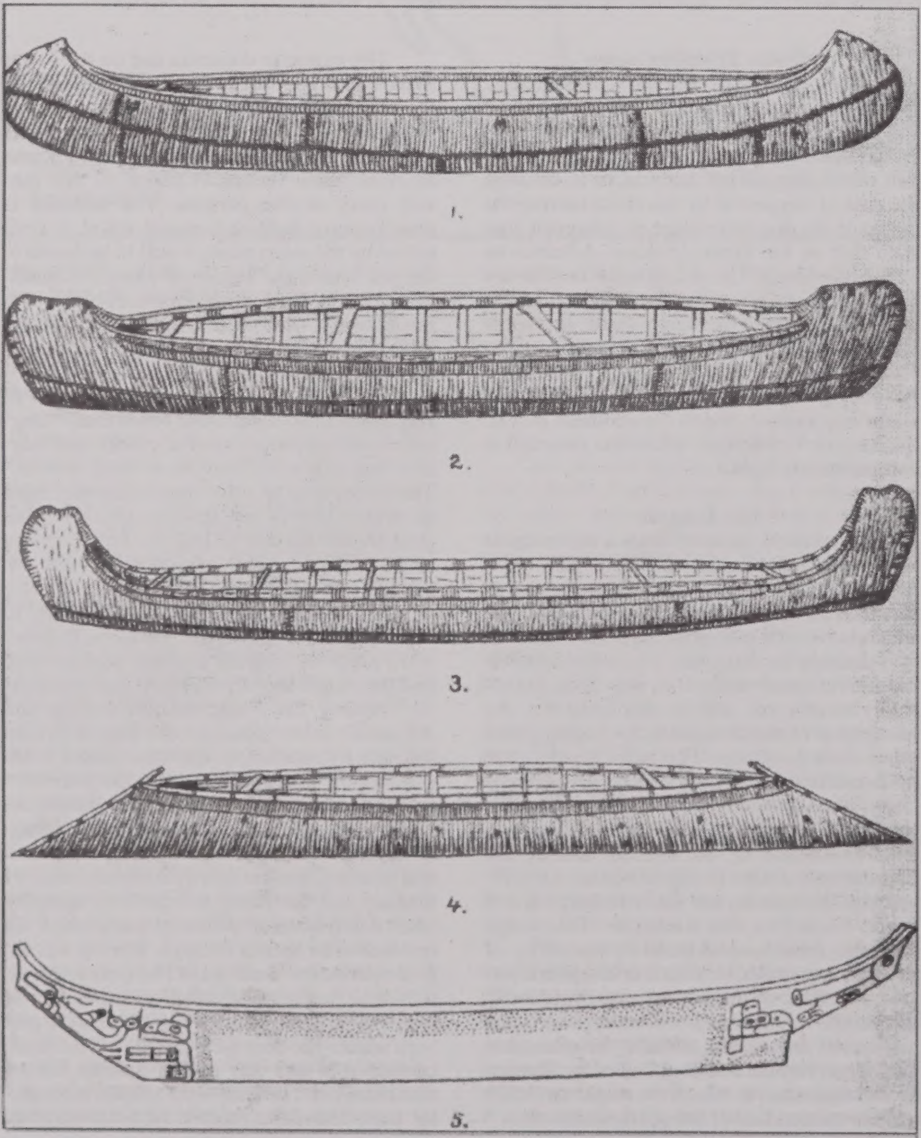
The eastern dugouts, already described though possessing some broad features of resemblance to those of the West Coast, are sufficiently different in general character to suggest a development under differing conditions.

Rafts

The raft is at least the crudest of the navigatory devices mentioned and possesses a distribution which is practically universal, though used in many regions merely as an occasional or emergency craft. Its form is usually extremely simple and seldom exhibits anything which can be dignified by the name of design or style, though occasionally there are exceptions to this. The balsa, found among certain California Indians and in isolated localities southward to Chile, is really a raft composed of bunches of tule or rushes tied together, although its pointed ends give it some resemblance to a canoe.

CANADIAN CANOES

1. Ojibwa canoe (Northern Ontario). **2.** Chipewyan. **3.** Slave. **4.** Kootenay, Shuswap and other BC tribes. **5.** Haida. Nos 3 to 6 on plate 1 and 1 to 3 on plate 2 are arranged consecutively to show how one form may have developed from the preceding.



Regarding the northern Dene, we have the statement of Morice to the effect that they occasionally make use of rafts. "They are made of three dry logs bound together, with their larger ends aft, while a slightly tapering shape is given their opposite extremities. The logs are fastened together fore and aft by means of ropes, which, when of truly aboriginal make, are of twisted strips or willow bark, starting from one end of a crossbar placed over them and going round each of the logs and the bar alternately. Among the Loucheux, these primitive embarkations are used in combination with regular canoes (Note: Morice. A.G., *The Great Dene Race*, Anthopos, Vol 5 p. 443).

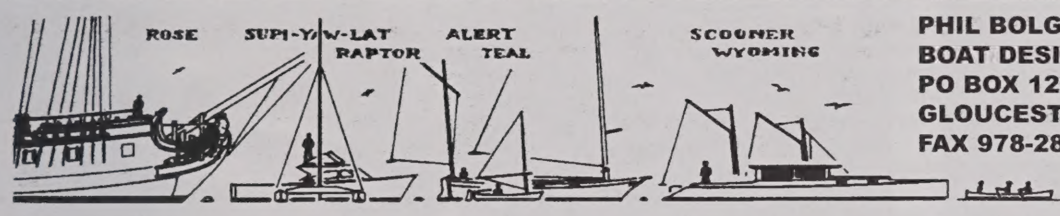
General Remarks

Decking, so prominent in Eskimo canoes, has been observed to be less extensive in the Dog-rib bark canoe and still slighter in the Chipewyan, Algonquin and Malecite. It is interesting, however, to find it outside the Eskimo region. The side flaps of the Algonquin and Malecite and some Ojibwa decking sheets have been already referred to. Sewing, like covering materials, exhibits changes based on geographical location, these consisting mainly of a transition from sinew (used by the Eskimo) to spruce root (used by nearly all Canadian tribes excepting the Eskimo and Kutchin), or, in a few cases, to the bast or inner bark of the basswood and elm (used by the Iroquois). The seams in all bark canoes are gummed.

The wide, flat rib is characteristic of the Eastern Woodlands and extends westward to the Slave country. This is accompanied by an inside sheeting which covers the bark completely. Contrasted with the wide, flat rib, though not differing from it in principle, is the narrow and widely spaced rib of the Eskimo, Kutchin and Dog-rib crafts.

A feature which seems to be closely associated with the birchbark canoe in general is the separate strip or piece used to give shape to the bow and stern respectively. These are also possessed by the Kutchin skin canoe. In the Eskimo canoes they are continuous with the central strip along the bottom. The differences in outline, which constitute the most striking superficial variations among the canoes described, are dependent principally upon the shape of the end strips or "fashion pieces" just referred to.

The gunwale is another interesting item. Among the Slaves and the neighboring Dog-ribs there are two gunwale strips, an inside and an outside, bound at intervals with the sewing or binding material. A similar feature links together the Algonquin and the Malecite. An inside gunwale to which the upper edge of the covering is sewn continuously, is found among the Chipewyan, Ojibwa, Montagnais and Micmac. An upper or top gunwale characterizes all the Algonkian canoes. The Algonquin and Malecite have consequently all three gunwales; inside, outside and top. The maximum of protection or reinforcement is evidently gained by this employment of three protective strips along the upper edge, although at some addition of weight.



PHIL BOLGER & FRIENDS, INC
BOAT DESIGNERS
PO BOX 1209
GLOUCESTER, MA 01930
FAX 978-282-1348

Phil Bolger & Friends on Design

"SACPAS-3" (LCP)

Design #681: 38'10"x7'6"x12"x200hp
Seventh in a Series of Articles

Last issue the building crew dramatics were dwelled on for a bit. Contrasting with the damage caused by various fits of under motivation, narcissism and lack of commitment in return for reasonably decent pay in a foul economy, we saw the heartening spirit of Rosalyn's and various volunteers, plus eventually impeccably motivated state employees who all jumped into the breach to push the project towards successful completion, no matter what the damage from earlier shenanigans.

In this installment it's back to reporting on progress of one of her most distinctive attributes. To recollect, SACPAS-3 is Navy-speak for Security Assistance Contingency Producible Affordable System Mk.3. And equally as plainly descriptive, LCP stands for Landing Craft Personnel. If you took a MonoCycle to war on this craft, it'll likely still be called LCP. But if you'd be a Marine riding one of those new diesel single cylinder long range dirt bikes, the Navy would carry you and your mount on an LCV, Landing Craft Vehicle.

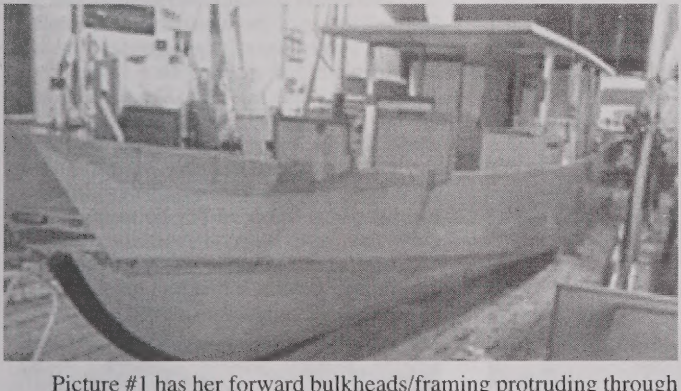
Either way, the landing craft needs a bow gate to allow transfer from beaching boat to shore. A squad of Marines or Special Forces would certainly not hesitate to jump from a 4'-5' high bow. On the other hand, it seems sensible to not routinely plan on folks risking injury just before they get to work. More importantly though, since any such "Tip of the Spear" light footed amphibious operation is inherently amongst the most dangerous, planning for rapid retreat is a vital tactical consideration. Getting back on board without seconds to spare may make all the difference, particularly to get a wounded back on the craft, not to mention their possibly quite specialized gear.

The bow gate on SACPAS-3 reduces the distance from beach to the gate's first step to at worst 2', typically much less. In civilian use this is an obvious convenience day boating or cruising, whether the kids race off to beachcomb for treasure or if briefly stuck into a 6'-8' gap on a town float somewhere to have the crew take laundry ashore, then call you back in to have them slide enough provisions into the bow cockpit, good for another week or two.

With this particular hull destined to eventually do (civilian) marine biological research for Massachusetts' leading state agency, the Division of Marine Fisheries, having that bow gate allows easier access to the beach stepping down, stepping safely on to the marsh likely with the gate horizontal or running the craft with a scientist laying her belly, with the gate at perhaps 2:00 position, aiming to spear tag a satellite tracker into the back of a large pelagic fish to reveal its migratory habits.

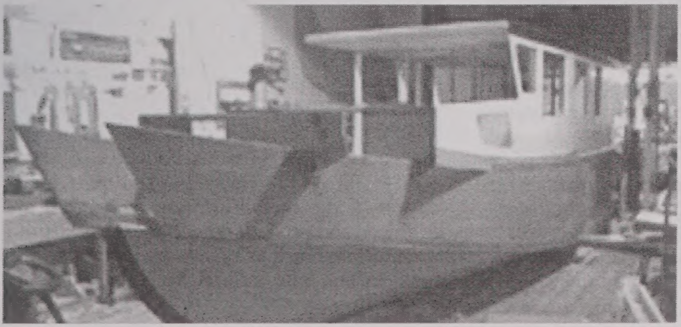
Structurally it is somewhat of a challenge doing a bow without a stem to pull topsides and foredeck into the conventional usually rugged triangular geometry. On SACPAS-3, its vee nose structure makes things a bit easier with a sharp entry and a solid structure below the bow gate level. That still leaves having the topsides forward end more or less unsupported with the frames/bulkheads becoming inherently narrower forward which, together with a standard sheer-clamp, would not likely be able to absorb hitting or getting hit in that area, quite an unacceptable problem in typical boat operations, never mind rough housing under tactical demands.

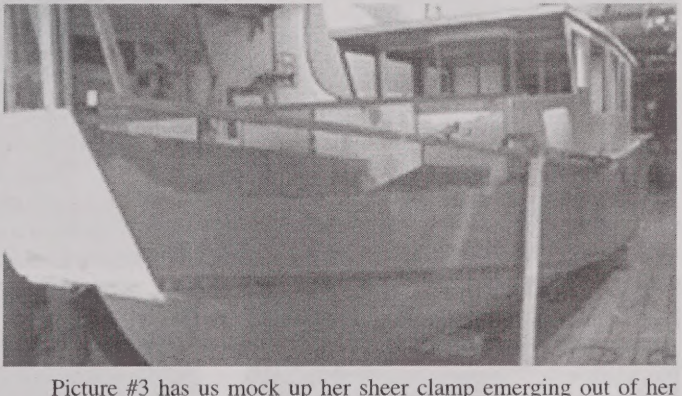
While you no doubt caught glimpses of related geometries in earlier installments on this project, the following sequence of photos shows one way of building a bow structure that will address the issue:



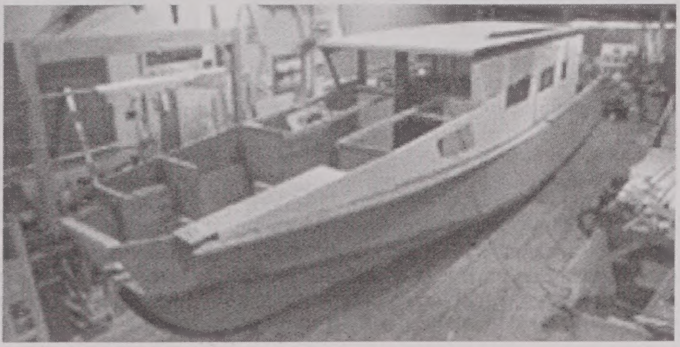
Picture #1 has her forward bulkheads/framing protruding through her topsides, still with house sides or cuddy verticals. It is an odd sight to quite a few observers, with one ex-Navy man muttering that he had not seen anything of the kind... I hope he'll return.

Picture #2 begins to flow her house forward, an indication of things to come.





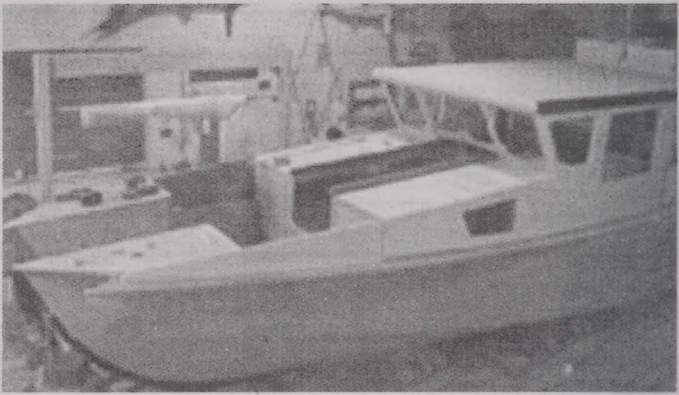
Picture #3 has us mock up her sheer clamp emerging out of her straight clamp section towards her stern. This was one of the few occasions during which a few clamps were used to good effect in this particular way of building a boat, a rare occurrence on this project with temporary drywall screw use to tack pieces and laminations together for a moment or six to eight hours' worth of epoxy curing.



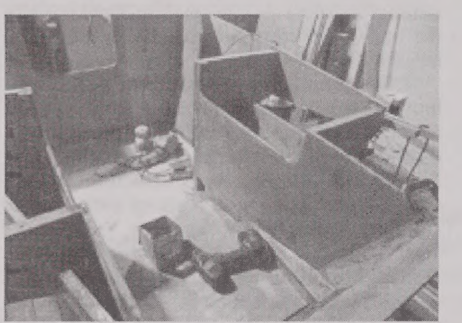
Picture #4 (bottom previous page) features the bow cockpit sides tacked into place, giving a first 3-D understanding about structural attributes, ergonomics in the bow cockpit and, of course, the visuals of her emerging profile. Building her face, keeping things straight and level, proved more of a challenge than hoped for, with shenanigans related imprecisions propagating in quite astonishing ways. Much repair time was absorbed here.

Further aft the cuddy roof framing is getting prepared to accept the ply/foam/ply roof laminate.

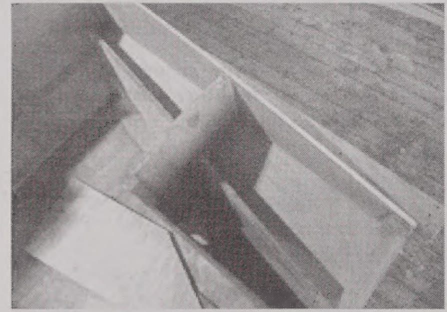
Picture #5 (right) illustrates the bracing geometry via the horizontal bow decklets left and right of the bow gate opening. With the curving in and flaring verticals of the topsides below, the dead vertical bow cockpit coaming just inside the sheer-clamp-to-be, and these horizontal decklets, the structure of solid webs emerges bracing the topsides at their forward tips and thus framing the bow gate opening from without. Additional room for bow cockpit benches left and right with ground tackle storage below along with decklets based anchor cat heads are welcome desirables, helping to justify a serious investment in man hours.



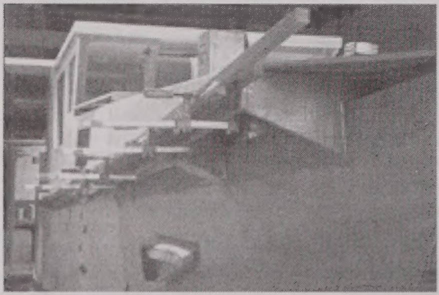
Aft again, the cuddy roof laminate is on and painted with smooth undersides and strong enough to stand on.



Picture #6 captures everything from a top down angle, with the forward dead-fore and aft verticals for lines storage. Aft the bow cockpit off center companionway.

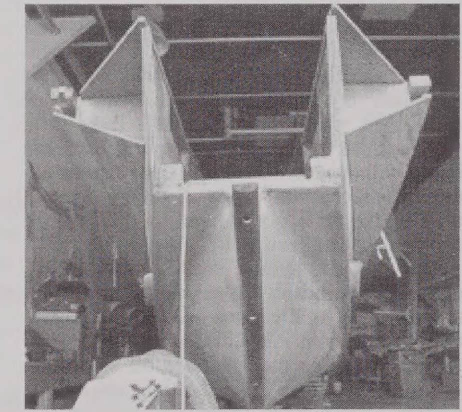


Picture #7 with the sheer clamps built up outside the underside of the portside cathead (bow bracing) is rough fitted. This also time to do drain holes.

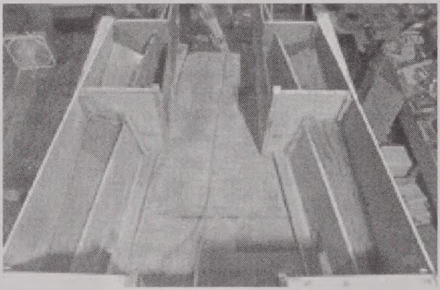


Picture #8 documents progress on the other side. The policy was to do one side to track through the correct sequence and catch mistakes instead of immediately duplicating each step on the other side. Another rare clamping session.

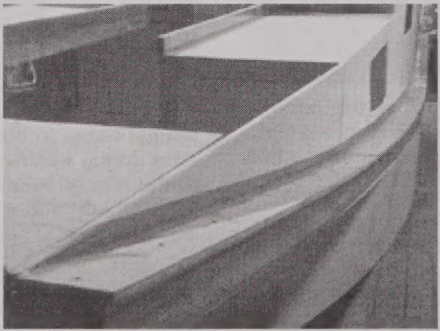
Below you'll notice the sizable bow-cockpit scuppers and their deflectors to keep waves from being caught on the scuppers' rear vertical edges. The bow volume could easily exceed potentially a ton of green water weight with rapid drainage vital.



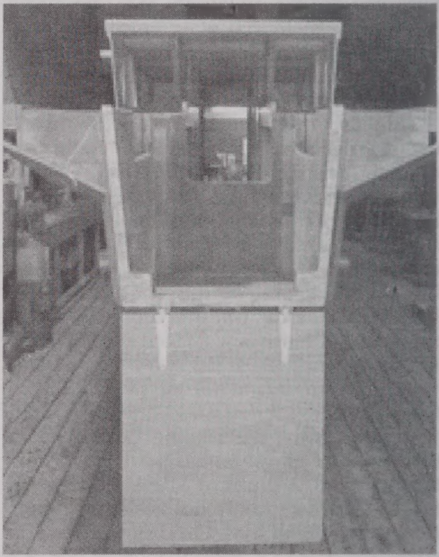
Picture #9 is self-explanatory. The width of the bow gate base is 24" gross.



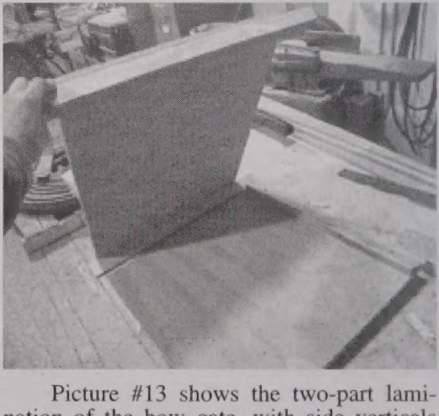
Picture #10 shows the webs and braces before they are covered with decklets and cockpit boxes.



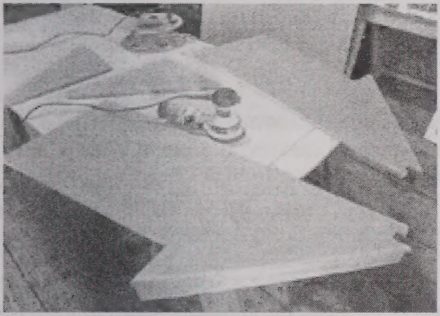
Picture #11 captures the connecting of laminated glass correct flat sided house and cuddy verticals with the inwards and upwards flowing sheer clamp lamination via the installation of a dead horizontal cap that makes for what little that 40' container-narrow width allows in terms of side decks. Once outside edges rounded over and everything glassed, her bow gate and bow cockpit bracing is almost done.



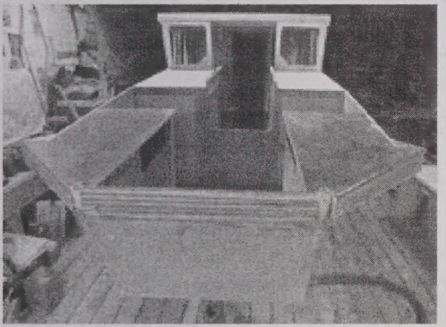
Picture #12 seems premature, with the first test fitting of the first bow gate template. But the protection of the topsides and hull bottom plate end grain with a layer of ply and glass was next indeed. The relative fit of the bow gate would determine the plausibility of a reasonably straight connection to her sheer clamp. We sure don't want to end up cock-eyed in the most visible part of her face. In light of the never ending consequences of the shenanigans, careful tweaking was vital and, of course, quite nervewracking and time consuming. Getting a first feel for squareness and level horizontals was indeed called for.



Picture #13 shows the two-part lamination of the bow gate, with side verticals designed to both brace its flatness but also to transfer any serious sideways hits on to the topsides and thus her hull structure before the hinges disintegrate.

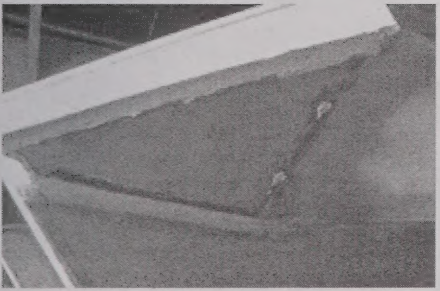


Picture #14 features her final decklets shape, almost ready to install, with glasscloth and filler applied and sanded. Once the bow gate geometry proved promising, these horizontal panels would look quite different from the originals plopped into place for first orientation, a design change suggested on the shop floor.

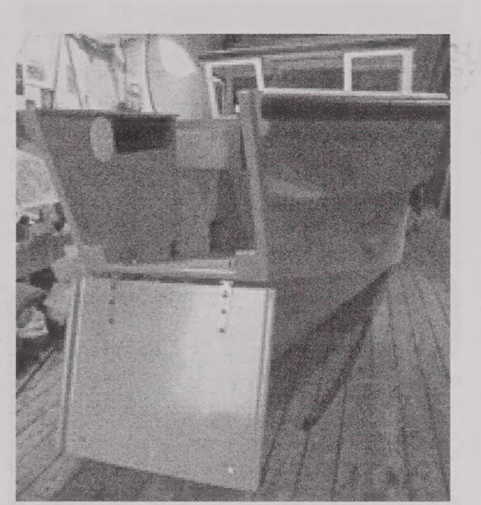


Picture #15 has all the bow structure tied together in solid epoxy bond, with bow gate ready for minor cosmetics with some filler here and some sanding there to give her a straight face. The 35lb plow anchor will be to port ready to drop, in a setup of pressure treated plywood and dimensional lumber impervious to the inherent surface banging and scraping of messing around with ground tackle.

What is still missing here is the 1”x2” reinforcement of the bow cockpit coaming verticals, vulnerable at $^{1}/_{2}$”.

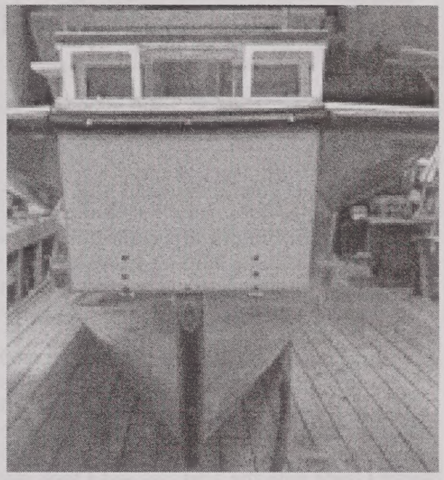


Picture #16 shows adding the triangular piece under the forward end of the decklets. A fair amount of filler across otherwise hard corners smoothes imprecisions and is easier on the eyes on this prototype built by novices. I sure have never built anything of this size...



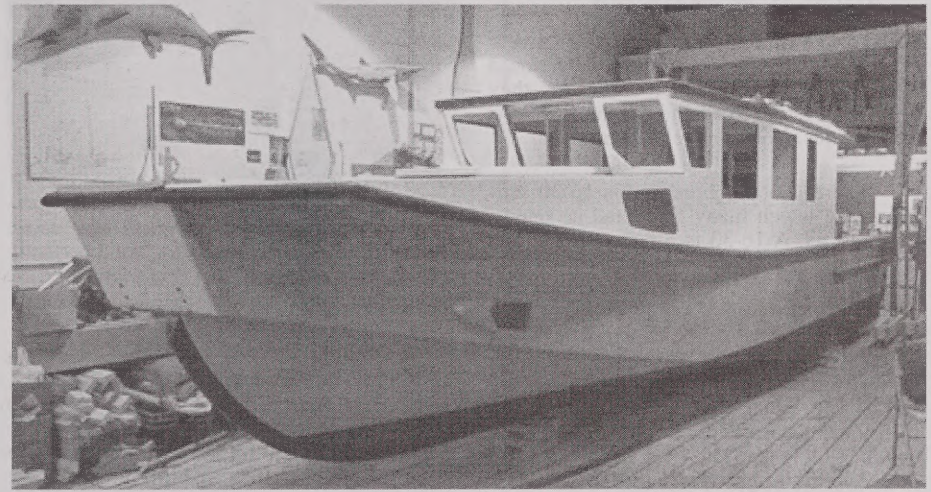
Picture #17 illustrates her final structural and functional configuration, with hinges and bow gate, access plates and diagonal rub rails installed. Before launching she'll receive a wire-based maximum allowable travel lanyard plus the retraction rope controlled via bulging biceps and cam cleats.

Picture #19 (below) has her posing with main and lower rubrails installed, waterline shot to perfection (aesthetically at least, as she might float differently than designed?!) and bottom paint applied.



Picture #18 shows her face nearly perfect with just the holes for the bow gate rub rail fasteners drilled prematurely and to be corrected via epoxying in a dowel and redrilling to perfect smile. Vertical rub rails pieces will protect her bow gate vertical edges, since sooner or later someone will push another craft with that inviting bow.

In typical vertical travel bow action, the hull bottom will hit first, then the cat heads as the final stop on her suspension travel, before green water is taken over her bow. 1980-90s era Boston Whaler bows were much lumpier than this...



Is she done yet? No! But structural basics are complete and external painting is done, all except for the much easier, since flat and square, aft cockpit area, and the windows, and the steering, and the electrics and…

If some of this project's structural details were quite challenging to put together well, there were other additional distractions that unnecessarily burdened the project with demands.

Interestingly, having three levels of government collaborating in the funding and general support was never an issue, a good show of motivated but hands-off interest in how this experiment might work out, based on a solid understanding of progress through the weekly illustrated reports to the Navy as per agreement with Phil Bolger & Friends. All three levels communicating with each other helped keep things uneventful between the project and its three sponsors.

This time, the dramatics came from an unexpected corner... More notes from this project in the next installment.

Editor Comments

Because of problems with “building crew dynamics” she outlined in the January issue, Susanne has now had to step out of her designer role directly into a building role in order to get the project completed.

Susanne and state employee who will ultimately take over the finished craft setting up to fit rubrails.

Norumbega Chapter WCHA News

Killbear Paddler's Rendezvous

This year John Fitzgerald and I traveled to Killbear Provincial Park, near Parry Sound, Ontario, for the annual Paddler's Rendezvous, leaving here on Thursday, September 8, with an overnight encampment in Algonquin Park so we could arrive early on Friday morning.

Arriving at Killbear, we were welcomed by several members of the Northern Lakes WCHA Chapter and we immediately launched our canoes and set up the sail rigs to join the other canoe sailors. Fitz brought the 18' Old Town Guide with the 55sf sail and I took my 16' *Sweet Sixteen* with the 40sf sail. Needless to say, the Old Town was the faster canoe.

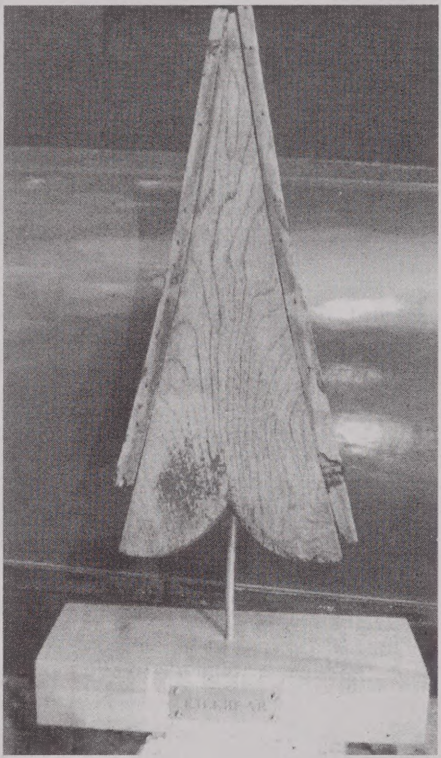
Some of the canoes on the beach at Killbear Provincial Park. The Park is officially closed after Labor Day, however each year they keep one section available for the Paddlers' Rendezvous. (John Fitzgerald Photo)

Andre Cloutier brought his 16-30 sailing canoe which many folks had an opportunity to try. A 16-30 is a racing canoe that is 16' long and 30" wide. In reality the 16-30 means that you spend 16 minutes sailing and 30 minutes swimming. Ask Fitz about the six or seven times the canoe capsized while he was playing with it.

The good news is that the 16-30s are self bailing, when capsized the canoe is easily righted, the water drains out of the cockpit and the sailing starts all over again.

Another bright spot was that the water temperature in Georgian Bay was almost 70 degrees so those sailors and swimmers could stay in the water all day. The weather for the days that we were there could not have been better, warm sunshine and light winds, not a drop of rain.

Besides the weather and the canoes, the people at the Rendezvous were all fun to be with. Other WCHA members came from New York, Michigan and Ohio; we won the Killbear Award for having traveled the greatest distance to attend. Our round trip mileage for the trip was 1,401 miles.



The prestigious Killbear Award was presented to us for having traveled the greatest distance to attend. This looks like a perfectly good bow deck from here, I wonder what the rest of the canoe looked like.

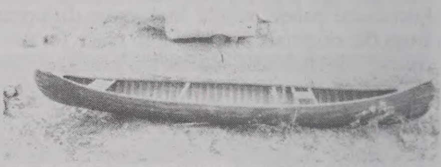
On the trip home we took an overnight at Camp Pathfinder, back in Algonquin Park, where we inspected their fleet of almost 40 wood canvas canoes and also the new canoe shop that they are setting up to maintain the fleet and to have the capability to make new wood canvas canoes.

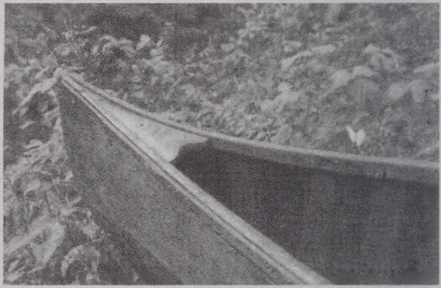
On Monday, September 12, we departed Pathfinder Island in the Old Town Guide shortly after dawn, loaded up and drove the 12 hours home to Groveland, Massachusetts.

Andre Cloutier rounding the point in the 16-30. (John Fitzgerald Photo)

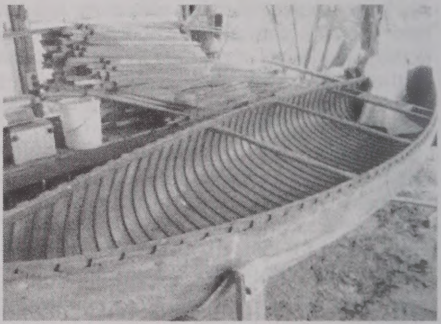
What's Going on in Norumbega Workshops?

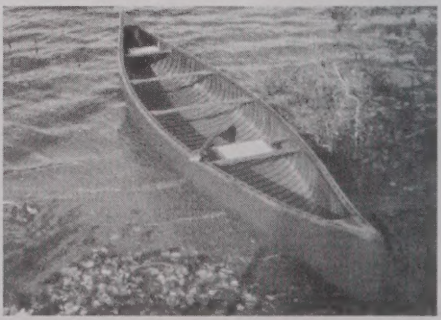
Greg O'Brien has a new project, the unknown Charles River Canoe. Perhaps it is a Nutting or a Waltham? The planking is unusual, note the wide plank near the top. This one does not have the long decks, just pretty maple ones. Unfortunately the stem deck has seen better days; however, a nice selection of birds eye and tiger maple can be found locally to make a replacement. (Greg O'Brien Photos)





Jack Figgie has sent in some news; his Chestnut Pal, that is the 16' Pleasure model with the narrow 1½" ribs, has been completed and launched. These are the before and after photos of the Pal. This is another first time restoration that has been done in a first class manner. She looks a lot better in the water than she did upon arrival! (Jack Figgie Photos)





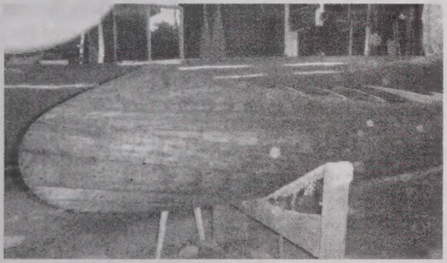
Speaking of Pals and Chums, John Fitzgerald has two new projects. One is a 15' Chestnut Chum and the other a Yellow Lab puppy that has been brought in to help out in the canoe shop. The Chum has already been rebuilt at least once and some of the previous work will have to be redone.

This is the Chum as it arrived. As you can see there is a fair amount of work here. (John Fitzgerald Photo)

Sadie is a big help in the canoe shop, here she is inspecting the circa 1910 Carleton that is in line for restoration. (John Fitzgerald Photo)

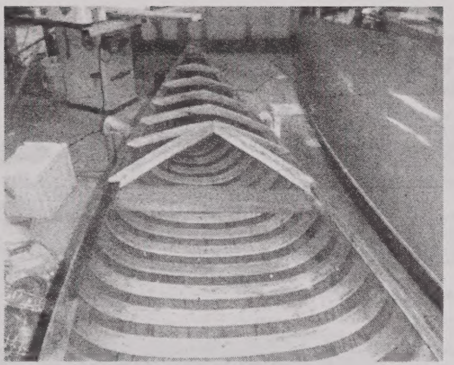
John has plenty of work lined up for this winter, in addition to the Chum and the pre-Old Town Carleton that are to be restored, the 1960's vintage Chestnut Prospector is getting some new ribs, planking and canvas. Work is continuing on a 1948 Old Town AA Grade OCTA.

Paul Shirley has been working hard on a Charles River Courting Canoe, another one from an unknown builder. With some luck this one will be on the water by springtime to join the Shirley fleet.



This Courting Canoe is typical of the Charles River builders with long decks, torpedo stems and straight ribs with no taper. As with several other Charles River canoes that have turned up recently, this one has no markings that help identify the builder.

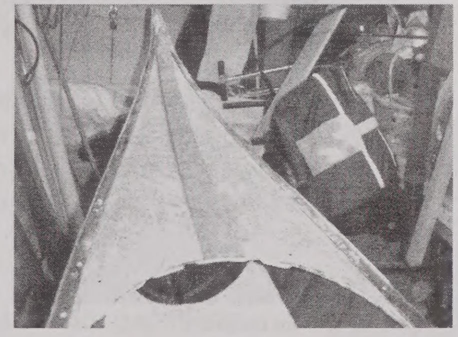
The long decks on Paul's canoe are interesting, the coamings are v-shaped, the third photo shows the framework involved in making these long decked canoes.



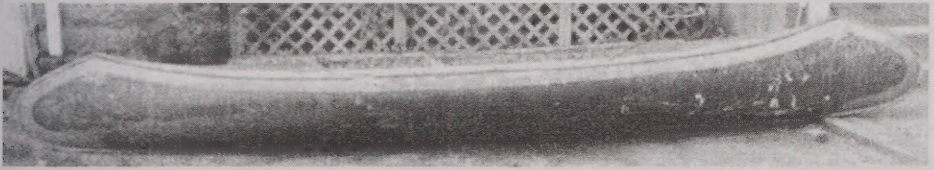
This is the deck bracing for the unusual vee shaped coamings. (Paul Shirley Photos)

Chuck Cossaboom has sent his Charles River canoe here to Groveland to be completed. Another mystery canoe, this one has 36" decks made of beautiful birds eye maple. As of now it has been canvassed and filled. As soon as the filler has cured the plan is to finish off the birds eye trim pieces and get into the painting and final varnishing.

Chuck Cossaboom with his Charles River Courting Canoe after the decks were installed. (Steve Lapey Photos)



These birds-eye maple decks are going to be impressive when finished. Coamings will be installed on each deck and along both sides of the cockpit with a rail cap finishing off the edges.



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No Man's Land Boat

From *American Small Sailing Craft*

By Howard Chapelle

Beach boats have been mentioned as being of the New England boat model; these were the small, two-masted double enders once used on the south side of Cape Cod in the immediate vicinity of Vineyard Sound. The type name usually applied to these craft was "No Man's Land boats" as many were once employed at a fishing camp on that island. Properly, perhaps, the boats might better be called "Vineyard Sound boats" as they were used on Martha's Vineyard, on Nantucket Island and on the Cape shore of the Sound.

The history of the type is unknown but there are the usual statements that the boats were descendants of whaleboats, statements which are unsupported by any argument or evidence. The type was in use as early as 1856 at least. The boats were small as a rule; the popular size was about 17' or 18' long. In the last years of the type the boats were built up to 24 feet in length and it is said at Martha's Vineyard that this was accomplished by changing the scale on the half models used in laying down the boats.

The boats were all originally keel craft and a model of one in the Watercraft Collection is of this design. About 1886 the centerboard came into use; this seems to have been brought about by the necessity of the boats going farther away from home to fish, which was also responsible, no doubt, for the increase in size mentioned. The evidence regarding the centerboard boats is based on a number of half models and three hulks that have been measured as well as descriptions from various sources. It appears that the boats were commonly built at Martha's Vineyard, New Bedford, Fairhaven and along the Cape shore of Vineyard Sound. The boats were also built at Providence, Rhode Island. The models used were varied to some extent and the boats became stock models with such builders as the Delanos and Beetles in the New Bedford-Fairhaven section. They were all open and were lightly built of cedar and oak. Some builders used bent frames, but others preferred single sawn frames of cedar root; all the boats were lapstrake and copper fastened. An iron strap protected the keel in beaching.

Figure 62 is a drawing of an old boat, found on Martha's Vineyard, which was said to have been built by Delano and one of two surviving boats by this builder in 1941. The hull somewhat resembles the rigged model in the Watercraft Collection and the rig shown here is taken from that model. The hull is of conventional lapstrake construction, which requires no comment. The rig is two loose-footed spritsails of small area with light spars, readily unshipped and stowed in the boat. The foresail is the larger of the two; the mainsail has a club on its foot, as in the Cape Ann dory and the Matinicus boat. In the 1890s, when the beach boats were going out of use, other rigs were used, for example, gaff foresail or gaff mainsail, with the mainsail sometimes fitted with a boom. At this period, some of the larger boats were half decked, but these were not used on the beaches, of course.

The beach boats were particularly designed, built and fitted to be launched from an open beach and to beach on return. They usually worked from a fixed location and it was common for a number of boats to work together so the crews could help one another on the beach work. One of the important requisites of a beach boat is lightness, another is ability to work under oars. Sailing qualities were desired in the No Man's Land boat because they had to sail some distance to the fishing grounds. The result of conflicting requirements can be seen in the plans. The double ended boats were thought best in this section for beach work, but the opinion was not universal. The ballast employed in the No Man's Land boats was in the form of sandbags which could be filled or emptied as conditions required.

Figure 63 shows the lines of a Beetle-built boat, somewhat more powerful than the Delano boat. This drawing also shows a common method of hanging the centerboard in these beach boats; this permitted rapid removal of the board from its case when ready to beach. There were a number of methods of accomplishing this, most of which used what were called "patent hangers," and the American surfboats were often fitted with these when sail was employed in such craft. The No Man's Land boats commonly had the centerboard slot in on of the garboards rather than on the centerline of the hull and through the keel. The offside position was used because this avoided the slot becoming jammed with small stones or dirt through contact with the beach in landing.

The No Man's Land boats had an excellent reputation for safety and were very good sailers. They were never as large and powerful as the regular surfboats, such as those of the Monomoy and Cape Race types. Beach work, as carried on by the fishermen, was an art and could be learned only by long experience under trained supervision. It was never a single handed operation, of course.

The beach gear used with these boats should be described as it would be useful for many other purposes. The boats were hauled and launched on "ladders." These were made in short sections hooked together end to end. Each section consisted of two timbers laid parallel, joined together by a series of wooden rollers like rungs on a ladder. The rollers were often only a foot or so long. Two or three spreaders of iron rod and pipe were also used in each section to prevent the side timbers from binding the rollers. Iron hooks and strap stirrups at the ends of the sections served to join them. Sleepers secured to the underside of the side timbers prevented them from sinking into a sand beach. The sections were often laid out into the water and staked there when the boats were ready to come in. The "ladders" thus formed a simple marine railway. The boats were moved by placing their keels on the rollers and then, with the beach crew holding them upright by the gunwales, the boats were easily launched or hauled. The fall of the beach to the water was a help in launching, of course. Holes at each end of the keel were used for hauling lines. A turntable was sometimes used, this was a plank platform on which was a pivoted block shaped to take the keel of a boat. The boat was worked off the rollers on to this, turned end for end, and then worked back on to the "ladder." Capstans were not used but at Block Island, where large beach boats were once used, horses and oxen aided in the beach work. The launching cart, used by lifesaving stations, does not appear to have been employed by fishermen.

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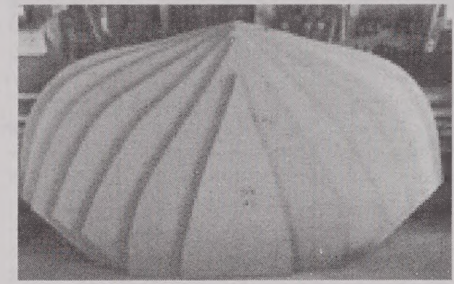
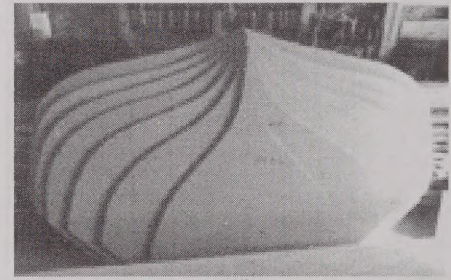
The No Man's Land Boat

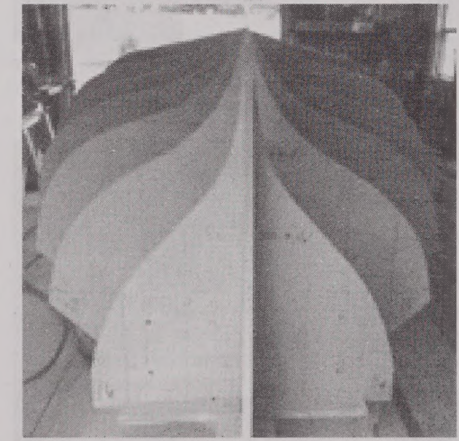
By Rex and Kathie Payne

17'9" length, 5'9" beam, centerboard off to side of 3" keel (it is a beach boat) keeps the stones out of case. Ketch rig, spritsails, foresail loose footed. Will be strip planked out of cypress. The description is from *American Small Sailing Craft* by Chapelle about the No Man's Land boat or Vineyard Sound boat.

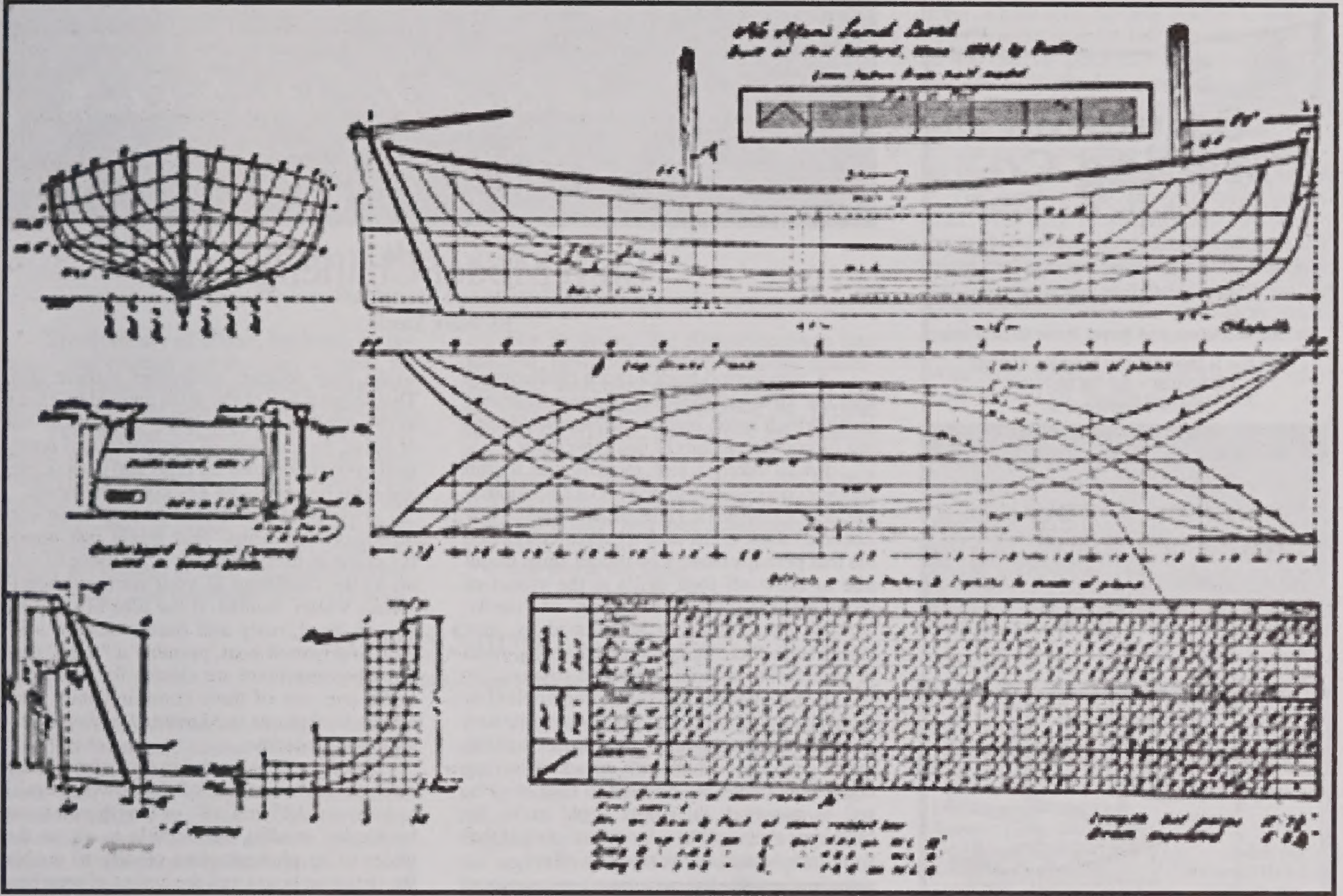


Fifty hours into construction, both sets of station molds, above from the bow, below the stern.





On the table from the stern.



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A challenge to model shipbuilders

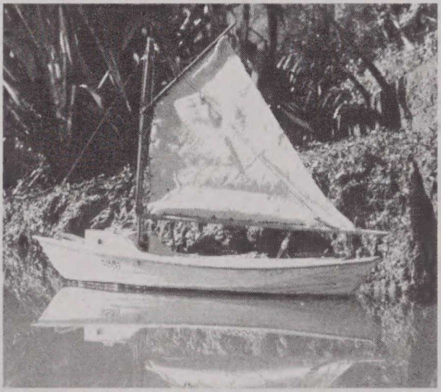
Ship Model Challenge

By Mark Steele

A wee period back I ran a challenge to find the smallest model schooner on Planet Earth which some readers of *Marine Modeling International*, might just remember.

I was asked a few months ago to run another challenge on an aspect of ship modeling, and a couple of visits to Auckland, New Zealand, dock areas and wharves convinced me that perhaps those who model ships might like to show off their skills at the aspect of modeling involving "weathering" of vessels, perhaps close to being abandoned by rust, others with their hulls damaged and in need of attention to wooden areas and so on.

It is a challenging skill often applied to model railway engines, but having looked at an old tug in a stream and almost sinking in the shallows, it had such a look of having been abandoned that, applied to ship models, sail or powered, the effect could make for both appeal as well as admiration of skill that went into achieving the realistic effect.



I got my friend Harry Duncan here in New Zealand to produce for me the lovely little dory pictured, the *Dora Starr,* for an article in *Marine Modeling International* that appeared in my story in their November issue, and followers of my column online on Duckworks may possibly remember it there also. That showed lots of the skills applied by Harry to the small model barely 16" long made out of balsa, various bits of cardboard and pretty well everything from his odds and ends or bits and bobs box at hardly any cost whatsoever.

Every modeler keeps one of those sort of boxes with items "that might just possibly come in useful one day!" So those of you up to the challenge in your northern hemisphere winter months, if the idea of creating a used, tired, rusty and timber scarred sailboat or powered boat, possibly a "tired" tugboat, because there are classes for both, you could win one of three complimentary year long subscriptions to *Marine Modeling International* magazine.

Model size is limited in each class (Class A for sailboats and Class B for powered craft) to between 12" and 18" in length and must be display models but be able to sit on the water to be photographed closely to enable the detail on board and the extent of weathering achieved to be clearly seen by the judges. Modelers without access to the internet may enter and must submit images as hard copies posted with the entry form to MMI Weathering Challenge, PO Box 4239, Shepton Mallet, BA4 9AQ, United Kingdom.

There is also a class for Juniors 16 years or below.

Backing the contest are *Marine Modeling International*, *Duckworks Online Magazine*, *The Model Yacht* and *Messing about in Boats*.

Those entering online must send (preferably) hi-res digital jpeg photos by email as attachments to weathering2012@comcast.net by the closing date of 30 September 2012. No correspondence will be entered into and the winners and a selection of others will be featured in the November issue of *Marine Modeling International*.

When entering specify modeler's name, which class, length on deck of model and your mail address.

ENTRY FORM

Your Name: ______________________ Your Age (if a Junior): _____

Your Mail Address: ______________________

Your Email: ______________________

Which Class or Classes Entered: __________

Length on Deck of Model Entered: __________

The Apprentice
A Monthly Newsletter of the Apprenticeshop

From the Director

By Eric Stockinger, Executive Director

The floats are all ashore, the boats are de-rigged and covered and the yard is ready for another Maine winter. Apprentices worked to finish six boats that were launched in December.

This year we will have served over 1,000 people in our boat building, sailing and community programs. But we couldn't have done it without the generous support of donors. While we work hard to make every dollar from tuitions, boat sales and rental fees count, it's simply not enough to keep this unique organization going. Your donations really will help.

For 39 years, The Apprenticeshop has inspired personal growth through craftsmanship, community and traditions of the sea. We've helped thousands of people build self reliance, persistence and leadership skills. Our unique brand of experiential education, learning by doing, has helped to forge these and other enduring tools that serve our alumni and their communities, and will last a lifetime.

See you at the Shop,

In the Shop

By Graham Walsh, Shop Manager

Apprentices Duncan Macfarlane, Matt Dirr, Jeff Steele and Sophie Meltzer are nearing the final phase of construction of a 17' work skiff, a new design by local marine architect Mark Fitzgerald. Although its initial design carries a center console and larger engine, for the purposes of this project, which will serve as a workboat for Apprenticeshop programs, Fitzgerald proposed plans for a tiller-steered outboard motor.

The initial design is intended to be a classic "Island Commuter," a great boat to load with the family and gear and go out to an island camp. As such, it was engineered to plane and thus hard chined. In keeping the build as traditional as possible, the apprentices decided to double plank the bottom using two layers of $^3/_8$" cedar in the carvel style. At the chines, the hull makes a steep bank and is finished with five lapstraked cedar planks. "That was one of the more interesting aspects of this build," notes apprentice Macfarlane, "the two varied styles of planking and the double layer, figuring out how to make that all come together seamlessly was challenging." This flat bottom allows the boat to skim over the water rather than plow through, making it much faster and more efficient than boats with a deep keel.

However, because the Shop won't be using the skiff as a commuter but as a workhorse, Fitzgerald tweaked the design to accommodate our needs. Most of the scantlings are larger, a final sixth lap was deleted to make it easier to work over the side and a large towing bit will take the place of a center console. The hull will be finished in flat black enamel and, eventually, it will sport a traditional bow fender and side fenders made from manila rope.

In early December the crew was finishing the tow bit and getting ready to install it. The interior will be relatively spartan, oiled with only two stern seats, a forward removable thwart and small forward and side decks. On launch day, a 20hp Yamaha engine was attached and the new work skiff will be ready to take passengers onto wintery Rockland Harbor.

Work Skiff Apprentice Crew (left to right): Macfarlane, Dirr, Steele and Meltzer.

Graduation Launching

On December 16 The Apprenticeshop celebrated the graduation of apprentices Matt Costa, Sophie Meltzer, Alex Roderick, Drew Scott, Jeff Steele, Hobbs White and Adam Yanchunis. Following the informal graduation ceremony everyone gathered at the boat ramp to witness the launching of the Barnegat Bay duck boat, Light Station peapod, Mark Fitzgerald designed work skiff, Alden Indian, and 2 Susan skiffs.

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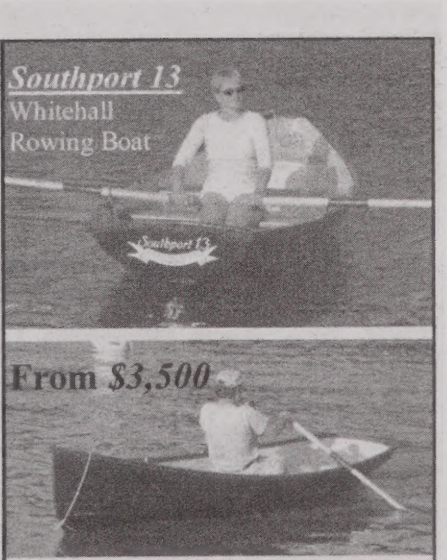

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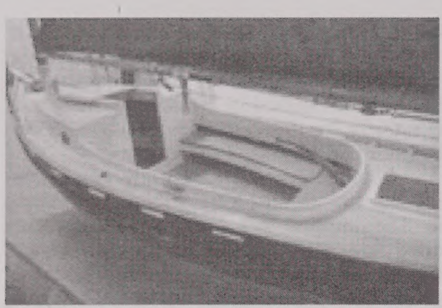
Therapy

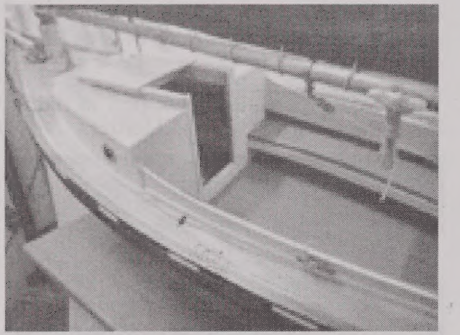
By Tim Mayer

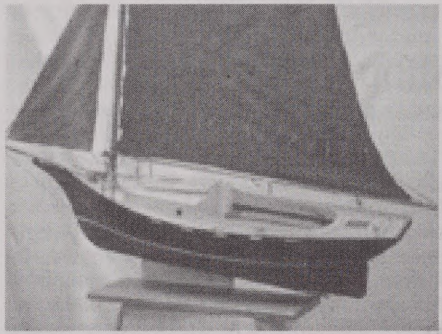
I've recently completed and delivered a model of a "Phantom" Friendship sloop. The sloop's name is *Therapy* because it went to a doctor and the name seemed appropriate.

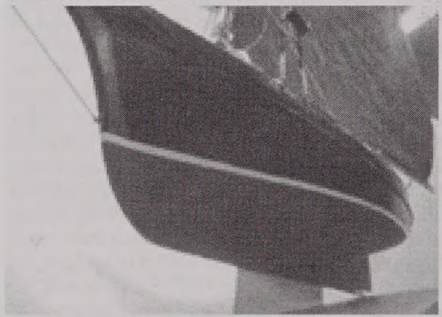
It was built plank-on-bulkhead at one-eighth °scale and has working rigging, made up mast hoops and hand sewn sails. The turnbuckles and blocks came from Loyalhanna Dockyard, but everything else was scratch-built here in the shop. The cuddy is furnished with two full-length bunks (one of which has not been made up... seems we're do for a little housekeeping).

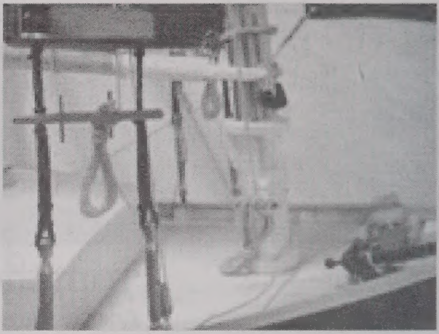
The tiller has a little fancy work made up on it, and the cuddy drop boards and companion slide work. The running lights are wired, but not activated, because of the potential for damage changing the battery and "pokey fingers." Seat cushions, cockpit deck boards and aft hatch cover are all removable.

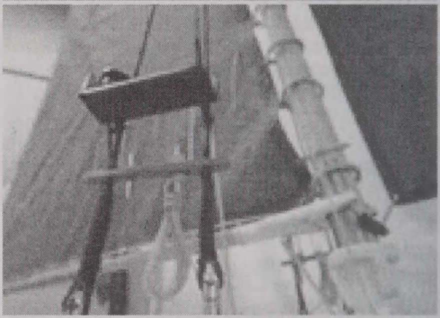












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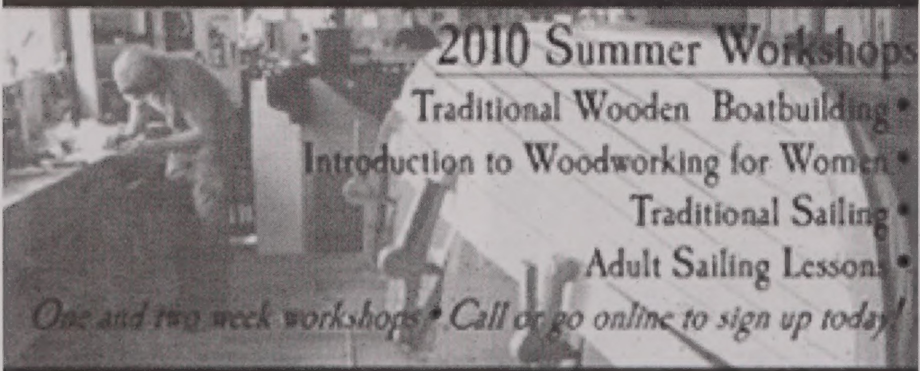

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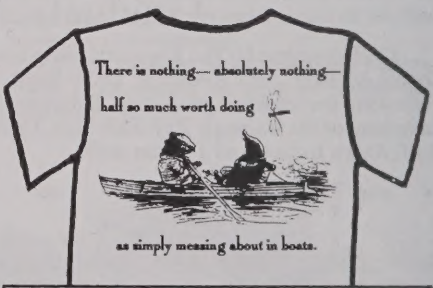
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In My Shop

By Mississippi Bob

Decision Time

I have had a very busy year. I have done everything from a bike trip in the Netherlands to laying in a hospital with a brain concussion. I also cut my fleet down to four boats.

I want to build another boat but it is hard to justify, seeing that I have boats that will do nearly anything that I want from a boat. I have built about 70 boats in the last 40 years and most of them have gone away. I have cut my fleet in half since last summer.

I had three boats a year ago that shared one trailer. That made it harder to use them. One of them was a rowing version of Bolger's Car Topper that was stretched out to nearly 16'. It really looked nice, it had a classical look about it, but it was useless in a strong wind. It had too much rocker and it blew around badly. I sold it to a lady who car topped it to the other side of the state.

I sold the Sunfish that had been in the family for about 40 years. I managed to sell it to a guy who borrowed my trailer and delivered it to his lake home at the other end of the state. When he returned the trailer he raved about how much his teenage boys loved the boat.

Now I had a trailer free so I could use Ratty's Boat again. This boat had been sitting upside down on my outdoor boat rack. It was nice to see it on the trailer so I got it out a few times.

The *Tern* is a wood stripper that I built about 30 years ago. It is a 14' solo canoe of my own design. It was about #20 of the boats that I built. I have been through a lot of boats in that time but the *Tern* is one that I have kept. It is probably the one canoe that I like the best of all the ones that I have built.

When the *Tern* turned 25 I re-skinned it. The boat had served me well and had been used a lot of miles, not always carefully. It was badly sunburned and was much darker than when it was new. The redo job required peeling off the glass and sanding it out. I left just enough of the old blems to give it some patina. I love the finished boat and now keep in the garage except when I am actually using it.

Like me, the *Tern* has earned its retirement. I have told my kids that when I am gone I want a Viking funeral in Lake Pepin. That should be a fitting end for both of us.

I built *Tern 2* about ten years after building the first *Tern*. It was very similar but with a little rocker and a retractable skeg. It was so much like the original that I rarely used it.

I have a very good friend who is my wife's doctor. He paddles with me a lot. He usually paddled the *Tern 2*. I put it in my will that he was to get that boat. We were paddling one day and I told him that he would inherit the boat, so gave it to him with the agreement that he wouldn't sell it till I was gone. He was thrilled.

The doc's sons came home from their world travels and he decided that he needed another boat so his kids could paddle with him. He bought one of my plywood canoes, a 14' *Sweet Dream*.

I kept a 13-footer that I had built earlier, that is my creek runner. The boat did that very well, even though I consider it a beater boat. The 13-footer is not worth much and does its job very well. It will stay in my fleet.

I sold my last kayak this summer. It went away out to central Wisconsin. It was a nice little kayak, great for little people. I designed it for big kids or women. I liked it well enough that I kept it as I sold off all the other kayaks that I had built. It was a 15' plywood boat that weighed about 35lbs. I hated to see it go away but I could no longer use it as this old body could no longer crawl out after an hour in the boat. Sometimes one must face the aging thing.

I can still canoe as the seats in my solo canoes are several inches higher than the ones in kayaks, it does make a difference. I can also move about more in a canoe that I can locked into a kayak.

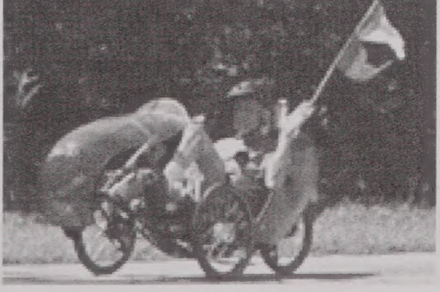
The *Skat* that I built last winter is the newest boat in the fleet and it will remain there for a while. Now I have the *Skat* if I want to sail and the *Tern* if I want to paddle fast on flat water. The *Sweet Dream* is for running faster moving steams and *Ratty's Boat* is for rowing. I am at a loss for what I should build next.

I will build something this winter but while I am deciding on what I have a few honey-dos to catch up on. My next project may well be restoring a drop-leafed table that has been in the family since before I was born, it deserves a new lease on life also.

I have wanted to design a multi-chined plywood canoe. That might be my next project. It is Thanksgiving as I write this. The lake isn't frozen up yet so maybe after another outing I may put my boats all away for the winter and start playing with cardboard models again.

Back to square one. I did a lot of bike riding this summer. I wanted to do a thousand mile year but came a little short because I fell and bounced my head off the ground. I ended up in the hospital with a brain concussion and the surgery that followed. The neurologist told me no riding for about 30 days after getting out. We have had our first snow, the 30 days are not quite up and the snow is melting fast, maybe I might yet get that thousand miles in.

I saw a video of Editor Bob Hicks burning up the roads in his part of the world on a tricycle. Maybe I should think about one of them. I would be less likely to fall off and if I did I wouldn't fall nearly as far.



Cajun Tiller Tamer

For Small Sailboats

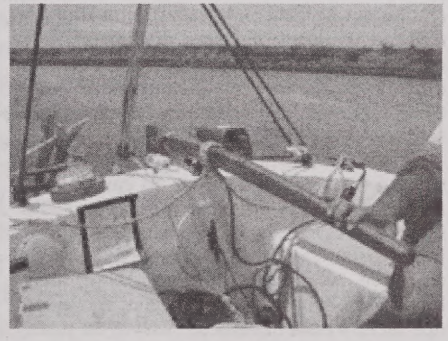
By Bill Nolen
http://www.wwpotterowners.com

Sailing a small sailboat solo can be a lot of fun. However, there comes a time when it's nice, or even necessary, to leave the tiller for short periods of time. There are many so called "tiller tamers" that will help keep a boat's tiller locked in position. Most are well built and will do a good job. However, they all cost money! For only the price of a short length of line you can make your own tiller control.

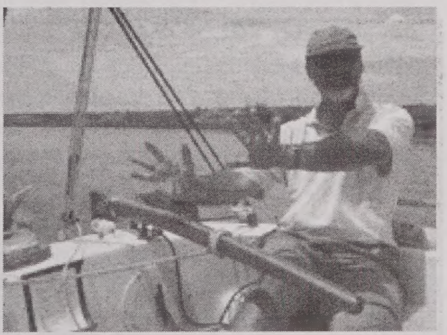
This one is called the "Cajun Tiller Tamer." A sailor I know was taught this trick by his Cajun granddaddy in Louisiana. He in turn taught this trick to many other sailors.

Instructions

Attach a line to one of the boat's stern cleats. Then lead the line forward at about a 45° angle and wrap it several times around the tiller, making the first pass under the tiller, not over. Secure the end of the line to the boat's other stern cleat.



To engage the Cajun Tiller Tamer, slide the loops forward until it tightens around the tiller and holds it. To fine tune the position of the tiller, grasp the loops and rotate them around the tiller a little.



David Blumhorst, showing that no hands are necessary!

To disengage the Cajun Tiller Tamer, slide the loops aft. The loops in the line are now loose enough so you can move the tiller freely. Keep in mind that most small sailboats will change course, even with the tiller locked in place, if the sailors weight is shifted around in the boat. So don't plan on leaving the tiller locked for very long!

(Photographs furnished by Judy Blumhorst the Small Craft Specialist for Hyde Sails, http://www.judybsailing.com/)

Can My Machines Outlast Me?

By Boyd Mefferd

This past summer brought two crises, both completely unexpected. First I turned 70, which I can't call unexpected, but soon afterwards I began to contemplate my remaining days, something which had never bothered me at a youthful 69. I guess that it is true that $19.99 is a lot less than 20 bucks. Milestones don't need to be millstones, but there is something about those round numbers divisible by ten...

The other crisis involved the demise of my old friend of 40 years in my boatyard, my trusty Minneapolis Moline outdoor high lift forklift. It was no spring chicken when I bought it in 1970, but it built my home shop, lifted countless boats and even got our traditional balled live Christmas tree up to the second floor for most of those 40 years.

The Moline was on its third engine that I knew of, and had needed a hose here or there, but was always there to do the job. Finally the gears on the rear end started to make noise and then slip. Mid '50s Minnie Moline tractors were used on lots of farms, but a search turned up nothing. In this political season it seems that "if all else fails, blame China" is as good a mantra as anything, and in this case, probably valid.

The high price of scrap metal has doomed countless older pieces of heavy equipment, some which even ran, and quickly reduced the pool of "parts machines." Several old truck junkyards which had been visible alongside the interstate simply aren't there anymore. Everything was cut up and sent to, well, you know where.

My fleet of heavy equipment and substantial tools began with my art career, making large objects which some called sculpture. When that career began to falter I jumped into my second love, some say my real love, working with boats. If the fledgling boat business had been like most start ups there would have been no way to justify acquiring the forklifts, crane, woodworking tools and more. But since I already had them all, it was just a matter of adding a few more like the genuine Travelift whose travelin' days were over but lifted just fine.

The common theme was that everything was old and cheap when I bought it, and obviously only got older and more worn out as the years passed. Like the Moline the rest needed periodic small repairs, but none required parts that couldn't be found.

I knew for a long time that I have been pushing my luck and that most could have a major and terminal failure at any time. My mother, who died at 93, had a saying in her later days when buying something new, "This is the one which will see me through." I guess I hoped that all my ancient helpers would see me through, too.

I have a 1993 Dodge pickup truck with the wonderful Cummins diesel with 225,000 miles. Will it see me through? One man who delivered boat trailers to us got 850,000 miles from his. The engine ran fine but he got tired of fixing the truck all the time. He did buy another Dodge, but he wasn't happy. "You'd think they could build a better truck," he complained. At the rate I'm going I don't see 850,000 in the future, either for me or for the truck, but it will be interesting to see which gives out first.

Having established that the Moline would not see me through, my next decision was whether to find a replacement or try to do without. Does a 70-year-old man really need a more modern, sophisticated outdoor forklift? Finding another old machine in better shape than mine seemed out of the question, so my attention went to construction forklifts which ran but perhaps would not meet OSHA requirements for building jobs.

I remembered that the Moline always loaded and unloaded docks for us, turned them over to work on the bottoms and helped turn boats over, too. Recently I had decided that it was safer to build things like boat winter cover frames on the ground and lift them up intact rather than try to scamper around and build them on the boats. A 70-year-old man needs a strong hydraulic helper more than an agile youngster does.

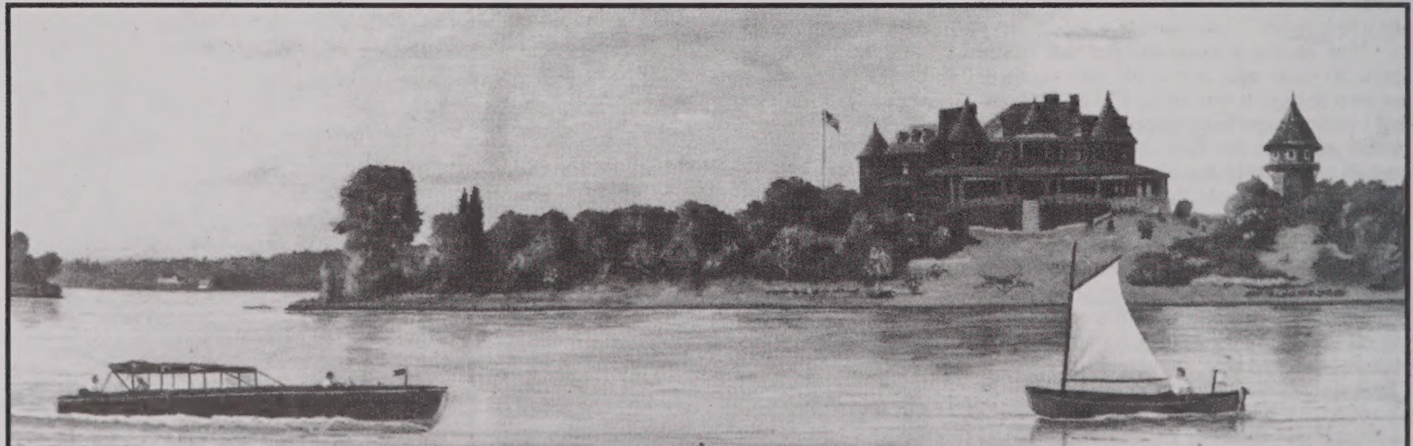
Even in the age of eBay and Craigslist, the weekly ad magazine which found me the Moline in 1970 was still in business (although much thinner), and under "Construction Equipment" I found what I was looking for, diesel-powered and able to lift to 35'. I tried to not look too hard when I went to see it, paid the asking price and hired a trucker to bring it home. I was just starting to get some of the bugs out when Tropical Storm Irene brought down trees and lots of limbs and the new (to me) machine was pressed into heavy clean up.

I wasn't really done when two months later we had the Halloween snow storm, which was more destructive than Irene and required moving load after load of brush. When the machine lifts to 35' I can pile things up pretty high! I know the sales pitch about the tool or machine paying for itself on the first job, but in this case it turned out to be a big cleanup job, and maybe it did.

I know that the budget is not going to allow for another replacement machine too soon, so I still have my fingers crossed and hope that the rest of the fleet holds out as long as I do. It seems like a race to the end, but often that's what a small business is. You want it to end on your terms, not because you are forced out.

Most successful operations, whether they are boat building or something else, are built on personal strength and commitment, and when the key person retires or dies, it's always a question of whether the heirs or successors can duplicate the spark that made the thing work in the first place.

When there's lots of money involved there may be a structure and momentum that carries on. When it was shoestring at the start and shoestring at the finish, as so many of our boat building and restoring operations are, it survives only on sheer strength of personality. I listen to our idiot politicians drone on about small business and just shake my head.



A MANUAL FOR SMALL YACHTS

BY

Commander R. D. GRAHAM, R.N.

AND

J. E. H. TEW, A.M.I.N.A.

SECOND EDITION

BLACKIE & SON LIMITED
LONDON AND GLASGOW

IV

STANDING RIGGING

Dixon Kemp (11th ed., 1913) gives the following table for sizes of plough steel wire standing rigging.

	3 to 5 tons	10 tons	15 tons
Shrouds	⅞ in.	1 in.	1¼ in.
Runners	⅞	1	1½
Bowsprit shrouds ..	⅞	1	1¼
Forestay	1	1¼	1¼
Topmast stay ..	½	⅝	¾
Topmast shrouds ..	½	⅝	¾
Bobstay	1	1¼	1¾

Uffa Fox recommends that the combined strength of main and topmast shrouds should equal the displacement of the yacht. This rule would give considerably lighter rigging than the above table. The bobstay is best made of chain.

The choice of rigging screws or lanyards is a matter of taste. We do not think that the alleged elasticity of the latter is of importance in a small ship.

There are no published tables for the strength of rigging screws, but the usual rule is that the diameter of the screw should be half the circumference of the wire. Worth recommends that the sectional area at the bottom of the screw should be double the sectional area of the wire. The two rules do not differ greatly. We do not recommend rigging screws with gunmetal bodies.

The screws should be well greased and then served with insulating tape; the bodies should be packed with grease.

Shrouds should not be set up too taut; when sailing with a fresh beam wind the lee rigging should feel slack to the hand but should not look slack to the eye.

If shackles are introduced into any part of the standing rigging, verify their strength from the formula on p. 41.

It is best for each shroud to have a separate splice round the mast but yacht riggers generally fit the shrouds in pairs. with a seizing at the hounds.

When placing the rigging on the mast the starboard after shroud goes underneath, then the port after, next starboard fore, and last port fore.

V

RUNNING RIGGING

The size of rope obviously depends on the number of parts used. We give first what might be called a normal arrangement and below a table for corresponding sizes. A rope less than 1½ in. is too thin to grip comfortably when a heavy pull is required. The arrangement which includes purchases depends to some extent on the crew carried. The details given for 7 tons are convenient for single-handed working.

Throat (*or main*) *Halyard*.—Up to 7 tons one double block on mast and one single block with becket on gaff (3 parts, power ×3). 10 tons, 1 D.B.* on mast and 1 S.B. on gaff, one end leads to deck and the other to a single block purchase (power ×2 on hauling part and ×4 with purchase. 15 tons, one treble block on mast and D.B. on gaff with S.B. purchase (power ×4 on hauling part and ×8 on purchase).

There are various ways of fitting the masthead block so that it shall not chafe against the mast. We advocate a wooden bolster bolted to the mast with a groove in it to take a strop which goes round the mast; a seizing keeps the strop in the groove. Alternative arrangements are an iron crane or (as advocated by Worth) a long strop to the lower peak halyard block.

Peak Halyards.—4 tons: 1 S.B. shackled to a span on the gaff and one S.B. on mast, end of rope to eye bolt on mast (power ×2). 7 tons: 1 S.B. on gaff span, 2 S.B. on mast, one end to deck and the other end to a S.B. purchase (power with purchase ×4). 10 tons as for 7 tons but with purchase of 2 S.B. (power with purchase ×6). 15 tons: 2 S.B. on separate gaff spans and 3 S.B. on mast with purchase of 2 S.B. (power ×4 on hauling part and ×12 on purchase).

Jib Halyards.—For all yachts 1 S.B. on head of sail. 4 tons standing part to mast (power ×2). 7 tons and above, two sheaves or blocks on mast, one end to deck and the other end to purchase. For 7 tons a S.B. purchase is enough; for 10 tons the halyard should be of wire and purchase of 2 S.B. For 15 tons purchase of 1 D.B. and 1 S.B.

Bermudian Halyard.—Wire and single whip; one end of the whip to the hauling part and the other end to a purchase on deck.

Foresail Halyard.—4 tons single part; 7 tons and above, one block on mast and one on head of sail.

Main Sheet.—Up to 10 tons 3 S.B. on deck and 1 D.B. on boom. For 15 tons 2 S.B. and 1 D.B. on deck, 1 treble B. on boom. We advocate fitting so that either end can be used as the hauling part.

Foresail Sheets.—4 tons single; 7 tons and above double.

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* S = single. B = block. D = double.

Jib Sheets.—Up to 7 tons single; above 7 tons double with hemp or wire span.

Topping Lift.—Up to 7 tons, one topping lift of a single part; above 7 tons, double topping lifts with purchases; 15 tons would have wire.

	4 tons	7 tons	10 tons	15 tons
Throat halyard ..	1½ in.	1¾ in.	2 in.	2¼ in.
Peak ,, ...	1½	1¾	1¾	1¾
Bermudian ,, ...	⅜ wire	½ wire	⅝ wire	¾ wire
Jib ,, ...	1½	1¾	⅝ wire	⅝ wire
Foresail ,, ...	1½	1½	1½	1¾
Main sheet	1½	1¾	1¾	1¾
Jib ,, ...	1½	1¾	1½	1¾
Foresail ,, ...	1½	1½	1½	1¾
Topsail halyard ..	1½	1¾ or ½ wire	½ wire	½ wire
Topsail sheet	1	1¼	1½	1¾
Spinnaker halyard ..	1	1¼	1½	1¾
Spinnaker boom guy ..	1½	1¾	1¾	2
Topping lift	1½	1¾	1¾	⅝ wire
Runner purchase ..	1¼	1½	1½	1¾

The above specifications represent a maximum. For racing or cruising in sheltered waters lighter gear might be fitted.

It is convenient to have as few different sized ropes as possible so that spares may be used in different positions. As a rule, only three sizes of rope need be carried.

The combined strength of the parts of a purchase should obviously have some relation to the strength of the main part; thus two parts of 1¼ would serve as a purchase on a 1¾ rope, though we should prefer to use 1½ on the purchase for ease of handling. Compare strength of ropes on p. 57.

It is important that cleats should be placed so that it is possible to belay the rope easily. If the cleats are fitted low down on the outside of the cockpit coaming it may not be possible to get a good pull without kneeling in the scuppers. We prefer wooden cleats to iron, and of the following sizes.

Rope ..	1½ in.	1¾ in.	2 in.
Cleat ..	8 in.	10 in.	12 in.

Runners.—In some gaff rigged ships where the after shrouds are placed well abaft the mast, runners are not fitted. More usually a wire pendant and purchase is used. If the hauling part of the purchase is spread out the runners will be a useful safeguard against falling overboard, but the pull will not be very effective. In a Bermudian craft the runners must be taken much more seriously. One way of setting them up is to have a wire span on deck on which the eye of the runner works. The runner is pulled aft by a tackle. This sets up a very heavy strain on the span. Another method is the Highfield lever. Large ships may use winches.

The foresail halyard is best attached to the sail by clip hooks. Instead of mousing them with marline, tie a piece of elastic round them. For the jib sheets, however, use a shackle or toggle.

Spring hooks are tiresome on the luff of the foresail as they are liable to catch up on each other; a much better pattern is a hank similar to a shackle. In Pascall Atkey's catalogue they are listed as the Ramsay hank.

If you are bothered with the foresail sheets fouling when going about, bend a line to the gooseneck on the mast and secure the other end of it on the fore part of the deck.

A hook is likely to be the weakest part of any fitting. The working load in tons of a hook is given by $\frac{D^2}{2}$ where D is the diameter in inches of the iron at the back of the hook.

For other fittings the working load is as follows:

Straight shackle	$3D^2$
Bow shackle	$2\frac{1}{2}D^2$
Ring bolt	$2D^2$
Eye bolt	$5D^2$

The strength of clip hooks should be taken as about 80 per cent of the strength of a solid hook of the same diameter as the combined clip hooks.

VI

BLOCKS

The best blocks are made of ash with internal iron fittings, but these are excessively expensive; for instance a double 4 in. block with patent sheaves may cost around 30*s.*, or more. Where economy is important use elm ship blocks, and fit rope or wire strops yourself. The strop can be made very easily out of seizing wire, no knowledge of wire splicing being necessary. As you can afford it replace the plain sheaves by patent roller ones. Make the replacements in the following order: main sheet, throat halyards, peak halyards, jib halyards and foresail halyards.

Blocks are measured by the length of the wooden shell; for the last-mentioned ropes where it is important that they shall run easily the length of the block should be three times the circumference of the rope. Thus for 1¾ in. rope the block should be 5 in., which is the nearest size made. Yacht catalogues recommend smaller blocks; for a 1¾ in. rope the size would be about 4 in. These will serve but the main sheet will not overhaul so easily, nor will the sail run down so quickly.

For a staysail sheet where double sheets are fitted, use either lignum vitae bull's eyes or the smallest block the rope will reeve through. You can sometimes buy what are called clump blocks which are made with an extra large "swallow".

For topsail, spinnaker gear and runners the following table is suitable:

Block size ..	2½ in.	3 in.	3½ in.	4 in.	4½ in.	5 in.	6 in.
Rope ..	1	1¼	1½	1¾	2	2	2¼

For wire rope the diameter of the sheave should be five times the circumference of the rope.

When fitting out, the pins of the blocks should be driven out and greased; if this has not been done, run some oil in between the sheave and the shell.

Avoid cheap quality internal bound blocks.

VII

SAILS AND CANVAS

An old rule for the sail area was to square the L.W.L., the answer being in square feet, but this would now be considered to give too large a sail plan. The following table gives a usual sail area and grade of canvas for yachts.

Thames tonnage	4	7	10	15
Sail area* ..	300 sq. ft.	450 sq. ft.	600 sq. ft.	800 sq. ft.
Cotton canvas No.	10	8	7	7

*The combined area of the headsails is usually about half that of the mainsail in a gaff rigged yacht.

Canvas is made of flax or cotton; flax is more expensive, lasts longer and is more resistant to mildew. Egyptian cotton is more expensive and rather better than American, but the latter is quite serviceable; cotton canvas is much stiffer than flax when wet.

We recommend using cotton sails unless the boat is used for winter cruising when the sails may be left damp.

There is an arbitrary scale of numbers for the different thicknesses of merchant ship canvas running from 0 to 15; No. 0 is the heaviest. These numbers correspond to a definite weight of material per yard length of 18 in. width; the flax numbers are one less than the cotton numbers for the same weight of sail cloth; thus No. 6 flax is equivalent to No. 7 cotton and both run 10 oz. per yard.

The canvas used by sailmakers for yachts, however, does not conform to the above system of numbers, each manufacturer having his own numbers or letters for different grades. In what follows it must be distinctly understood that the yachtsman will not get canvas marked by the numbers quoted, but the sailmaker will probably be acquainted with the "ship canvas" numbers and will produce samples which will be of equivalent strength.

Authorities differ widely as to the grade of canvas to be used; Worth recommends never using anything less than No. 8 flax; Fox gives a diagram in which No. 14 cotton would be suitable for a yacht of 24 ft. L.W.L., which we may take as 7 tons. It obviously depends on the sort of cruising intended. The above table would be suitable for what might be rather vaguely called ordinary cruising. Where voyages of several days are anticipated we would recommend one size heavier; on the other hand a yacht following the regattas round the coast might have sails several sizes lighter.

In deciding the weight of canvas for a mainsail it is important to consider whether a trysail is to be used in strong winds. If it is to be so used, it will be reasonable to have the mainsail of fairly light canvas. *Emanuel*, 7 tons, carried a new flax mainsail of No. 6 flax for her Atlantic crossing, but her trysail was considered more as a spare than as a working sail. *Dorade*, the famous ocean racer (37 ft. 3 in. L.W.L., probably 20 tons T.M.) had a mainsail of No. 9 cotton but we suspect that she would set a trysail in strong winds. In *Typhoon* (35 ft. L.W.L.) 10 oz. duck, which apparently would be equivalent to No. 7 cotton, was found too light for an ocean voyage.

Topsails, balloon foresails and spinnaker should be made of very light canvas or of Union material; the latter is a mixture of cotton and silk. There is a case for the balloon foresail being made of rather heavier material, say No. 10, if it is proposed to use it as described on p. 131.

Sails may be tanned, or dressed with oil and ochre. The former prevents rot but does not alter the weight of the sail. The oil and ochre process also helps to preserve the sail and makes it more supple when wet though it increases the weight. There are also various other mildew proofings on the market which do not colour the sail. We recommend that sails should not be tanned nor ochred unless they are to be used in winter, nor in any case for the first season. Dressing sails is stated to slightly detract from their strength.

Canvas which is already dressed before being made up can be bought, but we have no experience of it.

It is most important that a new mainsail should be stretched properly. Make the head and foot fast without stretching taut and keep the sail well peaked up. Use separate stops for securing sail to gaff. If you have a chance hoist the sail on a calm day in harbour; the topping lift should take the weight of the boom and it must not be allowed to flap about in a wind. Do not haul out the head and foot for at least a week; after that period haul out when the sail is damp from dew, &c. Try to avoid reefing until well stretched. A slack leech can sometimes be improved by easing the peak earing.

A cruiser's mainsail is best cut with the cloths vertical, but your sailmaker may insist on cutting them horizontally, since that is the fashion for racing craft. Jibs are always cut diagonally. Foresails may be cut diagonally or with the cloths parallel to the leech. Worth gives the following proportions for a gaff mainsail: Luff between ⅔ and ⅘ of the foot; head between ⅗ and ⅔ of the foot and gaff at about 35 degrees to the vertical. If the sail is especially tall the gaff must be flatter or it will sag to leeward; hence the shape of a schooner's foresail. The old rule was that the clew of the mainsail should be 1·4 × the height of the tack above the W.L.; but with roller reefing the boom should be as near the horizontal as practicable.

A foresail should be cut with the clew high and so that it does not come abaft the mast.

A balloon foresail should be cut so that the clew extends abaft the mast ⅓ of the distance between the stem and the mast; the clew should nearly touch the deck.

Sails are not meant to set flat; notice the different width of seams in different parts of your sails.

Working sails should last six to eight seasons; light weather sails indefinitely. If a sail has a wire luff it is as well to have this renewed soon after rust stains begin to appear on the canvas, otherwise the wire may part and the sail will tear. The cost of renewing the wire alone is less than repairing the sail as well.

The position of the headsail sheets is important; generally the line of the sheet should about bisect the angle of the clew, but with a foresail it is sometimes recommended (in a gaff rigged ship) that the lead should be arranged so that the foot is sheeted more harshly than the leech. The idea of this is that the foresail should correspond to the mainsail where the gaff sags to leeward. The sheet leads should generally be as far outboard as possible, particularly the jib. With all sheets flat aft, the mainsail should lift only slightly before the headsails.

We do not recommend a square sail unless a voyage in the trade winds is anticipated; even then Captain Waller's twin spinnaker arrangement (p. 146) would probably be better in any yacht up to 10 tons.

A small yacht may not carry a trysail; if she does it should equal in area the close reefed mainsail; it should have two reefs and should secure to the mast by toggles and parral balls; for lacing see p. 132.

Sail making and repairing are jobs for the expert. A temporary patch needs no description, but the herring-bone stitch is useful for small tears; if the material is old, alternate the length of the stitches.

VIII

SPARS

The table gives the average dimensions of spars:

	4 tons	7 tons	10 tons	15 tons
Bermudian Cutter:				
Mast (deck to truck) ..	31 ft.	39 ft.	44 ft.	52 ft.
Boom	14	16	19	23
Gaff Cutter:				
Mast (deck to truck) ..	28	32	37	45
Boom	15	19	23	28
Gaff	11	14	17	20

The following notes are mainly from *Yacht Cruising*. A gaff cutter's mainmast should be between ⅓ and ⅖ of the W.L. length abaft the fore end of the water-line; it should be 0·3 in. in diameter for every foot of length from deck to hounds; thus if it is 20 ft. from deck to hounds, the mast should be 20 × 0·3 (6·0 in.) in diameter.

For a Bermudian mast, see Skene's *Elements of Yacht Design*.

The diameter of the main boom should be ·22 to ·23 of an inch for every foot of length where the mainsheet is attached to the end of the boom; with a laced sail and the blocks spread out along the boom, the measurement for length may be taken to the middle block, provided that it is not less than ⅞ of the full length. With a loose-footed sail, if the sheet is attached much before the after end of the boom, the diameter must be increased to ·24 in. per foot. Where roller reefing gear is fitted, the middle of the boom should be $\frac{1}{12}$ more than at the ends.

The diameter of the gaff should be between ·21 and ·22 in. per foot and should be of about the same diameter throughout.

The diameter of a spinnaker boom should be ·16 in. per foot in the middle and tapered to ¾ of that diameter at the ends. A spinnaker boom is most conveniently carried up and down the mast; a small galvanized iron bracket is screwed to the mast just below the forestay. Top the boom with the lift, remove nut (butterfly best), and pin on which gooseneck hinges, lower boom a few inches and poke the end up through the bracket; then replace pin. It is quite easy to do this single-handed with a 20-ft. boom. The bracket must project enough to give clearance for the hoops. If the boom is left topped for some hours without being replaced in the bracket the lift will chafe through. An alternative method is to seize the end of the boom to the cross-trees; this allows a longer boom, but entails sending a hand aloft and we do not recommend it.

Bowsprits vary so much that no useful specifications can be given.

Longitudinal cracks do not appreciably weaken a spar, in fact they are a sign that the wood is not " dead ". They must not be filled with putty or any material that sets hard. Here are two recipes for filling, the first for using cold like putty and the second for pouring in hot when the spar is horizontal. In both cases the wood must be thoroughly dry.

(1) Heat ½ pint of linseed oil, and dissolve ½ lb. of resin and ¼ lb. of beeswax; then add 3 oz. of turpentine.

(2) Melt together 1 lb. of resin, ¼ lb. of beeswax and ¾ pint of linseed oil.

Spars can be painted (mast colour best) or varnished; paint lasts longer, but is not suitable for the lower part of the mast over which the hoops travel. If you are not prepared to keep this part well varnished frequent applications of linseed oil will help to preserve the wood. Working craft tallow their masts but this may mess up your sails and deck; you should anyway grease the hoops and jaws of the gaff, preferably with tallow.

For materials for spars see " Timber ", p. 31.

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From the Lee Rail

By C. Henry Depew
(Tallahassee, Florida)

As you read this, my boat project should be nearing completion. A few problems developed along the way. What was to be a 14’ craft is now 2 inches short of being a 12’ long craft. A mistake in cutting the plywood for the sides will do that and I decided to not extend the sides another 3 feet just to build a 14’ boat. And, as my wife pointed out, the boat will fit on the top of the hearse more easily and will be lighter to handle when out of the water.

The plan for the original boat did not call for a skeg along the centerline of the bottom. However, since I am not going to fiberglass the hull/bottom of the craft, I am considering a skeg both for stiffening and to provide a guide for the roller I expect to install on the floating platform to help get the boat in and out of the water.

After looking at the bending requirements for the sides, I decided to use the plywood called for in the plans. One of the challenges in building a small boat is that the bending angles are more acute than with a larger craft. Since I do not own a large quantity of clamps, I went with the glue and screw approach to hold the wood in place. The screws hold everything tight while the glue dries. The screws also provide a mechanical connection between the plywood sides of the hull and the frames.

Once the glue has dried, the next step was to secure the chine log and the rub rail sections. To insure a good fit and avoid the potential problem of screw “A” conflicting with the later screw “B” holding on the 1”x2” pieces, I removed the screws that would be in the way and filled the holes with broken-off wooden match sticks covered with glue. The protruding part of the stick was cut clean with the plywood using a wood chisel. Match sticks and round toothpicks are very handy for filling in screw (or nail) holes. Kitchen matches for large holes, box matches for smaller holes, and round toothpicks for little holes. This approach saves a good deal of work and I do not have to drill out the hole to accommodate a dowel stick.

One of my Sisu boat projects has been routine maintenance on various aspects of the engine. One of the projects was to change the fan belts to the alternator and raw water pump. I also needed to check the impeller in the water pump. While the Westerbeke diesel is designed to allow one to work on the engine, some of the places I need to put a wrench are a little tight/awkward for a person in his late 60s with less flexible joints than in earlier years. Because the bolts holding the raw water pump cover would not turn, I had to pull the pump assembly. Everything came apart quite nicely. it was getting it back together that became a challenge.

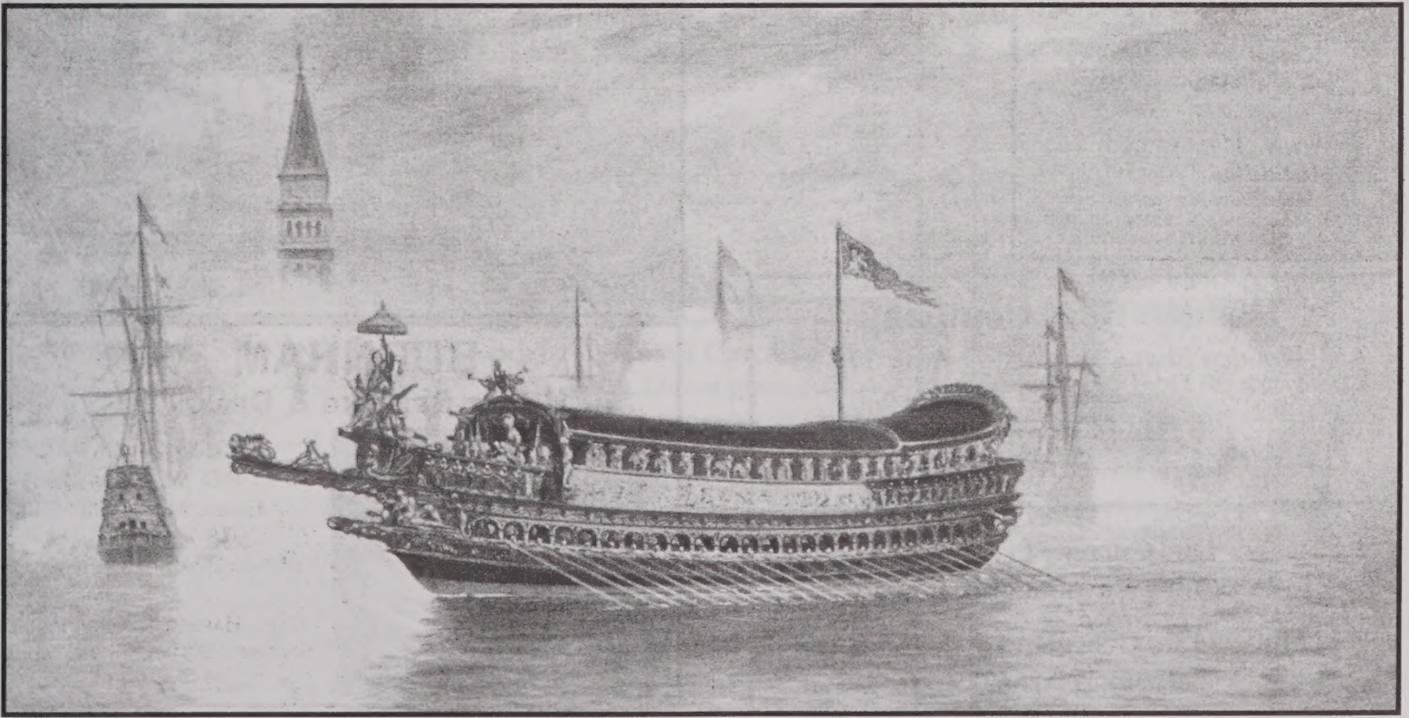
After retrieving nuts and washers out of the bilge a couple of times and with the help of a neighbor, everything is back together with no leaks and water flowing as desired. The raw water pump cover had been secured with standard steel bolts for some reason, which is why I had to pull the pump rather than just remove the cover to check on the impeller. Since I wanted to get things back together while the weather held, I used stainless bolts. Later in the year I will replace the stainless with the bolts that are supposed to be used for the cover attachment. I may go with the suggestion I read a while back and put in studs and use wingnuts to hold the cover as wingnuts do not need tools to loosen and remove.

While a bit annoying (and expensive), I found that I could not purchase a replacement gasket for the water pump. No one sold just the gasket, I had to purchase a kit. Now I have a spare impeller for the raw water pump as the one in the pump did not need replacement. I think the next time I need to check on the status of the impeller I will bring along some gasket material of the proper thickness (what I had at the time was too thick) and make a new gasket if needed.

Making gaskets was one of those skills I learned helping my father work on the engines in our cars. It takes the proper thickness of gasket material, a ball peen hammer, and some patience, but I can create a gasket for the job quite nicely. For those of you who have not done this, the gasket material is laid over the fitting, then gently cut, using the round end of the ball peen hammer to cut the gasket material at each hole. Most people use one of the “instant gaskets” out of a tube these days, but using the gasket material and making a new gasket is the better approach (especially when it comes time to take the thing apart again!).

Mike Peyton in his excellent book *Quality Time?* mentioned “bottle screws” to adjust the tension on the rigging of a sailboat. After some research, it seems that bottle screw is the British term for what we call a turnbuckle with a check/lock nut to insure that nothing turns and loosens. Now I am looking into how the term “bottle screw” came about. Nautical terms are a language unto themselves. My favorite misuse of such terms is “boater” for a person boating, as opposed to the original meaning, a straw hat worn by a person who is boating (actually punting). Likewise, a dock is the place where the boat floats while tied to a pier, wharf or quay (or does not float if repairs are being made in a dry dock).

On another note, most of you know that the sea is not level. Barometric pressure creates lower spots in the ocean as does differences in the strength of gravity due to the differences in the thickness of the earth’s crust, and there is also the impact of the rotation of the earth. For instance, a sea level canal between the Pacific to the Atlantic is not possible because the sea is reported to be about 15’ higher on the Pacific side of Central America. Two of the concerns with building such a canal were how to contend with the constant inflow into the Caribbean in terms of ship movement and the influx of Pacific sea life into the Caribbean. One solution was the creation of a number of bladder dams across the canal to provide non-flow areas in the center part of the canal and allow for the inflated (or deflated) bladders to act as locks at each end of the canal.



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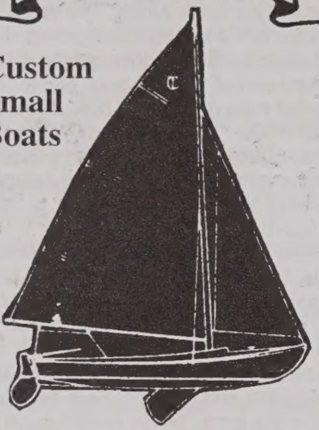

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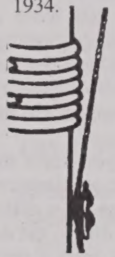

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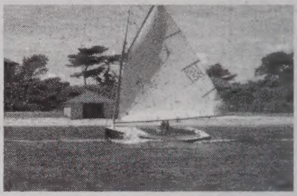

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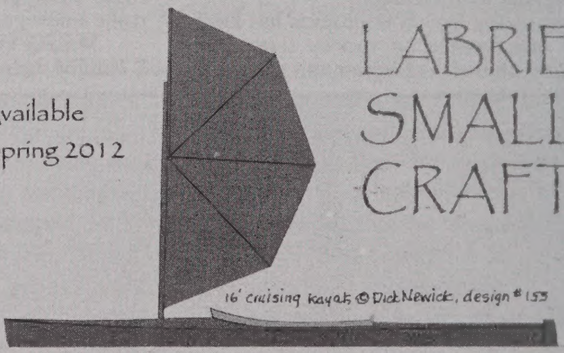

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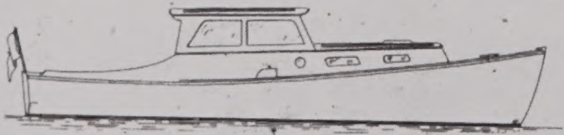

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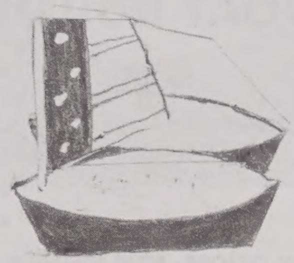

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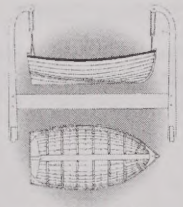
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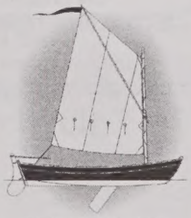
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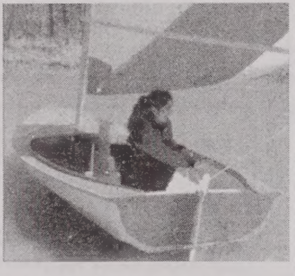

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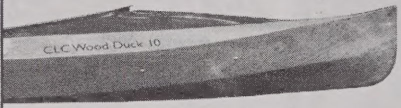

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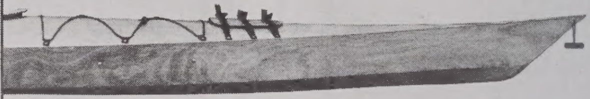

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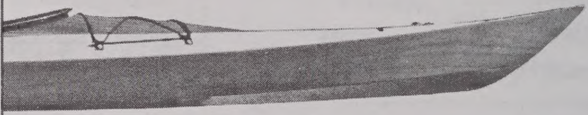

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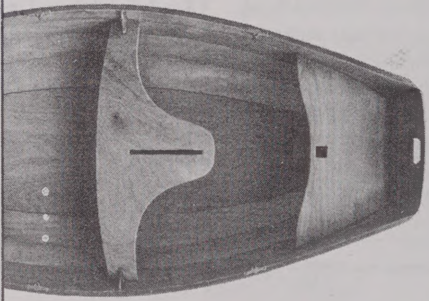

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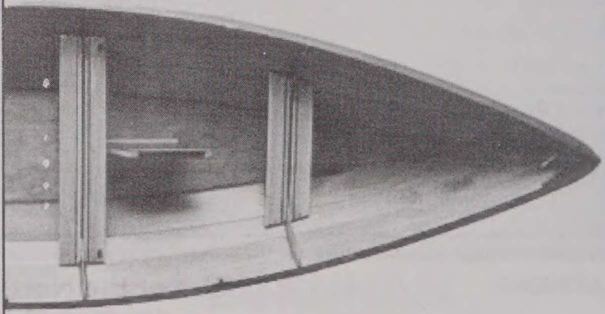

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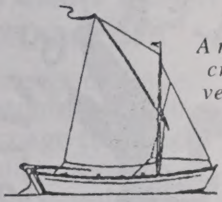

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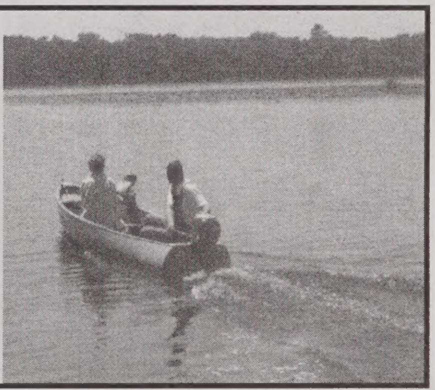

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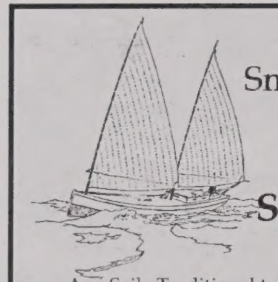

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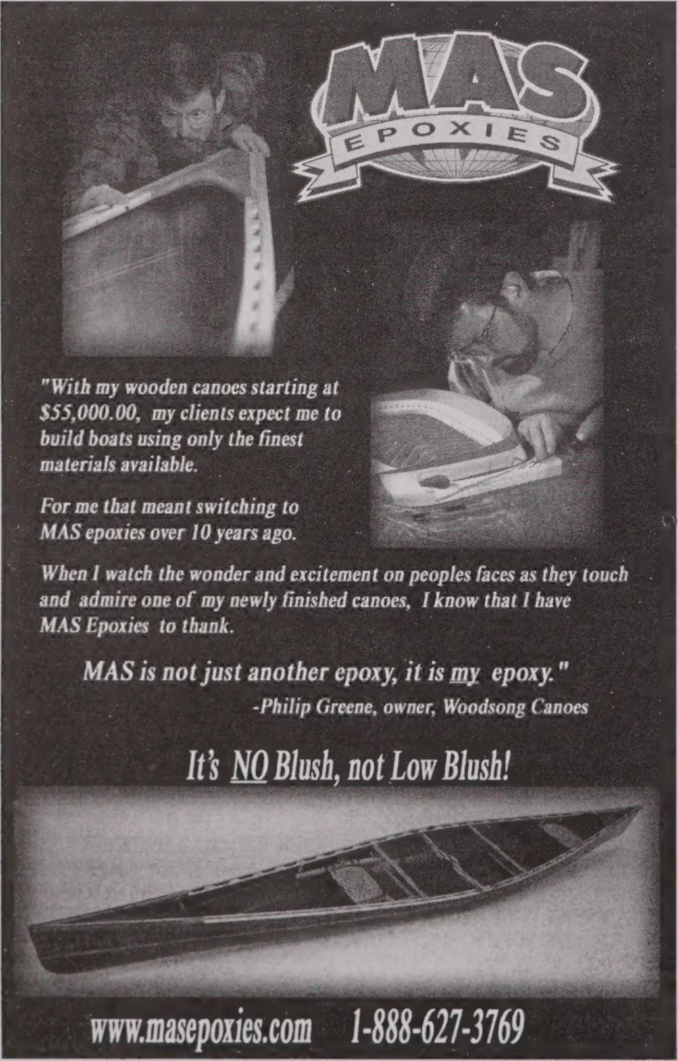

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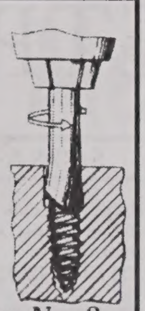

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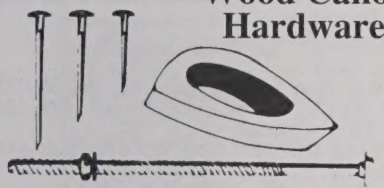

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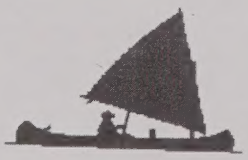
JOE FITTIPALDI, Rio Grande, NJ, (609) 992-6612 (3)



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CLASSIFIED ADVERTISING INFORMATION

Classified ads are FREE TO SUBSCRIBERS for personally owned boat related items. Each ad will automatically appear in two consecutive issues. Further publication of any ad may be had on request.

A one-time charge of $8 will be made for any photograph included with any ad. For return of photo following publication, include a self-addressed stamped envelope.

Non-subscribers and commercial businesses may purchase classified ads at 25¢ per word per issue. To assure accuracy, please type or print your ad copy clearly.

Mail to Boats, 29 Burley St, Wenham, MA 01984, or e-mail to maib.office@gmail.com. No telephone ads please.

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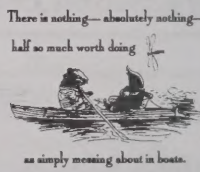
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Things You Should Know About Publication of Your Classified Ads

If we recieve your ad just before going to press, there will be a two-week interval during printing before the issue containing it will be mailed, and a further ten days to two weeks in the mail is added to the interval before your ad will be in readers' hands. If we receive your ad just after going to press, up to another two weeks will be added. Thus is can be from three to six weeks before your ad will appear. You can receive up to two more issues after sending in your ad before it will appear. It will not be in the next issue you receive for certain.

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By: Robert L. Summers

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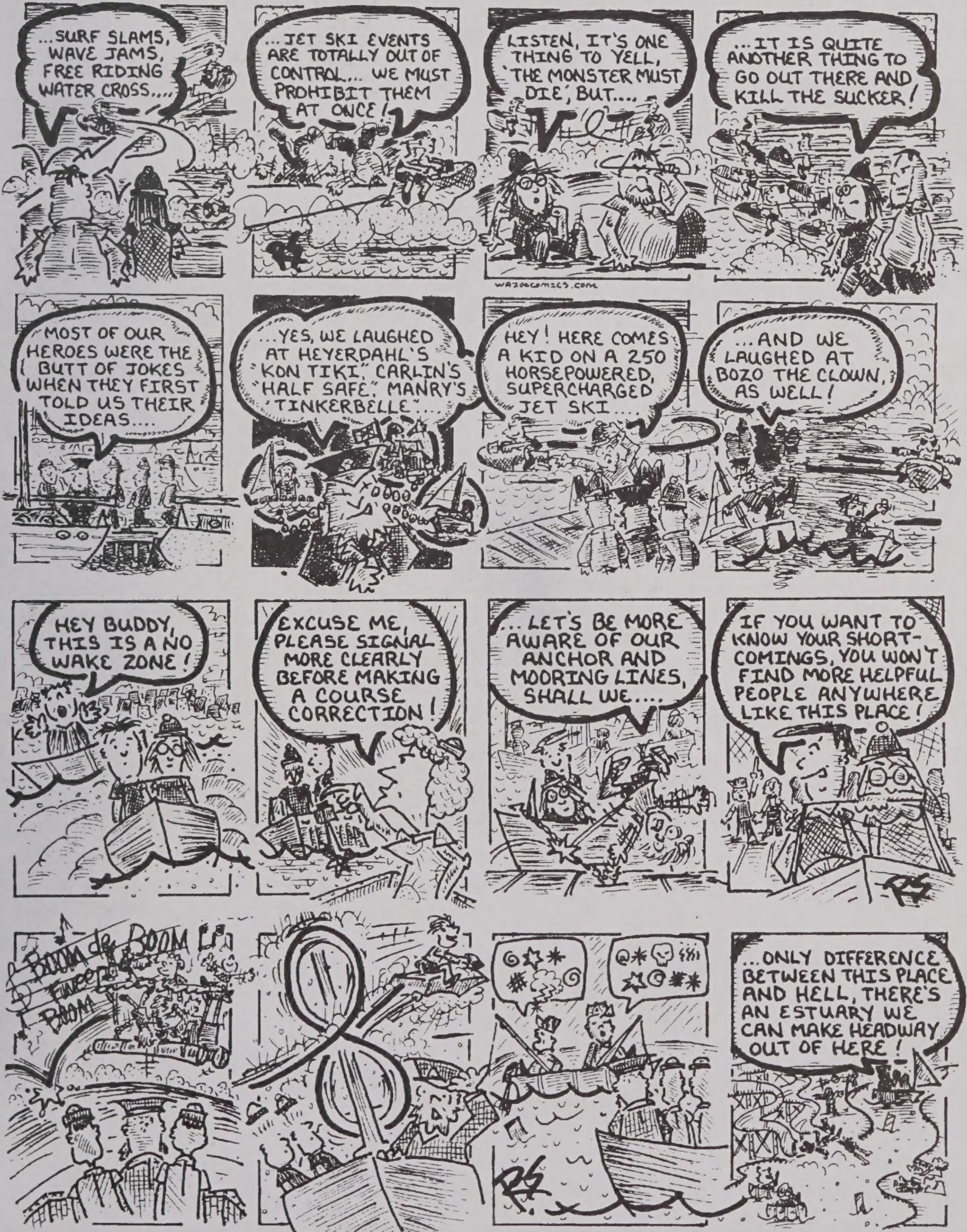
...SURF SLAMS, WAVE JAMS, FREE RIDING WATER CROSS....
...JET SKI EVENTS ARE TOTALLY OUT OF CONTROL... WE MUST PROHIBIT THEM AT ONCE!
LISTEN, IT'S ONE THING TO YELL, 'THE MONSTER MUST DIE,' BUT....
...IT IS QUITE ANOTHER THING TO GO OUT THERE AND KILL THE SUCKER!
WAZOOCOMICS.COM
MOST OF OUR HEROES WERE THE BUTT OF JOKES WHEN THEY FIRST TOLD US THEIR IDEAS....
...YES, WE LAUGHED AT HEYERDAHL'S 'KON TIKI,' CARLIN'S 'HALF SAFE,' MANRY'S 'TINKERBELLE'...
HEY! HERE COMES A KID ON A 250 HORSEPOWERED, SUPERCHARGED JET SKI....
...AND WE LAUGHED AT BOZO THE CLOWN, AS WELL!
HEY BUDDY, THIS IS A NO WAKE ZONE!
EXCUSE ME, PLEASE SIGNAL MORE CLEARLY BEFORE MAKING A COURSE CORRECTION!
...LET'S BE MORE AWARE OF OUR ANCHOR AND MOORING LINES, SHALL WE....
IF YOU WANT TO KNOW YOUR SHORTCOMINGS, YOU WON'T FIND MORE HELPFUL PEOPLE ANYWHERE LIKE THIS PLACE!
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Every boatbuilder, or, for that matter, every business or crafts-person has favorite customers. Sometimes that 'most favored customer' status is conferred due to the size of the purchase, or the ea of the sale, or the timing. Maybe there is a media angle. Maybe all of the above. In the case of Tom Pe it's all that....and so much more. Tom is one of the best known authors and business consultants in t world. (*In Search of Excellence* and *A Passion for Excellence.)*

Tom has purchased 3 of our boats. One for use at a vacation home on Martha's Vineyard, the next f use back home in Vermont...and the third boat was purchased because he didn't die. The first was included in the sale of that vacation property on the Vineyard (at the buyer's insistence); the second was sold when a doctor told Tom that he really needed to slow down. And the third was bought when Tom decided to tell the doctor, "Screw you."

Tom and Susan have a new vacation home, this one in New Zealand, where they spend half the year. We've got a feeling we are going to be crating up one of our little 12-ft Vermont Pack Boats and shipping it to Tom down under.

Please, please send an e-mail requesting an uncropped version of this photo, in full color. It is one of the most beautiful photos any customer has ever sent in....and it is completely washed out and turned to nothing in black and white. guideboat@together.net